

NEW YEAR NUMBER

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE,
VOL. XXVII

AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
NO. 3



*"Let us
do better"*

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over

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In which is combined and consolidated

THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

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Crums of Comfort

Repentance always costs dear.
Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces.
Much good never came with little effort.
There is no tomorrow for an asking friend.
Never trust a man whom you have injured.
Take your wife's first advice, not her second.
Thinking is very far from knowing the truth.
A pound of worry will not pay an ounce of debt.
He who resolves to do better has God on his side.
We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.
One who has no ill fortune is tired out with good.
A wise man never says: "I did not think of that."
What maintains one vice would bring up two children.
You learn the value of water when the well goes dry.
Add frugality to industry and the sum is competence.
Many have been ruined by buying too many good bargains.
Prayers and provender never hindered any man's journey.
Govern yourself by reason; though some like it, others do not.
If you will not listen to reason she will surely rap your knuckles.
Enjoy what little you have while the foolish are looking for more.
If you would always have money, keep it when you do have it.
Who is not more nor better than another deserves no more than another.
Make the night night and the day day and you will be healthy and wise.
Tell not what you know, judge not what you see and you shall live in quiet.
It is easier to suppress the desire for anything than to satisfy all that follow.
The Lord keep us from those we trust; from those we do not trust we may keep ourselves.

THE FOX'S SKIN

Wiles of an Old Match-Maker

By Lee Coleman

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JOHN Fox was famed for getting his own way by hook or by crook. A good many people said he preferred to get it by crook. At any rate, he was known to hold in high respect Richelle's motto: "When the lion's skin will not reach, eke it out with the fox's." John Fox had acted on the motto with such good effect that when he was sixty years old he was reputed to have thirty million dollars. He also had a recalcitrant nephew, who hoped to be an artist.

The nephew was John Rutherford—the John Rutherford whose initials now appear on the corners of so many magazine covers and posters and of whose prices less fortunate craftsmen speak with awe. At the time when he defied his uncle, however, he was unknown except in the chronicles of the gilded rich.

There was nothing new about his defiance. A more hackneyed cause of quarrel could scarcely be imagined. Uncle had an accident while in a distant Southern city; a pretty girl nursed him back to health and refused to take any pay; uncle decided that nephew should pay the debt by going South, meeting the pretty girl, and marrying her; nephew said he'd be damned if he would; uncle observed that nephew was an ungrateful young puppy and that he'd make him marry the girl yet and that meanwhile he could get out and see how he liked fending for himself.

John Rutherford took the casting out as well as could be expected. He went to his studio and buckled down to what his club friends termed a life of unremitting toil. That is to say he came to the studio at nine o'clock every morning and worked till three o'clock every afternoon, when he left for the day.

He had been doing this for six months when, one afternoon, he received a couple of visitors who stayed long and talked earnestly. When they left John Rutherford did a war dance on the polished floor. Then he glanced at the clock,

saw that it was nearly three o'clock—his usual hour for disappearing and hastily began to get ready to go out.

Suddenly he stopped. "Good Lord!" he cried. "What a fool I am. I don't have to go now. I can—Good Lord! I can marry Helen now—if she'll have me. By George! I'll ask her right away."

Waiting for nothing, not even to look in the mirror and make sure that his tie was straight, he shot out of the room and crossed the corridor to a door marked "Helen Heath."

He had known Miss Heath only since she had come to the building three months before, but he felt that he knew her very well indeed. Eagerly he tapped at the door.

No answer came, but the unlatched door swung open. For an instant he hesitated, then he pushed it wide. "May I come in?" he called.

The room was untenanted, but a shadow crossed the amber glass of the door to the other room, showing that someone was within, and Rutherford clutched at the knocker and clamored a peremptory rat-tat-tat.

Almost instantly the other door opened and Miss Heath came out. But she was not the Miss Heath he had known. She was dressed differently, for one thing. He had always pictured her as a being who wore a beautiful pale-green gown trimmed with soft laces and sat upon a couch among piled cushions with her exquisite face and curly nut-brown hair nimbussed against a stained glass window, and who served him tea with delicate pointed fingers. He had seen her this way the first time he had called (after the meeting in the hall) and he had always carried her thus in his mind, having never seen her in any very different pose or costume.

On this occasion, however, she was different—so different that his mental picture was instantly and irrevocably shattered. Instead of a filmy gown she wore a shirt-waist and a very tight walking skirt. She was neat and bright and fresh looking as a cherry or a new pin, but she was not

"GENERAL MARION"

What do you know about General Francis Marion, the bold night rider and dreaded raider? Brave as a lion and cunning as a fox, this hero of half a hundred battles and skirmishes, with his band of southern patriots, was a scourge to the British invaders in South Carolina and a terror to their Tory allies. The British called him the "Swamp Fox" because he was too quick and too smart for them.



Francis Marion

How many outside of South Carolina, his native State, know of the distinguished services he rendered in the Revolutionary War?

Read the illustrated story of the brilliant exploits and thrilling adventures of this remarkable man in February COMFORT. It is a true story, interesting, instructive and inspiring.

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A charming story of true love and devotion that will do anybody good to read. The author presents a high ideal of what love really means to a woman and the sacrifice she will make for love's sake.

"Redeemed by a Valentine"

is another very pretty love story appropriate to the season. Both these fine stories will appear complete in

February COMFORT

the big Washington-Lincoln and Valentine number which will also contain illustrated anecdotes of Washington and Lincoln, all very interesting and some of them quite amusing. Mrs. Burleson's series of valuable essays will be continued in February and concluded in our great

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January, 1915.

the Helen Heath that he had known. Moreover, her hair—

Miss Heath herself seemed startled and not altogether pleased. She stared at Rutherford in fascinated wonder. "Mr. Rutherford!" she breathed, almost as if she asked a question. "I—I thought you had gone long ago?"

Rutherford shook his head. He had drawn down his brows, as if in perplexity, like one trying to identify an elusive likeness.

"I've broken my rule," he said, slowly. "Or rather, I've changed it, for always, I hope. The fact is I've had good news and—won't you give me a cup of tea and let me tell it to you."

Miss Heath flushed slowly. She was growing more agitated.

"Oh! I'm so sorry!" she gasped. "Glad that you have good news, of course, but sorry that I can't possibly wait to hear it now. I—I have an engagement that I must keep. I was just going out and—"

Rutherford laughed, boyishly and delightedly. "Sit down, Miss Heath," he begged, in quite another tone. "Break your engagement, please. I simply must talk to you now, at once."

The girl's eyes met Rutherford's. For an instant she sustained his gaze bravely; then she turned and made her way blindly to the tea-table. Her hands trembled on the cups as she shifted them. She did not look at Rutherford. This was unfortunate, for the expression in Rutherford's eyes could not be mistaken.

Quietly he seated himself across the tiny table. "I beg your pardon, Miss Heath," he said, gently. "I have no right to insist. But my need is urgent. May I tell you my good news?"

"Yes!" The girl did not look up. Her voice was almost inaudible.

"The publisher of the Columbian Magazine came to see me an hour or two ago. He has bought four cover designs from me at five hundred dollars each."

As if moved by a spring the girl straightened up. "Is that your news?" she cried. "Accept my congratulations. The money will serve you very nicely for carfare. Now, if you will excuse me—"

Rutherford did not move. "That is part of my news," he said composedly. "But you are wrong. The money will not serve for carfare. It will pay for bread and butter. I have not eaten since—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irvine

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IT was Numa, the second king of Rome twenty-six centuries ago, who decreed that the year should begin with this month, and in order that the calendar might conform with his ideas he added two new months to the ten into which the year had previously been divided. The first of these he called January in honor of Janus, the two-faced deity supposed to preside over doors—one looking back over the old year and the other peering into the new. Janus was also the god of war, the gates of his temple in Rome being closed in times of peace and open only during war. It was not until 1752 that January was recognized as the first month of the legal year in England. The poet Shelley expressed the sentiment of practically all of the bards when he said "January gray is here," for whenever the month is mentioned in verse—which is infrequent—the reference is to "the blasts of January" or something bearing upon the fury of the wind or the biting cold. The gem stone of January is the garnet, which is said to insure power, grace and victory. The flower symbolic of the month is the snowdrop, attesting friendship in trouble, consolation and hope.

Among all nations and in all ages the first day of the new year has been and is regarded as a holiday, a day of rejoicing and worship. In all but six states of the Union it is a legal holiday.

Some of the principal events of the world taking place during this month during the years have been as follows:

1st—Edmund Burke, born, 1730. The union of Ireland and Great Britain accomplished, 1801.

2nd—Gen. James Wolfe, hero of Quebec, born 1727. The Battle of Granada, 1492, which completed the overthrow of Moorish power in Spain.

3rd—Cicero, born 107 B. C.

4th—Jacob Grimm, writer of fairy tales, born 1785.

5th—Edward the Confessor, died 1066. Battle of Nancy, 1477, in which Charles the Bold was slain.

6th—Known as the twelfth day, as being in that number after Christmas and the last of the Christmas holidays, sometimes called "Little Christmas." Richard II, King of England, born 1366. Joan d'Arc, born 1402.

7th—St. Michael's day—or Rock day—the first free day after the twelve holidays by which Christmas was formerly celebrated. President Millard Fillmore, born 1800.

8th—Battle of New Orleans, 1815. Owing to the slowness of communication, Gen. Jackson fought this battle after peace had been made. Legal holiday in Louisiana, known as Jackson's, or "Old Hickory's" birthday. Galileo, who invented and first used a telescope, born 1642.

9th—Caroline Herschel, astronomer, died 1848, aged 97.

10th—Penny postage first exemplified in England; designed by Rowland Hill. Linnaeus, famous naturalist, died 1778.

11th—First lottery in England held drawing 1569.

12th—Emperor Maximilian I, died 1519.

13th—George Fox, founder of the Quaker sect, died 1690.

14th—15th—Battle of Rivoli, 1797. Napoleon's victory was followed by the surrender of Mantua and the complete conquest of Lombardy.

16th—Richard Savage, poet, died 1697. Edmund Spenser, poet, died 1599. Edward Gibbon, historian, died 1809. Battle of Corunna, in which Sir John Moore was killed.

17th—Benjamin Franklin, born 1706. President Rutherford B. Hayes, died 1893.

18th—Sarah of Exeter, the peasant Countess, died 1797. Daniel Webster, born 1782. President John Tyler, died 1862.

19th—Tragedy of Khartoum in the Nile campaign, 1885. James Watt, of steam engine fame, born 1736. Isaac Disraeli, writer, died 1848.

20th—David Garrick, celebrated actor, died 1779. Gen. Gordon slain at Khartoum.

21st—Henry VIII, King of England, born 1493. Louis XVI of France, died. Stonewall Jackson, born 1824. Queen Victoria, died 1901. James G. Blaine, born 1830; died Jan. 27, 1893. John C. Fremont, born 1813.

22nd—Lord Byron, born 1788. Francis Bacon, born 1561. "South Sea Bubble" inaugurated, 1720.

23rd—William Pitt, statesman, died 1806.

24th—Frederick the Great of Prussia, born 1712.

25th—Robert Burns, born 1759.

26th—Napoleon Vice-president of the Italian Republic.

27th—Mozart, born 1756. John J. Audubon, naturalist, died 1851.

28th—Emperor Charlemagne, died 814. King Henry VIII, died 1547. Sir Francis Drake, died 1596—Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, died 1725. W. H. Prescott, historian, died 1859. In 1770 began the administration of Lord North, during which the American colonies were lost to the British crown. First street of any city lighted by gas (Pall Mall, London) 1807.

29th—Napoleon in Battle of Brienne. Thomas Paine, political writer, born 1737. George III, died 1820. Emmanuel Swedenborg, born 1688. President Wm. McKinley, born 1843.

30th—King Charles I, died 1649, beheaded on the scaffold.

31st—Ben Jonson, born 1574. Charles Edward Stuart, the last person of the Stuart family to attempt to recover the forfeited crown of England, died 1788.

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Are We in Danger of Being Attacked by Foreign Enemies?

NOW that certain warring nations are fighting not only for a place in the sun, but to achieve world-wide domination, it behooves us to have a radical stock taking, and note what our position is in comparison with the other peoples who occupy a place on this revolving sphere where we make our home.

The time is not far distant when all the desirable land surface on this globe will be occupied, and one of the greatest underlying causes of the conflagration in Europe, is due to the fact that Germany's rapidly increasing population wants more elbow-room, and for that matter so do all European nations with the possible exception of France and Russia. This elbow-room and the opportunities that go with it, the Teuton emigrants must seek, if not in German colonies, then in the colonies of other nations, where they inevitably cease to be an asset to the parent land.

To get a better understanding of this matter and the serious conditions that will eventually arise (unless the nations, as in the case of France, so arrange that their population shall not be in excess of the land's ability to support its citizens) we must bear in mind that of the 52,641,102 square miles of land on this planet only 30,000,000 are capable of supporting human life; in fact two of our most eminent scientists set the earth's productive area at two million square miles less than we have computed it.

It is an astonishing fact that Great Britain and her colonies, comprising 12,000,000 square miles, and the United States and their outlying possessions covering 4,000,000 square miles, together control more than half the fertile area of the globe. As to population: the British Empire contains 435,000,000 people of whom 45,216,741 reside in the British Isles, while the United States and their dependencies have a population of about 115,000,000. And as the total population of the world is estimated at 1,600,000,000 it appears that these two English speaking nations, which possess more than half the inhabitable land, also control 600,000,000 people, or more than one third of the earth's inhabitants.

Is the world overpopulated? In spots, yes, but on the whole, no. There are at present on an average only thirty souls to the square mile, and a square mile at a pinch will take care of a hundred people. The earth figured on this basis, is capable of supporting about 3,000,000,000 humans, not comfortably but crowded and pinched, struggling for the bare necessities of life.

It does not take an expert mathematician long to bring us face to face with the painful fact that in a few generations the earth will have the full total that it is estimated it will be capable of supporting.

The earth's inhabitants are not evenly distributed. There are some vast areas that are still sparsely settled and other extensive regions where the population is large and crowded, and it is in these congested countries that trouble arises, for the cup that is full, if we still continue to pour liquid into it, must inevitably overflow. In some sections of the globe (China for instance) the population has become so dense that millions of people have been pushed right off the face of the earth and have been living on rafts, junks and other vessels on the rivers and harbors of the Celestial Kingdom.

In Canton no less than three hundred thousand Chinese, men, women and children, live permanently on the water. In Europe the industrious Hollanders have pushed the ocean back from off their land and are now living on the reclaimed bottom of the North Sea. These industrious people have to keep their country, which cannot be drained because lower than the sea, continually pumped out by means of numberless windmills. Japan, India and in fact the most of Asia as well as Europe are overpopulated.

Now the question naturally arises, with the earth's population constantly increasing, how long can we of English speaking race, keep this North American continent of ours, so favored by nature from being engulfed by a mighty human flood, that even now is threatening to sweep o'er the oceans and overwhelm us.

We have felt the pressure of the Japanese and other Orientals in the West already, and that pressure is going to increase as the years roll on. India too has been spewing the advance guards of its dusky hordes on the western borders of Canada. A Canadian official who was active in keeping out a heavy

shipload of Hindoos has been assassinated by an Oriental.

In all our coast cities are secret societies of Asiatics whose object is to war on the white man and appropriate his territory.

Not only is the world casting longing eyes at these shores of ours, still more with eager eyes does it drink in the vast continent to the south of us.

We throw the mantle of our protection in the shape of the Monroe Doctrine from Alaska and Labrador to Cape Horn, telling the old-World powers that they shall not extend their system of conquest and colonization to North and South America. But how does the world view that Monroe Doctrine of ours? The Kaiser regards it as "a piece of impertinence," and so do most of the other European governments. We have Germany's official declaration, backed by her action at the outbreak of the present war, that treaties are but "scraps of paper" to be contemptuously broken when performance of their obligations becomes irksome. Would other nations have any higher regard for treaty rights? The Monroe Doctrine is not based on any treaty. It is merely a policy of the United States respected so far as we have the military power to enforce it. Civilization, alas! has not yet carried us from the bloody era of might to the peaceful age of reason and right. The sword, alas! is still the only arbiter of the destinies of nations. Only those who are ready and prepared with big guns and battleships to defend their rights and territory are safe from attack and conquest.

With Europe and Asia casting jealous eyes on our broad and productive acres, our riches, our vast natural resources and sparsely settled areas, and with land hunger gnawing at the heart of great and warlike nations, it behooves us, if we wish to retain the heritage our fathers have bequeathed to us, to arm, or otherwise we are liable to see our fair cities share the fate of Louvain, or lie prostrate beneath the heel of the conqueror as in the case of Belgium.

It is preposterous to talk of these "enlightened days," when the only light that is recognized in the council chambers of the nations is that which flashes from the uplifted sabre, the charging bayonet or the bomb bursting in air. To be unprepared is to invite attack, to be half prepared is to court defeat. Only by being thoroughly and efficiently armed on land and sea can we keep our shores inviolate and be allowed to work out our destinies without challenge or interference from foes, white, yellow or black.

The Grant Doctrine

THE celebrated Monroe Doctrine, so named because formulated and first promulgated by President Monroe some eighty years ago as a policy which the United States would enforce, by war if necessary, warned Europe not to attempt the subjugation of any of the free republics in North, South and Central America or in any way interfere with their independence.

Accordingly, in 1865, our government compelled Louis Napoleon to withdraw the French troops that had made the Austrian Prince Maximilian Emperor of Mexico, and were supporting his tottering throne which fell as soon as his foreign soldiers departed.

Shortly after this, when a certain European power proposed to sell some of its West Indian colonies to another European government, President Grant forbade the sale, proclaiming to the world that the United States would not permit the transfer of any American colony from one European government to another. This is the Grant Doctrine which has become the settled policy of the United States and goes a step further than the Monroe Doctrine.

There has been some discussion started by the indiscrete inquiry of the German ambassador as to what would be the attitude of our government in case German troops should invade and subjugate Canada as an incident to the present war. Our government has respectfully declined to answer at the present juncture on the ground that there appears to be no immediate prospect of Germany being able to get troops over to Canada.

One phase of the question is easily answered, while it has other aspects that present embarrassing complications.

The Grant Doctrine would not permit Germany to annex Canada or to hold it under any conditions after the close of the war. And this supposed case of Canada, which might actually come to pass, is an excellent illustration of the wisdom of the Grant Doctrine and its vital importance as affecting the welfare of the United States.

Canada is a good neighbor with whom we, as a people, have been on friendly terms for an even hundred years and expect to continue so for centuries to come regardless of whether she should prefer to remain under the British flag or at some future time see fit to become an independent republic, which status she nearly approximates at present. But if any change in our neighbors should be attempted through the interposition of an old world power, the United States would have something to say as to who the new neighbors shall be. And what Uncle Sam says in such case will go as it did with Emperor Louis Napoleon and the French soldiers he sent to Mexico.

Another phase of the question is so fraught with difficulties that it is not easy to predict what action the United States would take in case Germany should attack Canada in the present war strictly for the purpose of military results and not for permanent occupation or change of sovereignty.

In principle and as a matter of abstract right Germany would be justified in attacking Canada as a part of the British Empire and because Canadian troops are fighting the Germans in France and Belgium; and under the present circumstances such action would not conflict with the Monroe or the Grant Doctrine, if not intended to result in change of sovereignty or occupation after the end of the war.

But fortunately for Germany, if she values the good will of the American people, the naval situation renders it impossible for her to send troops across the Atlantic. We have already suffered great inconvenience and financial loss in consequence of the great European conflict with which we have no concern, and we are contributing millions of dollars to feed and clothe the seven million destitute and starving Belgians who are homeless and starving because the German armies have devastated their country, destroyed their homes, consumed their crops, confiscated their horses and cattle and taken their money by exacting payment of enormous fines, taxes and indemnities.

Our people shudder at the thought of a possible German invasion of Canada and a repetition among our neighbors of the horrors inflicted on the Belgians. As against the sympathies of our people wrought to the highest pitch by the sight of Canadian cities laid in ashes and homeless, starving refugees from across the border seeking asylum and food among us, reason and argument would avail but little to deter our citizens from throwing over their neutrality. Excited public sentiment often forces the hands of government, and it is to be feared a German invasion of Canada might draw the United States into the war.

President Wilson acted wisely in refusing to state in advance what would be the attitude of our government in case of a German invasion of Canada, for none can predict it with certainty. But by the decided tone of the editorial comment which his question drew from the newspapers and magazines the German Ambassador may gather a shrewd inkling of how the American people regard his proposition.

The Panama Canal Affecting Railroad Freight Rates

IN answer to our editorial, last summer, urging that American coastwise shipping be exempted from payment of Panama Canal tolls as a means of forcing the railroads to lower their trans-continental freight rates, some of our readers wrote us asserting that the competition of commerce passing through the canal would have no effect on railroad freight rates because the latter are regulated by the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

The fallacy of their argument is proven thus early because a month ago the western railroads petitioned the Inter-State Commerce Commission for permission to lower their trans-continental freight rates to meet the competition of shipments by way of the Panama Canal.

As we predicted, the railroads must meet this competition by reducing their freight rates, and if American ships had been exempted from canal tolls the freight rates by way of the canal and by rail would be cut just that much lower.

Perhaps some of those politicians who are wondering what hit them at the recent November election, may see new light and come to the conclusion that the action of Congress on the canal tolls question had something to do with it. Let us hope so.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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Every Household on Farm in small town or suburbs, where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp; burns kerosene; gives eight times as bright as electric. One farmer cleared over \$500.00 in six weeks; hundreds with rigs earning \$100.00 to \$300.00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 882 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Magic Ink Eraser—No blade, no acid; removes ink like magic. Sold as easily as bread in a famine. Sample 10c. Sells 35c. Offices buy 1 to 12. S. Mfg. Co., 30 W. Warren St., N. Y.

I Have A Contract to distribute a Million Free Packages Borax Soap Powder. Want reliable men and women to help. Write weekly. C. Waverly Brown, 730 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

Now Is The Time To Sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

\$60 Weekly to deliver "KeroSafe" Lamp. Burns common coal oil. (Kerosene). 300 candle power—Low Priced. Portable light. Costs 1-3 cent per hour to operate. Every home needs one. Big profits for agents. No experience needed. No capital required. Write for sample. Hinkson sold 24 first week, West, 3 first night. Write today for terms of free sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1119 West St., Dayton, O.

Agents Of Ability And High Character wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Merritt & Brock, 9-10 Temple Place, Boston.

400% Profit—Evergrip Gliders. Samples free. Anyone can attach. Costs 3c, sells 15c. Homes buy 500 each. Write for sample. Saye, 3005, Carpets, S. Mfg. Co., 28 W. Warren St., N. Y.

Million Dollar Winner. Tremendous, rapid sales stagger country. Agents happy, banking enormous profits daily. New invention yet million sales already recorded. Walters sold 51 first 7 hours; Arnold 80 first day. Everybody wants Grab's scientific Shoe Cleaner on doorstep. Saves drudgery, carpets, shoes, money. Automatically removes mud, snow. Mechanical wonder. Investigate. Territory free; worth fortune. Security Mfg. Co., Dept. 9, Toledo, O.

Earn Money Showing Queen Fabric Dress Goods. Honest, ambitious women wanted. Salary or com. Whole or part time. Mrs. Grace earns \$1,200 a year. Experience unnecessary. Instructions ready. Be first in your locality. Queen Fabric Mfg. Co., Dept. 408, Syracuse, N. Y.

Agents—New Washing Machine. Wonderful invention. Generates own power. Forces Twenty Streams Boiling Soda through every fibre of clothes. No Bubbling. Sells itself. \$10.50. Free Sample. Geyser Washing Machine Works, Chicago.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 50 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Fawcett Company, 1015 West St., Dayton, O.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women. \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Make \$21 Next Saturday. Brand new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but 2 lbs.; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only \$1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made \$21 first 8 hours. Territory free. Write today. Wendell Co., 871 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Billy Sunday's Message. Great opportunity for man or woman to make \$6.00 to \$15.00 a day. Unusually liberal terms. Spare time may be used. Particulars and sample free. Universal Bible House, 1810 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Large Profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisp." New confection. Five cent package cost one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid \$7.50. Send ten cents for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 1202 Broadway, San Francisco.

Paying Spare Time Work or sideline for Agents and Clubraisers. Supplies free. Good-Hope Co. Washington Bridge Sta., N. Y.

\$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention starts world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$150 first 12 hours. \$1200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot air cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$4.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 3983 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Agents are coining money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "6000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1334 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Agents make \$10 a day selling rugs at \$1 each, cost agents 55c. Size 35 x 65. Sell from one to six at every house. Something every housewife wants. Full size rug for sample. 96 cents by parcel post. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Tex.

Remnant Store, 1519 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Here's A Whirlwind Seller. Every family needs it. No limit to money you can make. No competition. Sample free. Address W. E. Co., Dept. C, Delta, Colorado.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—New Mighty Money Making marvel. World Started. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized. positively abolishes rubbing, scrubbing, washing machines—women astounded, wild over it, absolutely harmless, \$1,000 guarantee goes with it; make \$50 to \$100 weekly easy. Exclusive territory, no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business, supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do the work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Sales Corporation, Desk N, Manhattan Bldg., Chicago.

Energetic Men are making \$1000 to \$3000 yearly selling our guaranteed paints and roofing materials direct to farmers and consumers. Either entire or part time. Write for territory now. Colorcraft Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Agents—\$1.00 Every Hour You Work. New high-grade kitchen tools. Sell on night—Exclusive territory. Write today. A. & J. Mfg. Co., 70 Water St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell granite and marble monuments and headstones. Good com's. First class work. Write for terms. Moore Monument Co., Sterling, Ill.

\$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Lander Manufacturing Co., Dept. 391, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents Wanted. new household article, quick seller, send ten cents for sample and particulars. D.O.H. Specialty Co., 1441 Broadway, New York.

Agents—150% profit selling new Easy Wringer Mop. Every home buys. Martin sold 131 in 3 days. One man orders \$2500 one month. Get details. U. S. Mop Co., 233 Main St., Toledo, Ohio.

Big Textile Mills will employ everywhere reliable people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear and neckwear from many cities. Factory prices. Many making over \$30.00 weekly. Spare or all time. No experience. Permanent. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

20 Choice Birthday, Greeting, Etc. Post- cards 10c. Postpaid. Special Proposition to Agents. Palmer Postcard Co., N. Ferrisburg, Vt.

MISCELLANEOUS

Hair Switches made from combings 3 stem \$1.00. Work guaranteed. Mrs. L. J. Green, Franklin, Ga., R. 4.

Poem Charts. An easy way to write lovely poetry. Make a hit with your friends. Love, Gift, Song, Fun poems—all kinds. Poem Chart and Free Premium Slip, 12 cents. Brent Agency, Portland, Maine.

POST CARDS

100 Valentine, Easter and Greeting Cards 30c. 25 for 10c. Try us and you will stay with us. G. Am. Post Card Co., 78, Burlington, Ia.

Special: Send Ten Cents for 20 As- sorted Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Guaranteed Boy's Watch or Girl's Gold-plated Bracelet given boys and girls for placing sample packet seeds with friends. P. Peoples Co., B-76, York Haven, Pa.

BY PARCEL POST

Your Name embossed in gold letters on 12 beautifully enameled Pencils 50c postpaid. Sample 5c. Larew, Box 127-C, Knoxville, Tenn.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Poets—Authors! Good Money Writing Short stories, poems and other articles. Nat'l Literary and Pub's Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

The Much Loved Queen of the Belgians

BY C. L. CHAPMAN.

It is a sudden blasting of hopes which has brought sorrow to the young and affectionate Queen Elizabeth. Since the death of the profligate King Leopold II. King Albert I and his wife, who was Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, have fought great difficulties, met many handicaps, and emerged triumphantly.

First of all, they had to live down the reputation of the licentious Leopold, Albert's uncle. The people no longer respected, they even hated that aged monarch; and there was dissension when Albert ascended the throne, anarchy was evident everywhere.

But King Albert has proven to his people that he is the direct opposite of his uncle; he has encouraged the commercial, literary and artistic prestige of his country, is a devoted husband and affectionate father, averse to pomp and display, affable and free in manner, profoundly interested in social and economic questions, and as is his wife, an artist of no mean ability.

Queen Elizabeth has been the inspiration of her husband in every reform in that tiny kingdom, which has seen only three rulers, yet has become so powerful financially and commercially.

But sorrow has suddenly been heaped upon the lovely and lovely queen of Belgium. She has been acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful and intellectual queens in all Europe.

When the Princess Elizabeth assumed the duties of housewife in the royal palace in Brussels she found it denuded of its statuary, rare paintings, tapestries, bric-a-brac, silver plate, expensive furniture, and ornaments of all kinds. It was like entering a beautiful home from which poverty had taken the furnishings. It was the result of the late King Leopold's determination to circumvent his daughters' ambitions and leave them practically poverty stricken.

What with the disposal of the beautiful furnishings of the royal palace, the consequent scandal brought about through the suit of the daughters to share

MALE HELP WANTED

Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 60. \$75 to \$125 monthly. Osmont, 8-F St. Louis.

Railway Mail Clerks, Carriers and Rural Carriers wanted. I conducted exam. Can help you. Trial exam. Free. Osmont 8-F St. Louis.

Free Illustrated Book tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1450. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

I Want A Reliable Man in each county to give away premiums advertising Rogers 29 year Silverware. Pay \$32 monthly, also commission. Chance for advancement. A. A. Cline, Advertising Manager, 809 Rogers Bldg., Philadelphia.

A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hassen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

Be a Detective—Earn \$150 to \$300 monthly. Easy work; travel, we ably train. Write Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York. Dept. 370.

Railway Mail Clerk Examinations soon. \$75.00 monthly. Sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. O 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Motormen—Conductors; Interurban; earn \$80 monthly; experience unnecessary; qualify now; state age; details free. Electric Dept 790 Syndicate Trust, St. Louis, Mo.

HOW TO GET PATENTS

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 2000 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured through Credit Sys- tem. Patentability Search Free. Booklet Free. John Louis Waters & Co., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured or Fee Returned. Most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. George P. Kimmel, Attorney, 232 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

Songwriters. Let us write music to your songs and help you dispose of them to music publishers for cash or royalty. National Manuscript Sales Co., 335 Theatrical Exchange Building, Broadway & 40th St., N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Will pay reliable Woman \$250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

Women With Tender Feet Should wear our unlined velvet Pillow Shoes. Fits, feels like a kid glove. Soft, durable, handsome. New shoes easy as old ones. No breaking in required. Write for free catalog and self-measure blank. Pillow Shoe Co., 184 Summer St., Dept. P, Boston, Mass.

FOOD BY PARCEL POST

Have You Tried Fidara the New Fruit Food? Delicious. Nourishing. Healthful. Send 10c for valuable folder and liberal sample. Learn how to secure your supply free. Cosnett Company, Sole Makers, Norwalk, Ohio.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Have You A Camera? Write For Sam- ples of my magazines, American Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Frappie, 664 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Wanted—Names and addresses. All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory Co., 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how \$100 grows to \$2,500—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 25 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Lady Agents Wanted to sell my Depilatory Powder for the removal of superfluous hair. Write for particulars to Ray D. Gilliland, State College, Pa.

Women Make Money Introducing Pris- cilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Raincoats, etc. All or part time. Samples free. Get particulars. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 65, Trenton, N. J.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Moving Picture Plays. \$50 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Correspondence course not required. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 328, Cincinnati, O.

I guarantee \$10 for first photo-play you write after taking my lessons. Obtain free booklet "How To Write Photoplays." Elbert Moore, Box 772, K.M., Chicago.

We Accept Mss. In Any Form; Criticise Free; Sell on commission. Quick sales; Big Prices. Don't waste money on "courses" etc. Write us. Story Rev. Co., Box 25, Smithport, Pa.

\$50 to \$100 Weekly Writing Moving picture plays. Free book, valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 278 R. R. Chicago.

Free—A Complete Course in Photoplay Writing. Send us your name at once. The Enterprise Co., O Morton Bldg., Chicago.

BOOKS

"What Is Your Lucky Sign?"—New book, interests everybody. Price 10c. Send for copy. Advertiser Press, Holly, Mich.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Men prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, electric motormen, train porters (colored). Hundreds put to work—\$5 to \$15 a month. No experience necessary. 500 more wanted. Enclose stamp for application blank and book. State position. I. Railway C. I., Dept. C, Indianapolis, Ind.

Thousands Government Jobs Obtain- able. \$35 to \$150 monthly. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. O 12, Rochester, N. Y.

\$25 Weekly collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., A, Baltimore, Md.

Easy Work; all or spare time. Addressing, Mailing, Distributing, etc., for Mail Order House. Established 17 Yrs. \$5.00 to \$25.00 weekly opportunity. No canvassing. For sample catalogue, particulars, postage, etc., send 10c. Monroe, 555 Como Bldg., Chicago.

POST CARD CLUBS

Receive Post Cards from everywhere. Membership in best club 10c. H. J. Teeple, Box M, Decatur, Indiana.

You'll have friends and sweethearts the world over. Membership 10c. The Quality Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

MONEY LOANED

6% Money. Loans for any purpose on acceptable Real Estate; liberal privileges. A. C. Agency Company, 768 Gas, Electric Bldg., Denver, Colo., 446 Pierce Bldg., St. Louis.

Some Strange Facts About Radium

There are three astonishing facts about radioactive substances. First, they cause certain substances placed near them to fluoresce, or glow. For instance, a diamond, if placed near a minute quantity of radium, will shine in the dark. Second, they make the surrounding air a conductor of electricity. This has been splendidly illustrated by making an electric bell ring just by the approach of a bit of radium. Third, the ceaseless sending out of light and heat, as illustrated by the spintharoscope. In other words, a particle of the gray salt of radium bromide is somewhat like a miniature sun surrounding itself by a highly active atmosphere (radium "emanations") and pouring out vast amounts of light and heat without any apparent diminution in quantity or quality.

According to the knowledge of our best scientists today, twenty-five years ago, there was no possibility of something being made out of nothing, and today, through we cannot do it ourselves, we apparently see this very thing being done in nature. Here is a piece of radium ceaselessly sending out particles at the rate of twenty-four thousand million per gram a second, traveling at the rate of twelve thousand miles a second.

Two ingenious methods have led to the same result in actually counting these particles, and though it sounds too much like a fairy tale for the incredulous to believe, there is no fact in science today more thoroughly demonstrated. The life of radium is approximately two thousand four hundred and sixty years. For instance, if you had a timepiece or piece of machinery driven by radioactive properties it would run just two thousand, four hundred and sixty years without the supply being replenished.

Municipal Moving Picture Theater

Because the inhabitants of Maplewood, N. J. complained of their household help not wanting to stay because of lack of amusement, the town authorities erected a moving picture theater and are operating it to advantage.

FARM LANDS WANTED

San Joaquin Valley, California—What one man did: A railroad brakeman bought 20 acres at \$300 per acre (part on time payments). 9 acres each were planted to peaches and raising grapes. From his 1914 crop he has a net profit above all expenses of \$1,300, 20% on his investment and a living besides. This his first year, he was new to conditions—next year he expects to do much better. Don't you want to do as well? Our San Joaquin Valley folder free—It's worth money to you. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, AT & SF Railway, 1804 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

Wanted to hear of good farm for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. C. C. Buckingham, Houston, Texas.

Productive state and deeded lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. No isolated pioneering. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 446 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

\$50. paid for Half Dol. 1853 no arrows; \$5. for 1878 Half S. Mint; \$100 for 1894 Dime S. Mint. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4c. Get our illus. Coin Circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Tex.

\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1855. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

I pay from \$1 to \$1500 for thousands of rare Coins, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Certain Mint Marks bring over \$100. Get posted quickly. Ill. Circular for 2 stamps. Vonbergen, (Est. 1885) Dept. (9), Boston, Mass.

Buffalo Nickels—25c Each paid for them and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. Highest prices paid for old coins. Send 10c for coin catalog and particulars. F. L. Jones, Coin Dealer, Dept. 90, Newton, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED

Wanted. Hustlers to take orders for made- to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from \$5.00 to \$22.00. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. H, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn big pay while you learn by mail during spare time, only eight weeks time required, one or two hours a day. Steady position, easy work, hundreds of good positions to select from. Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip," containing full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of students who have recently placed in good positions and who are earning \$100 to \$500 per month. Address Department B-25, National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco.

REAL ESTATE

Virginia Farms; Small and Large, \$15 an acre and up. Easy payments, mild climate, fertile soil ideal for fruit, stock or general farming. On railroad with big markets nearby. Write for list, maps, etc. F. L. Baume, Ag'l. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 4-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

64 Var. Poultry, Hares For sale first-class stock. Eggs for hatching. Prices reasonable. Val. cat. free. H. J. Roth, Souderton, Pa.

\$100 For Best Definition Of "Oculum," a Poultry Raising revolutionizer. Particulars Free. The H. I. Co., Salem, Va.

43 Varieties, poultry, pigeons, ducks, guinea fow, etc. Feed and fatten. Only log 4 cents. Missouri Squab Co., Kirkwood, Mo.

HEIRS WANTED

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestor's name may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Crosskill, Walter; a carpenter. Left England about 1833. Wife killed in railroad wreck. Left daughter, Estate \$10,000.

Parker, Henry. Born England about 1830, left Birmingham for Australia about 1851. Two brothers came to America. Estate \$15,000. John J. Dwyer, 7 Wall Street, New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies send stamped envelope for particu- lars, testimonials and prices we pay to others working for us. Many have been with us for years. Pay sent weekly. No canvassing. Address Universal Co., Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

Ten aprons by dozens. Will buy all you can make. Send dime, returned if dissatisfied, and stamped, addressed envelope. New-wood, 442 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

CHAPTER I.

PROVIDENCE AND MAN.

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THE great banker, John Weston, sat in the library of his magnificent home in Surrey. He was a very old, but a very brave man, for he sat with a smile on his wrinkled and colorless face, the face from which years of brain strain had driven the color, the face in which the struggles of the trials of this transient world had carved wrinkles as deeply as if they had been cut with a graver's tool; a smile, notwithstanding that the doctor who had just left him had told him that he had only a few weeks, perhaps days, to live.

When one is as old as John Weston death often comes as a relief, a discharge, the sentry is relieved at his post, and, stretching weary limbs, goes off to his rest. The soldier, scarred in many a battle, takes his discharge and limps wearily to the repose, which to him is sweeter than the glitter of gold or the rustle of fame's laurels.

And John Weston had received his death sentence with the equanimity of the brave man, and the tired veteran. He had hosts of friends, he would be sorry to leave them, yes; but sorrier still to leave the young girl, the child of a younger and dearly loved brother. The girl—she was little more than a baby—had wound herself round the heart of the great banker, as the delicate ivy winds itself round the rugged oak; and for nine years past, ever since she had been brought to his house one summer's day, to see him, John Weston had ever held her in his mind.

And now he was going to die and leave her. Well, she would not be left friendless. His sister-in-law, the widow of his elder brother, would take loving care of her; and little Edna would not be left in poverty.

As he thought of his vast wealth—how much was it; how long ago was it since he had ceased to count it?—a change came over the old man's face. The smile disappeared, the brows knit together, the eyes, bright and keen, became cloudy as if something were weighing on his mind, something were rising from the past to disturb him, to remind him that he, who had paid his debts, with this one exception, had left one great claim, one great debt, unpaid.

He rang the bell, and when the footman came noiselessly, with the air of respect, the bent head and discreet eyes, the master said:

"Send this letter to Mr. Burdon—at once."

The footman said, "Yes, sir," and waited.

Mr. Weston looked up.

"Well?" he asked, sternly.

"The letter, sir," explained the footman.

John Weston started slightly and smiled. Yes; it was as well he was going, going before his mind—the mind that had governed so many men, saved so many fortunes—and wrecked so many—began to wane.

He wrote the letter; it was no more than a note:

"Dear Burdon: Please come at once. I mean—at once. Yours faithfully, JOHN WESTON."

He sealed the envelope in the good, old-fashioned way, and the footman dispatched a groom with the letter.

In two hours time Richard Burdon, the solid, trustworthy lawyer, was in attendance on his old client and friend.

He found Mr. Weston just sitting down to dinner, and the banker genially, affectionately, waved Mr. Burdon to a chair. They ate of the good things in those times without the fear and trembling which nowadays wait upon our repasts; and the two men enjoyed their turtle soup, allited soles, carried chicken, roast beef, sweets and cheese; and washed down this substantial fare with hock, sherry, port and a liquor of rare old.

Such a menu is calculated to make most of the diet faddists of these more scientific times shudder as they read; but it was on such food as this—and plenty of it—that our fathers and forefathers made England what it is; and, pondering over the degeneracies of these later times, one is tempted to fall to on like provender, exclaiming, "What was good enough for them is good enough for us!"

The two men when they had sipped their liquor of whisky, lit cigars—not cigarettes, he it noted—and then, and not till then, John Weston began to talk on business. "I'm going to die, Dick," he said as quietly, almost as casually, as if he had said, "I am going to get my hair cut."

Burdon started, but he knew his friend too well to utter an exclamation.

"Who says so?" he inquired, with a little grunt of incredulity.

"Old Mossop," replied John Weston, "and he's never wrong. Singular that, for a doctor; for, by gad! they're seldom right. But I've received the information from another and still more reliable source."

He touched his heart and smiled grimly. "I have had my suspicions for some time; that is why I sent for Mossop. And he confirmed them. Pshaw, my dear Dick, don't look so glum. A man must die some time; one can't expect to go on forever; and for my part—Ah, well, life ceases to be amusing after three-score—and ten, and one rather longs for a change of scene. Cheer up, man! And fill your glass. Of course I sent for you about my will, Dick."

Burdon filled his glass and cleared his throat. "I'm rather cut up, John," he said, huskily.

"We've been friends, good friends, since boyhood. Well, well!" as the great banker pursed his lips and nodded, as much as to say: "Don't make me weak, old friend!"—"I take it I know your intentions. I have your will in my safe in the office. The little girl—"

"Ay, Harry's little girl!" murmured Mr. Weston, tenderly. "Yes, I'd left everything to her, Dick; but I wasn't dying then. Now I am, and with the shadow of death on me—I remember a debt I have not paid, a debt I must pay, a duty I must fulfill before I shuffle off this mortal coil. Dick, you have not forgotten Charles More, and what he did for me?"

"No, no!" responded Mr. Burdon. "A splendid fellow, a magnificent fellow—"

"A true and noble friend!" broke in John Weston. "I shall never forget that day he came and stood by my side, faced the wolves—call them, rather, a flock of sheep made frantic by fear—and saved me from ruin and dishonor. Forget! I think that when I'm in my grave the memory of it will abide with me."

Mr. Burdon nodded once or twice in emphatic assent.

"Get some paper, Dick, and let's finish this business; you'll find some in the bureau," said Mr. Weston.

The lawyer, with his cigar in the corner of his shrewd lips, went to the inlaid writing table and drew a sheet of paper toward him.

"Your will, I suppose, John?"

"Yes," said the banker. "You will find it somewhat similar to the old one, so far as regards the legacies to relations and servants. But there will be a great difference in respect to the child. This is what I want you to make out; and, for Heaven's sake, draw it up so that there can be no excuse for fighting over it."

"I will," said Mr. Burdon. "Proceed."

Mr. Weston dictated for some minutes, and the lawyer wrote slowly and carefully; then suddenly he stopped short and, facing round, exclaimed:

"What!"

The great banker smiled.

"I thought you'd be astonished," he said, calmly, and even with a faint laugh.

"Astonished!" echoed the lawyer. "That scarcely expresses it. Do you know what you are doing, John?"

Mr. Weston nodded. "Yes; I think so."

"You are playing the part of amateur Providence—a difficult part, John! And one that is seldom played satisfactorily."

"Seldom, perhaps, but sometimes," said Mr. Weston, as calmly as before. "This may be one of the successful attempts."

Mr. Burdon stared at him with knitted brows. "You seriously intend to dispose of this vast fortune—have you any idea how vast it is?"

"No; I suppose not."

"In this—this absurdly romantic fashion? Dispose of a fortune! You dispose of the lives, the hearts of two human beings!"

"You put it strongly, Dick," said Mr. Weston; "but I suppose that exactly describes my intentions. And why not? This money is my own. He smiled and looked at the light of pride. "I made it, how hardly, with what infinite patience, self-sacrifice and travail, even you cannot guess. It is mine, and I can dispose of it how I choose."

Mr. Burdon shrugged his shoulders, and slowly swung round to his paper again.

"That is true," he said, dryly. "I am your lawyer, your humble servant, and at your orders."

The banker rose and, crossing the room, laid his white, wasted hand on the lawyer's shoulder.

"And my friend, Dick," he said, gently, "Don't try and thwart me. I have set my heart on this little scheme of mine—"

"Little!" echoed Mr. Burdon, grimly.

"Little or big, I mean you to carry it out, if you will."

Mr. Burdon stifled a groan.

"I hope to Heaven you may live to relieve me of the task," he said. "But if you don't—well, I suppose I shall do your behest. You were always a willful man, John, always."

"That's why I succeeded," commented the great banker, with a smile. "It is your willful men who bend the world to their wills. Go on, Dick, and set it down plainly. Something tells me—dying men are permitted to indulge in presentiments, you know—that my plan will work out as I wish it. Write, Dick, write!"

The lawyer jerked his head, and wrote as John Weston dictated. At last they had both finished. Mr. Weston sank into a chair, and the lawyer began to collect the sheets of paper.

"I'll send you the draft tomorrow," he said, in the tone of a man who is being made to do something against which his legal judgment and his knowledge of the world rebel.

"Tomorrow," murmured Mr. Weston. "Tomorrow? Sometimes there is no tomorrow, Dick. I'll sign it now."

Mr. Burdon opened his lips to oppose, but with another shrug of his shoulders, said:

"Very well. We shall want a couple of witnesses."

"Do you know what you are doing, John?"

Mr. Weston nodded. "Yes; I think so."

The two men talked for an hour, then Mr. Burdon rose to go.

The banker held his hand at parting a moment or two; neither of them was emotional, certainly not demonstrative, but when Mr. Weston said, "Good by, Dick," a lump rose in his friend's throat and made his responsive "Good by, John," thick and husky.

Mr. Weston retired to bed at his usual hour, and at the usual hour, his valet went to call him.

There was no response to his knock, and, entering, he found his master lying on his side, quite calm and placid; but deaf to all knockings.

The great banker was dead.

But the will remained, to influence the lives, to become the fates of at least one man and one woman.

What fate mar or make their happiness? The making of this will happened just sixteen years before our story proper commences and finds our hero at Lucerne, that most charming and lovely of the towns of the playground of Europe and America—Switzerland.

What brought Sir Cyril More to Lucerne? Had he been asked, he himself would have been, more than anyone else perhaps, puzzled for a reason. He had not come to see the beautiful lake, glittering like an emerald under the circle of hills; he did not care a button for the finest scenery. He had not come to ascend the Rigi by that marvel of modern engineering, the new railway. No, Sir Cyril didn't care so much as half a button for the most marvelous achievements of science. He had not come to gather Alpine flowers, or study Swiss manners and customs; Sir Cyril did not care for flowers; he loved one weed perhaps—tobacco, and, as to the manners and customs of the strange, placid folks who lived under the shadow of the snow-clad hills, tending their silken-haired cows and diminutive sheep—he regarded them with an indifference that was almost sublime in its intensity and density.

No; the fact was Sir Cyril had heard—in the smoking room of the "Travelers," perhaps—that Lucerne was "a quiet, downy, sleepy sort of place, you know," and being particularly in want of rest—not to say sleep—Sir Cyril had crossed the Channel, steamed up the Rhine, dreamed through Wiesbaden, Heidelberg and the Black Forest, and, at last, arrived at Lucerne quite prepared to sleep and rest. Yes, certainly he required it. Sir Cyril was thirty, and the last ten years—the last twelve, indeed—had been fast and furious; they would have been fatal, in addition, to most men, but Sir Cyril had inherited a splendid constitution with his fine fortune, and he had come out of his first campaign, in which pleasure and satiety killed more victims than fall in any other warfare, unscathed and sound, if a little weary and despondent. Yes, Sir Cyril had kept his constitution unimpaired, but his fortune—where was it? Ask of the exquisitely dressed and painted

ladies, the demi-monde, who add so much to the brilliancy of the Ladies' Mile and the Row; ask of the whist tables of the Rhododendron Club; ask of the proprietor of the "Star and Garter," and other kindred institutions, and, finally, ask of the Jews, who had kept the game going for Sir Cyril during the last two years; and they might, in the aggregate, have been able to inform you.

In their words Sir Cyril had "run through it" at a pace compared with which the sharp spin at Tottenham Corner is as nothing.

The money had vanished, every available—that is to say unencumbered—acre of More Park was mortgaged, the Park Lane House was let, and Sir Cyril was at Lucerne, taking breath after his race through house and lands, and money.

And now, have you pictured Sir Cyril? A dark, thin, haggard-looking man, with the mark of the bottle upon his face and in his eyes; a man languid and enervated with effeminate smiles, and lazy, elaborated movements? Nothing of the kind. Sir Cyril was the opposite to all these; and that, declared the mothers of marriageable daughters, was the worst of it!

Of what use was it to warn Amelia, or Sophie, or Claribel of the fearfully dangerous ineligibility of the baronet, to hint at this dreadful depravity and wickedness, to call him an extravagant spendthrift and profligate, when the man himself was blessed with an appearance that seemed at once to give the emphatic lie to the charges, one and all.

Marriageable daughters, just put through their facings in the great matrimonial market, used to look forward to seeing just such a man as you have pictured him, dear reader; and then, lo! and behold, one night at my Lady Grover's brilliant ball in would walk, with a light step, the real Sir Cyril. Tall, yes, but not dark, but fair, with close-cropped golden hair; a face almost childlike in its sweet, smiling serenity, and a mouth as delicately cut and classical as Virgil's itself; with eyes that looked down into a woman's soul; alas! with an awful power of enchantment, and a voice as deep and musical as Apollo's. So "good" did it look, so serenely handsome, that but for the firm brow, the few lines at the eyes, and the thick, tawny-gold mustache, the face might almost have been censured and condemned as effeminate.

And this was Sir Cyril, who had committed—so the mammas said—all the wickedness man was capable of; who was as daring and reckless—so the men said—as Hercules himself, and who, at the age of thirty, found himself a ruined man, with no object in life save that of killing time, and time very hard at dying.

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TOUGHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughy" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering," which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life. According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughy." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESCAPED CONVICT.

THE sky was bright with sunset colors when Toughy started across the cotton field for the spring by the river.

Giving her pony a free rein, the spirited mustang bounded along the road with glancing eye and expressive ears, never slackening his pace until he reached the gate leading from the field into the river bottom which just here formed a kind of shelf projecting over the stream. At its edge grew a giant sycamore, whose roots washed bare by successive floods, sprang in every direction like the tentacles of some monster devil fish.

From a hollow at one side of the tree flowed the spring, and its course a few feet distant to the edge of the bluff, over which it fell in a hundred rivulets to the river, was marked by a rich growth of ferns and cress, the object of Toughy's ride. Mr. Deering was expected on the evening train and the supper table must be decorated with fern and he was to have a salad of the delicate watercress. She must hurry, for although she could quickly cover the short mile and a half that lay between her and Pecan Grove, the skies were already paling and she remembered that darkness comes swiftly in Texas.

Passing through the gate and making her way to the sycamore, she dismounted and, leaving her bridle to trail on the ground, walked to the edge of the hollow. Its depth was as great as she was high and somewhat wider. The side was precipitous and she must either kneel at its edge and gather the plants by reaching over, or jump down into the marshy bottom which meant a thorough wetting of her shoes. There was no approach from the opposite bank which rose to the height of a cliff.

To Toughy's eyes the tenderest cress grew close to the edge where the spring's water dropped to the river below, but to reach it seemed impractical if not impossible. Pausing to consider, she walked along under the big trees and looked down at the river washing and wearing the face of the cliff. It was red and swollen from recent rains and so high that many of the long roots of the sycamore touched the water. Retracing her steps, an idea occurred to her which she immediately acted upon.

Throwing herself on the ground and winding one arm securely around a thick root hanging over the hollow where the spring was situated, she proceeded to lower herself and thus bring the



"You wouldn't tell on me now, would you Miss?"

coveted cress within reach of her other arm. But with the strain of her weight came a rush of gravel and an ominous crack, and then a great rough hand reached out from somewhere and seized her and a rough voice said:

"Lookout, Miss!"

As the treacherous root parted, Toughy found herself standing in the grasp of a convict but for whose timely aid she might have been sprawling on the wet, spongy bed of the hollow.

The girl stared at him with large eyes and a white face, too shaken to speak.

"Don't be scared, Miss," he said soothingly, "you're not hurt and I don't think you could fall to the river."

Toughy rallied a little at his words, and recognized him as the "trusty" who brought them fresh vegetables every day from the camp, but she was still too disturbed to feel any surprise at his sudden appearance in so unexpected a place.

"You're gettin' wet here, Miss," said the man, looking down at her feet which were half hidden in the bed of the shallow stream in which they stood, "and you better go home." He added respectfully with a glance at the sky, now showing the pallor of late evening.

Toughy turned mechanically and with his assistance clambered out of the hollow.

The action seemed to clear her faculties and with a sudden misgiving she said:

"What are you doing here, Hart?"

The man shifted his position uneasily and seemed to be hesitating for a reply.

Toughy was seized with a vague fear but she realized the necessity of self control. During her ride to the spring, she remembered to have seen the long line of convicts on their homeward march across the field to the Camp. The thought now flashed upon her that he was trying to run away. The lateness of the hour, the loneliness and re-



With a hurried "God bless you Miss, I'll send your pony back," he mounted the mustang and an instant later had disappeared in the thick timber.

moteness of the place and the absence of any reason for his presence there, all combined to strengthen the suspicion.

"Where are you going, Hart?" she asked.

Again the man hesitated and then said quietly:

"Home, Miss."

Toughy was startled. To her mind, a runaway convict was the most desperate of all mankind. With the discovery of his absence would come relentless pursuit by armed men and trained dogs. And yet he spoke as quietly as if in answer to some trivial question.

But under this calm exterior he might even now be considering some ferocious deed. Suppose he should kill her and seize her pony for his flight? But the thought had hardly formed in her mind when it was followed by a feeling of shame. He had just saved her from a fall, perhaps something worse—with a quick shudder and glance at the river and the sloping bed of the hollow—and Toughy was too generous not to make full acknowledgment of the man's service and to reject as base the idea that he could harm her.

"But," she hurried to say, "how dreadful it would be if you were caught!" And Toughy shuddered. She knew that the Penitentiary rules required his pursuers to shoot an escaping convict, and to draw blood under penalty of dismissal from the service.

"It isn't likely, Miss," said the man, "I swum down the river a mile and clumb up here by the roots and bushes. The dogs haven't any trail."

Toughy looked at him aghast; the feat seemed an impossible one.

"Isn't as hard as it sounds," said the convict deprecatingly, "I done it once when I was a boy. I was raised just ten mile from here straight across the mountains and I know every inch of this river and the bottom."

"But," she continued protestingly, "it's wrong for you to run away!"

"No, Miss, it isn't," said the man with a touch of excitement, "my little girl's dyin' and I must go. She's calling for me."

Toughy was silent. There was no answer to such an argument.

"You see Miss, it's like this," continued the convict, "I've got six children near 'bout like you and your little sisters, and this un's the oldest that done everything when her ma was poorly. And when the letter come this mornin' sayin' as she couldn't live mor'n a day or so—" the man paused a moment and his face worked—"I made up my mind that there wasn't any law on earth what could keep me from goin' to her."

Toughy's young heart contracted with pain at the convict's story and she looked at him with a sympathy too great for words.

At that moment the whistle of the incoming train sounded in the distance.

The convict started, and leaping lightly to the level where Toughy stood said:

"You wouldn't tell on me, now, would you Miss?"

The color rose to Toughy's face and she turned from him with a gesture of such indignant protest that he added apologetically:

"I know you're mighty kind, Miss. You and the little girls have done me many a favor this summer, but I was most afraid you'd think you ought to tell."

He lingered uncomfortably a moment, as if he wanted to say more and then started at a swift pace down the bottom.

"Stop," Toughy seized her pony by the bridle and half running towards the convict. He paused.

"Ride him!" she exclaimed impetuously, thrusting the bridle into his hand.

The man hesitated but his eyes glistened.

"I can make it easy in two hours—" he began.

"No, no, you must ride," she insisted.

"I aim to catch a mule in the pasture, Miss," he said looking longingly at the fleet little animal.

"No, no," said Toughy impatiently, "Hurry or you may be too late!" At these words he yielded. The thought of his dying child pressed upon his heart. With a hurried "God bless you, Miss, I'll send your pony back," he mounted the mustang and an instant later had disappeared in the thick timber.

Toughy now sped along under the trees, through the field gate and along the darkening road in a state of feverish exaltation. She ran until she was out of breath and then walked until she had regained it and could run again. The stars thickened above her and the dim outline of Pecan Grove faded altogether from view. Now and then she swerved as a startled dove flew up at her approach or a drifting cloud made some goblin shape in the road.

But she was not dismayed. Her heart was beating high with enthusiasm at the part she had played in the fortunes of the unfortunate convict. To have trusted him with her dearest possession, her pony, was to do the most that lay in her power. At first no doubt of the man's sincerity or the righteousness of her own course came to dis-

turb her. Only for the pony did she feel any misgiving as the thought of the wild ride across the mountains brought with it a pang which she vainly strove to subdue. That the convict would return him or that he would keep the pony until the manager could send for him, she was sure, but there was hard work ahead of him tonight and she suddenly felt chilled and dispirited by the realization. She found herself wondering why she had not permitted the fellow to catch a mule as he proposed and as was usually done by run-away convicts. In such cases the mule was turned loose and made its way back to the Plantation unless (and this happened sometimes) he was ridden to death. Toughy shuddered. Why had she not thought of this before? Then she felt shocked by her own ingratitude and tried to push it from her. But gradually with slow and halting steps, at first, then more swiftly and persistently came the suggestion that the convict had told a story intended to disarm and deceive her.

And so the struggle went on until weary in mind and exhausted by violent physical exertion, the girl dropped into a slow walk. The way was long even for her young feet and impetuous spirit; the night was warm and the Gulf breeze not yet astir.

When she finally reached Pecan Grove and opened the gate leading into the inclosure about the house, she could hear the children calling her. They had missed her. No one had been in the secret of her trip to the spring but a nurse, who was too busy in the kitchen to know that she had not returned.

The rumble of the farm wagon that had brought her father from the station could still be faintly heard. Her absence was evidently just beginning to cause a stir. Her mother was standing at the end of the gallery looking anxiously into the darkness and even Mr. Deering, who did not so easily take alarm, had left his chair and walked down the steps into the circle of light made by the lamp in the hallway.

Toughy tried to call, but a dry sob filled her throat and no one was aware of her coming until she had approached near enough to be seen. A general outcry greeted her appearance, but was followed by silence as the girl without a word walked straight into her father's arms and clinging to him burst into tears.

Half lifting her he seated himself in a chair on the gallery and gently stroking her hair waited until she had regained her self-control and raised her head from his shoulder. Her mother knelt at her side in quiet distress and the children stood by holding hands, and hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"What is it, daughter?" her father finally asked in a soothing tone.

"Oh, it's all dreadful!" began Toughy completely unnerved by exhaustion and reaction from the mental excitement through which she had passed.

"Tell the whole story, Toughy, from start to finish, leaving out nothing," said her father in a tone of quiet command.

Thus admonished the girl gave a plain, simple account of her experience at the spring, never once interrupting herself. She might have faltered in her story could she have seen her father's stern face and the sudden pallor that swept over her mother and made her away even on her knees when Toughy came to her encounter with the convict.

But the darkness was friendly and hid their white faces, and she finished with something of her old spirit and eager to know if her father approved of what she had done.

He was slow of speech tonight this big father of hers, she thought wonderingly, and mamma too was over quiet. Toughy did not know that they had looked for a moment into a guilt, the blackness of which she could not even imagine.

At last Mr. Deering spoke and what he said was comforting; but there was no general discussion of the adventure as was usual on such occasions, and she and the children were sent early to bed. While their father and mother talked in low sober tones far into the night Toughy lay awake for a long time with ears strained to catch the sound of a pony's hoofs, but fell asleep hearing only the shrill cry of the katydids and the weird scream of the screech owl.

The next morning Mr. Deering went early to the Camp and remained late. For several days thereafter he made frequent trips to the post-office across the river, sent numerous telegrams, did considerable telephoning and wrote some letters.

By the end of a week it was fully established that Hart had been born in the adjoining county and lived there for fifty years, bearing the reputation of an honest, law-abiding, hard-working citizen. That on last Christmas he had celebrated the day by taking—contrary to his custom—a glass or two of whiskey with his nephew and afterwards going with him to collect a debt. High words passed between his nephew and his nephew's debtor, pistols were drawn, shot fired, and a man fell dead at Hart's feet before he had time to utter a word of protest. An immediate arrest followed and Hart was put in jail, accused of being accessory to a murder.

Frightened by the prospect of a long term of imprisonment and overreached by a designing and unscrupulous district attorney, Hart pled guilty thereby securing for himself the lightest penalty attaching to the crime—two years in the State Penitentiary, and a assurance to the prosecutor his fee. His innocence could have been easily proven, but so great was his horror and confusion of mind at his own situation that the possibility of an acquittal did not even occur to him, and his case was painted to him in such black colors by the attorney that his chief concern was to pursue the course by which his family would suffer least—his faithful wife and innocent children.

These facts, added to his record on the farm as an obedient, industrious convict, made such a clear, strong case against him that Mr. Deering had no difficulty in securing a pardon for him from the Governor.

And one bright morning while papa's voice was still vibrant with the pathos of Hart's story in its final telling to Mrs. Deering, Toughy and the children, they saw the old fellow entering their inclosure, mounted on a horse of his own and leading Toughy's pony glossy from the care that had been given it. There had been no pursuit of Hart and he knew that some beneficent and powerful influence had been at work in his behalf. But his face was worn and sober, for although his child had recovered from her dangerous illness, he was now returning to months of hard labor and separation from those to whom he owed care and support.

Approaching the covered porch which was used by the family as a sitting-room and where they were all gathered, he took off his hat respectfully and dismounting handed the pony's bridle to Toughy, who with the children hanging about his neck and kissing his soft nose.

It was Mr. Deering's wish that Hart should not be told of the pardon awaiting him at the hands of the Manager. It was fitting that following the line of duty, he should return to the Camp and give himself up to the authority of the state.

But the necessity for keeping the secret aim at unbalanced the children and resulted in such antics that even the old man through all his heavy despondency, became conscious that something unusual had occurred.

Their excitement culminated in an explosive stage whisper to Toughy:

"Can't we tell?"

"No, its!" exclaimed Toughy in a sternly repressive voice and resorting to extreme but forcible slang.

Their mother laughed outright at this dialogue and even Mr. Deering could not repress a smile. Hart finally yielded to the note of cheerfulness in their faces and, as if he had been waiting for his face to the Camp with a vaguely happy smile on his face that made Mr. Deering say after he had left:

"The old fellow has guessed what's coming to him."

"We didn't tell," piped the children.

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"Oh, of course not!" said Toughy with unfathomable sarcasm.

Later in the day when Hart returned in citizen's clothes, the old convict garb discarded forever, no one at first knew him. He came to thank them and he did so with a simple reiteration that bespoke an intensity of feeling, taking no account of form.

So difficult did it appear for the old man to bring his expressions of gratitude to a conclusion, that Mr. Deering fairly ran him away, urging upon him the necessity for getting to his mountain home before nightfall and relieving the unhappiness of his wife and children. But his eyes glinted as he watched the dull old figure take its way on horseback along the pasture road until it disappeared behind the cedars.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Boys, as well as girls, must be watched and care must be taken of their habits. My husband being an exception and a Christian, with a sweet, kind and loving disposition, makes life really worth living. I sincerely hope you will succeed in your undertaking and God bless you.

Trust in the Heavenly Father and all will end well for you. Sincerely, a COMFORT sister.

MRS. J. B. BREWSTER.

ACEQUIA, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:—This is my third attempt to gain admittance in your cozy corner, but I tried to write on a special subject and there were so many better letters written that I am glad they were accepted instead of mine.

I do so enjoy the letters where the sisters give a description of the country and places where they live. I think it is very educational.

As I have never seen a letter from this part of Idaho, it may be of some interest to someone to hear from a resident of one of "Uncle Sam's" projects. We live on what is known as the Minidoka Government Irrigated project situated in southern Idaho.

This country is or was, I might say, a vast sagebrush desert until Uncle Sam reclaimed it and built a great dam across the mighty Snake river and raised the water until it could flow in a canal and from there into smaller ditches to each farm unit. We have a homestead of ninety acres, have about fifty acres cleared of sagebrush and ditches made so as to irrigate about sixty acres, the rest we use for pasture.

The public road is on our east line and the railroad on our west line; our place is one of the outer edge places and for that reason we have access to a vast open country for cattle, horse and sheep range. Might say we raise all kinds of fruits and vegetables, except the very tropical kinds. Cut three crops of alfalfa. Rupert is our leading town and has the name of being the most modern up-to-date town of its size in the world. Electricity is furnished from the great power house at the dam.

Although the early settlers have experienced hard times the project is past the critical point, and we all are proud to know our names are linked with those who have "Made the Desert Blossom."

I am mother of seven children, one dear boy went on before last May; although our family circle here has been broken I know I have one "Treasure laid up in Heaven."

I receive much benefit in many ways from the Sisters' Corner and principally on child training.

We all love Uncle Charlie and Mr. Gannett and you Mrs. Wilkinson, your editorial and replies are truly inspiring and ennobling.

Wishing health, happiness and prosperity to all COMFORT sisters and COMFORT's noble staff, I remain your COMFORT sister,
MRS. F. A. DENO.

FALLSTON, MD.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:—Although I have long been a reader of COMFORT, I never could "screw up" courage to write to you until reading the October COMFORT Sisters' Corner, I saw (CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception given to William Curlew Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquhar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogen, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She consents, and the child, who she feels is Roland Fletcher's, is sent to her. Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castlevue. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them, and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving. Olive orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind, secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reprimands Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, which he concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a faint voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castlevue and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another man, while Alice, who Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randal Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont, the Marquise of Leith. What to Lady Marchmont, confirms Will's pastime, and his right to Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them and in one year she will be his wife, the future Marquise of Leith.

CHAPTER X.

"A MAN OF HONOR."

"BUT, WILL," Alice began, faintly, her breath almost taken away at the thought of wearing a coronet—of becoming the Marquise of Leith. "Hush, Alice!" the young man, interposed, with a gentle authority, "you wrong me; you impute to me a cowardly thought which never, for a moment, has entered my mind, by intimating that any condition in life over which I have any control would be allowed to separate us. You and I pledged ourselves to each other three years ago, and God willing, we will redeem that pledge when my course is completed, just one year from now. Now, dear, I know that you love me, and you are all the world to me; therefore, no false pride, no laws of so-called caste can ever come between us."

"But, Lady Marchmont—your grandmother—will not she refuse to receive me—the daughter of a common farmer?" murmured Alice, but with a note of intense joy vibrating in her tones in view of her lover's loyalty to his truth and to herself. "I do not know how Lady Marchmont may receive the announcement of my relations with you," Will gravely returned, "I had no opportunity today to speak to her of our engagement. I shall do so, however, immediately upon my return to Leith. But, love, it would make no difference if the whole of England objected; I should marry you all the same, and for the simple reason that to lose you would plunge me into a state of despair which the whole of England—or even the world—could not alleviate."

A long, long sigh of relief escaped the fair girl, and her pulses leaped with joy at this blessed assurance.

"How grand—how noble you are, Will!" she breathed, as she lifted her face from his breast and laid her lips softly against his cheek.

"I am the same, Will," that I was when I left you this morning to go to Leith," he responded, chidingly. "The simple fact that I have had wealth and greatness thrust upon me, instead of being obliged to earn it, to offer you, is all the difference there is. I do not think I am quite so proud of the one fact as I should have been of the other; still," he added, with a joyous laugh, "it has its compensations, and I am not disposed to quarrel with fate, since it will enable me to secure my prize so much the sooner and place my wife in a position she is so well fitted to grace."

He drew her fondly back into their seat, where they continued to talk of what had occurred, and of their future, for another hour or more.

Both felt that it would be a trial to be separated during the remainder of their vacation; but Will asserted that he should drive over to Leith as frequently as possible, and that he should write every day.

The following week found him domiciled at Leith, greatly to Lady Marchmont's satisfaction, and where, under the direction of Mr. Snelling, he began at once to inform himself regarding the condition of the estate and its magnificent resources.

On the second evening after his arrival he confided to Lady Marchmont the fact of his engagement to Miss Alice Weston, of Windsor.

The aristocratic old lady was at once all on the alert.

"And who may Miss Alice Weston be?" she inquired, with considerable stateliness.

"She is a charming young lady, your ladyship," Will smilingly returned, but flushing at her manner; "thoroughly educated—a protégée, so to speak, of Judge Ashburton, who, I am confident, will assure you that she is more than worthy to fill the position which it is my privilege to offer her."

"But—who—what are her antecedents? What is her family?" demanded Lady Marchmont, with clouded eyes.

"Her mother is a widow—a sweet, refined woman; and she has one sister who is almost as charming as herself. Her father was, at one time, steward at Castlevue, during Lord Ellerton's day. He amassed a considerable property while with him but later lost it all through the dishonesty of others, besides finding himself in debt, a misfortune which broke his heart and resulted in his death," Will explained.

His companion's face had grown very grave and became very much flushed as she listened.

"My dear William," she began, with evident constraint, as he concluded, "cannot you see that it will never do for you to marry this young woman, however charming she may be? Why, the whole country would ring with the story of such a misalliance—the Marquis of Leith marry the

daughter of a common farmer!—it would never do."

Will was silent for a moment—just long enough to get himself well in hand before replying to sentiments against which his whole soul arose in rebellion.

"Your ladyship," he said, with a dignity equal to her own, "I do not regard the matter in any such light. Miss Weston is, as I have told you, a beautiful and accomplished girl. She was educated at the noble establishment of Madam B— in Windsor, and graduated with honors—her class comprising some of the daughters of the nobility among their number. I became betrothed to her nearly three years ago with the consent and hearty approval of my guardian. I am a man of honor, I trust. I love her devotedly, and I shall marry her as soon as I have completed my course in law."

Will appeared very manly and noble as he firmly, yet courteously, delivered himself of the above arguments and their ultimatum, and Lady Marchmont realized at once that she had no weakening to deal with.

She saw that her grandson, although not lacking in reverence and admiration for her, had a mind of his own and would never submit to leadership, at least where a principle was involved.

But he had intimated that he had no intention of marrying under a year, and she mentally argued, much might happen in that time to interfere with the consummation of his plans.

Her ladyship had a pronounced diplomatic tendency in her nature, and she wisely resolved not to antagonize him at the outset regarding his plans for the future, but trust to fate and her own clever management to interpose some insuperable barrier to this exceedingly objectionable union.

"Well, my son," she smilingly responded, "you and I will not quarrel over the situation. Since you have pledged yourself to this young lady, and she is so necessary to your happiness, you will, of course, put me in a way to become acquainted with her, and let me judge for myself if she is worthy of you; for," laying her hand fondly upon his arm—"let me tell you, I shall demand a great deal in the woman who is to become the wife of my grandson and the future Lady of Leith."

"Thank you," Will earnestly returned, and thinking her very lovely to concede the point so gracefully, while he had not the slightest fear regarding what her verdict in connection with Alice would be. "I shall be delighted to have you meet Miss Weston, and, since it would be inconvenient for you to go so far to call upon her, if you would bid her come to you for a little visit, at your convenience, you would have ample opportunity to study her character."

Lady Marchmont was secretly amused at the thought of going to "call" upon this unknown flower by the wayside, and she also flushed with something of a blush over having been so literally at her word, but after considering the situation for a moment or two, she resolved to turn it to her own advantage.

"How would it do to ask her here for a few days previous to the reception which I am arranging for you?" she inquired.

"You are very kind," Will replied, with beaming eyes. "That will be very agreeable to me; and I also desire, with your approval, to send cards to Mrs. Weston and Miss May for that event."

"Very well, it shall be as you wish," his companion complacently returned, while she was saying to herself that, doubtless, when he should see these common people—peasants, as she regarded them—mingling with the aristocracy of the country, the contrast would be so marked that he would be convinced that it would never do to choose a wife from such a humble walk of life. She actually chuckled aloud, when thinking it over later, in view of her diplomacy, which she felt sure would result in making the young man ashamed of his rustic fiancée, and so bring about the rupture she so earnestly desired.

Now, Lady Marchmont was by no means a cold-hearted or intriguing woman. Hers really was a noble and lovely character, and she possessed a gentle and sympathetic spirit; but she was intensely proud along certain lines, and, although she had not been of noble birth herself—being the daughter of a clergyman—she felt that there must be no backward steps, and she must marry her grandson to one who was at least his equal in point of birth and position.

But, a little later, she wrote a kind and friendly note to Alice, begging her to come to Leith for the week preceding the proposed reception, for which she inclosed cards to Mrs. Weston and May, as she had been requested to do.

Alice, not realizing, of course, all that was involved in this invitation, was deeply touched by this mark of condescension—for such she well knew it would be regarded by the world—and sent a graceful reply of appreciation and acceptance.

Mrs. Weston politely declined, but May was enthusiastic over the prospect of once more seeing something of the grand social life which she had so enjoyed at Castlevue and both sisters at once began their preparations for the coming event.

Meantime Imogen Ingraham had received the letter which Alice had posted at the request of the mysterious person whom she had encountered in the caves, and which, and to be another demand for money from the detective whom she so feared. She dare not refuse him, and so mailed the amount he named to the address he had inclosed.

Both she and Olive were greatly astonished over the news regarding Will, and returned immediately to Castlevue upon receiving Mr. Fletcher's letter in which he requested them to do so.

Olive at once resolved that she would "move heaven and earth" to win the man whom she loved and who now had it in his power to gratify her ambition in point of position, which made him a hundred-fold more desirable than ever before.

Imogen also, although heretofore she had not been very enthusiastic in view of a union between the two, now became most earnestly desirous to consummate the marriage.

The prospect was a brilliant one for her darling, and once she was the wife of Will and the Marquise of Leith, she felt that she could then face the detective who had so long persecuted her, and defy him to do his worst, for Olive would be so firmly established in her position that her crime could not seriously affect her, even though she might be repudiated as the heiress of Castlevue and of Judge Ashburton's fortune.

She was even more strongly determined to accomplish this result when, after another visit from Sir Arthur Stamford, she learned that there was a large sum of money coming to Will from his mother's fortune, the railroad magnate having died very wealthy. Believing herself to be childless, she had willed all she possessed to her husband and his son; but Sir Arthur informed Will and Mr. Fletcher that his conscience would not allow him to retain it under existing circumstances, and he wished to make it over to the rightful heir, saying that his son would, even then, have an abundance.

He was not permitted to make the entire renunciation he contemplated, for neither Will nor his guardian would listen to it; but a compromise was effected whereby the consciences of all were satisfied, and which served to cement, even more strongly, the bond of friendship between the two families.

About a week after the return of Imogen and

Olive, the family at Castlevue drove to Leith to spend a couple of days, at Lady Marchmont's invitation.

They were most cordially received, and as Olive exerted herself to appear at her best—and she really was very bright and winning when she chose to be—her ladyship found herself strongly attracted toward her.

Their visit proved to be a most delightful one, part of the time being devoted to drives about the estate, and the remainder to roaming over the great mansion and inspecting its many treasures.

"It is the loveliest place in the world, Will!" Olive enthusiastically exclaimed, as on their way down-stairs, after completing their tour, they paused before a rose window over the front entrance, which, being open, commanded a magnificent view of the young man's fair domain.

"It is, indeed," he admitted, "a proud inheritance; but I can hardly realize, even yet, that it is mine."

"And yet you are going away," said Olive, reproachfully.

"Yes—I must finish my course; you know I never could endure to half do anything."

"No—that is true; still, there is really no need now that you should fit yourself for any profession, and—Will, it is so lonely when you are away. It is hard enough to know that you have left Castlevue for good; but I wish that—you need not put the ocean between us again," Olive plaintively returned, with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Thank you—but really, Olive, I had no idea that I was of so much importance," Will retorted, with a light laugh.

"Hadn't you?" queried the girl, and sweeping him a coy look from beneath her silken lashes. "You have something to learn then. Oh, Will, don't—please don't go."

"Why, Olive!" her companion exclaimed, and bestowing a puzzled glance upon her, "I never dreamed that either my coming or going was of any special consequence to you—never supposed that my poor, unworthy self would be so regretted."

"No, you do not seem to realize anything," Olive burst forth, with passionate vehemence. "But, oh! I wish there were no such place in the world as America."

"Bless my stars! Sister Olive! I would not have believed you could utter a sentiment so disloyal to your native land," cried Will, in laughing surprise.

"America isn't my native land," she pouted. "I was born in Rome."

"True, I had forgotten that; but—"

"And I am not your sister, either; we are not related at all," Olive interposed, with quivering lips.

The young man started, and a peculiar expression flitted over his face. He looked both wounded and perplexed.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I have given offense by calling you sister; but we have lived so long under the same roof you have grown to seem almost like a sister to me, and I had flattered myself that I had gained sisterly affection in your heart."

"Oh, Will! I never meant anything like that! You know better," the girl cried out sharply, while some crystal drops flashed out upon her lids.

"Then why did you object to my calling you 'sister'?" he innocently demanded.

Olive lifted her swimming eyes to him for an instant, and his heart gave a startled bound of dismay as he read the story revealed in their blue depths, and also in the crimson wave which swept over her fair face and dyed even her white neck with a rosate hue.

He could not have better understood if her lips had given utterance to the words—"Because no sister loves as I love you."

At that moment voices behind them warned them that others were near, and Olive started in pretended confusion.

"There comes auntie," she said, "I must speak with her."

She darted away, speeding lightly down the hall, leaving her companion amazed and dismayed at the discovery he had made.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, under his breath, "this is awkward! I never dreamed of any such contretemps—I certainly never meant to make mischief like that!"

CHAPTER XI.

A VISIT TO THE MARQUISE OF LEITH.

The thought of love in connection with Olive Fletcher had never entered his mind until that moment.

They had always been good friends and genial companions during the years which they had spent together in the same house.

Olive was ever at her best with him, and, being a decidedly pretty girl, he had enjoyed taking her out to fetes and parties and playing escort, in an almost brotherly way, to various places of amusement.

But the idea of making her his wife had never suggested itself to him before, and he felt exceedingly uncomfortable in view of the knowledge that she had surrendered her affections to him.

It gave him almost a sense of guilt, as if he had unconsciously wronged and robbed his guardian of all his kindness to him.

He bitterly regretted that little episode in the rose window, and the memory of it embarrassed him, try hard as he would to overcome the feeling—and although he tried to be especially kind to Olive—he found himself avoiding another tête-à-tête with her during the remainder of her visit.

The feeling was not allowed to be forgotten after her departure, either, for Lady Marchmont neglected no opportunity to launch forth most eloquently into praises of Olive—her beauty, her grace of manner, the fact that she was a great heiress, and, being the daughter of the distinguished Mr. Fletcher, would doubtless make a brilliant marriage, etc., etc.

Will quietly admitted the truth of all she said, but did not manifest by the slightest sign that he suspected the purpose which inspired her eulogies.

"He is very wise," her ladyship said to herself, with mingled admiration and amusement; "he is bound not to antagonize me in any way; but he knows his own mind, and I shall have to manage him very cleverly, if I am to save him from making a lifelong mistake. Of course, before he knew his origin—believing himself to have been a child of the slums—it was well enough for him to choose any respectable young woman, who was his equal in point of culture, to be his wife; but, really, the Marquis of Leith must mate only with his equal by birth. But I will try to be patient—I will not judge him too severely until I have seen his rustic beauty."

And she found herself looking eagerly forward to the coming of Alice Weston.

And Alice herself felt that this visit would be a very trying one to her. She knew, as well as if she had been told, that it was to be one of critical inspection—that she would be measured, weighed and gauged, according to Lady Marchmont's standards, to see if she would be found worthy to become the future Marquise of Leith, and she found herself growing hot and cold by turns, whenever she thought of the approaching ordeal.

"Will, there is only one course for me to pursue," she said, with a long drawn sigh, on the evening previous to the day set for her visit, when she found her dread increasing—"I can only be myself and let her judge me as she will."

The next morning dawned fair and lovely, and

Will appeared at the appointed hour to escort her to Leith.

He had himself been a trifle anxious regarding the personal appearance of his dear one, when he should take her to his elegant home, where his stately grandmother presided always clad in richest material; but delicacy had debarred him from making any suggestions and forbidden his offering financial aid, although he had yearned to do so, knowing, as he did, that the resources of the Westons were very limited.

But when Alice appeared before him clad for her journey in a dark blue serge, almost severe in its simplicity, but fitting her exquisitely and looking as if it had just come from the hands of a tailor—although he well knew every stitch had been set under her own supervision, he was satisfied that he had nothing to fear.

He had come for her as became a Lord of Leith, with an elegant equipage and attended by both driver and groom in livery, and their ride to Marchmont Court, behind a spanking pair of bays, was thoroughly enjoyed by the happy lovers. Her ladyship was certainly very wise and clever in her efforts to gain a strong influence over her grandson, and seemed to know exactly how to please him most; for, upon their arrival, she waived all ceremony and met them in the great hall with a sweet graciousness that at once set both lovers at ease.

But the keen eyes of the woman of the world were by no means idle; they took in at a glance the delicate beauty of the youthful face of Will's betrothed, the perfect form and the grace that comes only by careful training and the lack of self-consciousness, together with the exquisite nicety and tastefulness of her apparel.

"My dear," she said, as she released the slim, perfectly gloved hand after greeting her, "you have had a long drive, and I am sure you would like to refresh yourself before dinner, so I am going to send you directly to your room, Nellie," beckoning to a white-capped, white-aproned maid who was waiting in the background, "take Miss Weston to her apartments, and," she added, smiling kindly into the fair face, "you need not hurry, for I have ordered dinner served at seven, half an hour later than usual, for this evening."

Alice thanked her and followed the pretty maid up the grand flight of stairs, along a wide and lofty hall, and her eyes lighted with pleasure when the girl threw open a door, revealing a lovely suite of rooms, all uniformly hung and furnished in pale blue and white, with here and there a dash of gold.

There were sitting-room, chamber, dressing-room and a private bath, the latter finished in pure white marble.

"Shall I wait and help you, miss?" questioned the girl, respectfully, as she placed her bag upon a chair.

"Thank you," Alice replied, as composedly as if she had always been accustomed to a maid, while she deliberately drew off her gloves, "I shall not need you just at present, but"—glancing at an electric button which her quick eye had espied—"I will ring if I require anything later."

The girl retired with a lingering glance at the lovely face of the stranger, while the gracious sweetness with which she had thanked her was like a strain of music in her memory as she went away to other duties.

Three quarters of an hour later, when Alice appeared in the drawing-room, fresh and rosy from her bath and clad in a simple white gown, with only a Catherine Mermet rose—a vase of which she had found in her room—in her belt, Lady Marchmont could scarcely refrain from giving utterance to a cry of pleasure as her glance fell upon her.

The girl's dress was inexpensive, but fine and sheer and beautifully made, with tucks and ruffles of the material, and she looked a lady from the massive knot of gold that crowned her well-shaped head to the toes of the small bronze slippers which peeped in and out beneath her immaculate skirts.

"Very, very sweet, I must admit," was her ladyship's mental comment, "and she seems as unconscious of her luxurious surroundings as if she had always been accustomed to them."

This latter fact was a trifling disappointment to her, for she had expected to detect a wide-eyed glance of wonder, or curiosity, or an air of constraint which would betray embarrassment or unfamiliarity with the elegance into which she had been transplanted.

But no, Alice came directly to her with a free, even step, and smilingly responded to her greeting without a trace of self-consciousness or of confusion.

"Be we will soon test her table etiquette—that always proves what the home training has been," mused her ladyship, while she conversed easily and pleasantly with her young guest until dinner was announced, when she led the way to the dining-room.

The table had been laid in the great bow window, which was so constructed that it could be turned into a breezy, semi-outdoor dining pavilion during the summer.

Here the trio passed a charming hour, for Will exerted himself to draw both his grandmother and his betrothed out upon congenial topics, and the result was a most social repast, while Lady Marchmont did not once detect the slightest sign of awkwardness or breach of table formalities on the part of her guest, although not a movement escaped her keen eyes.

After dinner they repaired to a veranda on the west side of the mansion, where they chatted until long after tea, a lovely new moon had disappeared below the horizon. Then they retired for the night, two, at least, of the party feeling supremely content with their lot in life.

The following morning was spent driving about the country, visiting various points of interest; the afternoon was passed under a wide-spreading tree, Alice working upon some dainty article that was to grace her sister's costume at the coming ball; Lady Marchmont reclining in a great willow rocker and busily watching the girl's white, skillful fingers and her fair, earnest face, while Will read to them from the "Idylls of the King."

Subsequent days slipped by in much the same manner, every one proving Alice to be the veritable little lady which her lover had claimed that she was, and with whom the proud mistress of Leith could find no word of fault.

She was dignity without a touch of prudishness; she was bright and animated without being forward in the expression of her opinions and convictions when occasion required.

Thus it is not strange that Lady Marchmont found herself becoming very fond of her and more than once mentally admitted that she would make a very congenial and lovable companion during the declining years of her life.

During the arrangements that were being made for the fete she also proved herself very efficient, suggesting, upon several occasions, certain changes which added greatly to the effect of decorations, adding new features which showed taste and inventive genius and making herself practically useful in many other ways.

On the morning preceding the day of the fete the family from Castlevue arrived according to invitation, and both Imogen and Olive were very much taken back upon finding Alice there and learning—as they did from a servant—that she had been a visitor at the court for a week.

They greeted her frigidly, and then, after one astonished look, ignored her entirely.

Lady Marchmont was quietly observant of this, and realized at once the exact condition of affairs.

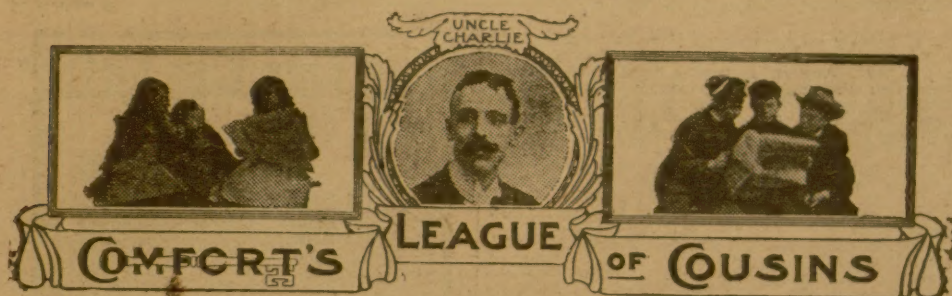
"Ah!" she thought, "we shall now have an interesting study in human nature. Miss Fletcher is in love with my grandson, ditto Miss Weston; now there cannot fail to follow certain conditions which will test the moral caliber of these fair rivals and bring either the best or the worst there is in them to the surface."

"Olive, what on earth is the meaning of that Weston girl's presence here?" Imogen demanded, the moment they were alone in their room.

The girl's proud lips curled; but her heart was like a seething volcano.

She had never blotted to anyone the discovery

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

read it they would stumble over every fourth word. Sending these half baked children out into the world to battle for a living represents, it is computed an economic loss to the country of \$256,000,000. Losing fifty per cent of the children in the middle of the elementary course accounts for about ninety per cent of all our national ills, for venerated ignorance is at the root of all evil.

I've told you about the children, now what about the teachers? We have about half a million teachers in the United States and only one in five of these can pass muster as thoroughly trained. In one of our best states from an educational point of view, only half the teachers have even been through high school. Isn't it lovely of those who have this education business in hand to assign a bunch of mentally half baked people who know little more than their scholars, to do child teaching? It costs \$34.71 a year for each child in the States and about thirty dollars of that money is wasted. The laws as to attendance differ widely in our various States. Some states compel children to go to school for forty weeks yearly, while some states having no compulsory attendance, don't care whether or not children go for forty minutes. Here our education is what is called cultural. It has nothing to do with a realities of life. Instead of being practical it is unpractical. It trains the mind a little, but the hand not at all, so the high school graduates go into underpaid jobs and clerical work instead of into craft and trade. The manual training schools as we have, have failed to teach anything worth while. Instead of sending boys to the shop they have handed them over to already overcrowded engineering colleges. Domestic science courses alas, are rare. Girls have a smattering of useless algebra and Latin but no knowledge of food values and no ability to cook and usually no desire either. What we want in the United States is practical training for real life. We want a nation of skilled craftsmen and craftsmen instead of a nation of crafty men and dependent women.

German. The Germans sent some of her greatest experts over here to study our school system. They were tipped off not to take us too seriously as they knew beforehand that from a German standard of efficiency we were a joke. And a joke they found us. They reported that they found here a feeling of complacent satisfaction with everything American. That complacent satisfaction by the way is of course. The Germans reported that we had wonderful resources great geographical advantages, but our educational methods were so rank and did so much so that these drawbacks and disadvantages we might possess. These facts explain why it is that we have lawyers and doctors, who in other countries (where the standards professional men must attain are severely high) would be splitting rails or driving trucks. This is why the physicians who send me medical certificates for the invalids of the army are usually invalid "I-n-v-a-l-i-d-e" and give evidence of other alarming symptoms of illiteracy. This too explains why we have men chopping wood who ought to be in the pulpit, and men in the pulpit making a bluff at preaching who ought to be chopping wood. The uneducated square peg will always have the nerve and effrontery to put its impudent nose into an educated round hole. A nation of illiterate or rather semi-literate misfits, is bound to produce a nation so abundantly. A frightful crop of fakes, charlatans, and commercial squirrels and political thugs with the result that we have to tolerate a social system that has pikers at the top and suckers at the bottom. What we need is a central educational authority located in Washington. Uncle Sam should take over the education of his children, then education can be systematized and standardized. Inefficient teachers will be sent to washtub dishes or splitting rails, and the youth of our country will grow up and develop mentally and physically along lines that will make them a help and inspiration to our country, instead of a curse so many of them are now thanks to the blight of ignorance and poverty, lack of education has forced upon them.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Begin the New Year right by starting in once to obtain them,—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort,—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free of premium; the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions, the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away "the blues and will make the new year a happy one."

Now for the letters:

OWINGSVILLE, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Have recently received and read your story book, and enjoyed it very much.

Have long been one of your admirers but felt that I had to much to do and would not worry you with a birthday letter. Have often thought of sending you and the girls a box of home-made candy, but like "Lilly," in your story book, thought you would be afraid of germs. Ha! Ha! I think I am real clean and careful about most everything and have a husband and two children and a niece and who do not catch germs. So I am very healthy, and so is he. I weigh one hundred and four pounds and he two hundred and twenty. You don't think doctor has had many germs sent you? You certainly are doing a great work, and I hope Maria and Billy deserve a lot of credit. Love, but you the most. With lots of good wishes for you, I am sincerely,

MRS. A. W. JONES.

Delighted to hear from you Mrs. Jones. You're quite right I am a crank when it comes to Texas, and if everyone in the country had the same business ideas as I have, there'd be no more disease in the land, fewer fine men, lovely women and precious children "resting" in lonesome cemeteries. About every third letter I take up reads something like this: "Dear Uncle Charlie: As I am just recovering from scarlet fever and have nothing to do I will write you a letter. I hope you'll like it. I'm the tallest, but my brother and my sister died of typhoid last winter my baby brother had diphtheria and we never thought he'd live. Both father and mother are very much crippled with rheumatism."

We have not been able to raise much of a crop here on account of sickness. Your loving nephew will add consolation, penicillin, hookworm and occasionally smallpox. About a year ago I received a letter that ran like this: "Dear Uncle Charlie: I will have to close my letter in a hurry as I am feeling very ill. I am all out in a red rash. The doctor has just been and says it is scarlet fever. I thought I had better let you know as in case I die you would know what had become of me. Yours etc." That letter managed to get all around my bed-clothes, as it came to my home address, and I did not place a newspaper over my spread as I usually do from several hours that come to me in long intervals from your missives from Augusta. We thought the scarlet fever letter meant the burning of all my other mail, the burning too of an elderdown spread, a white suit of pajamas and a few other highly essential and valuable articles, costing in all over twenty dollars. Then I went into quarantine for several days while the house reeked with the odor of disinfectants. I was taking no chances. A few days later a letter arrived from the scarlet fever party. Maria's eagle eye detected it by the handwriting in red inkmark, and so that we should not have to take the risk of burning down the house in order to disinfect it, Maria took the letter into the cellar, saturated it with disinfectants, and though the carbolic had made it somewhat illegible, she managed to decipher this much: "Dear Uncle Charlie: You see I ain't dead yet. That wasn't no scarlet fever. It was only hives, so I am still alive. Hoping

are the same. I am, Your loving friend, Will Edwards." Now maybe you'll think that's all a fairy story, but every word of it is Gospel truth. Half the time the laugh is on me. Enjoy it to your heart's content. I am a germ, however, and great carriers of contagion. In fact, no one should write a letter when taking a contagious disease in the house. Man has killed off nearly all the big animals that threatened his existence on this planet. Now he has to battle with billions of unseen and far more dangerous foes. People are scared of an elephant, a big, but harmless animal on the whole, and would run in fear if he came in their direction. On the other hand flies, which are a thousand times more deadly than elephants, tiger, lion, or any other animal, roam millions of homes in swarms. We are surrounded by billions of disease germs which find entrance into our systems through the mouth or nose but chiefly through the mouth. One of the filthiest and most dangerous habits indulged in by nearly all human beings, a habit which is responsible for seventy-five per cent of all diseases, is that of putting the fingers on the lips and in the mouth. I can see a man counting filthy, dirty, and unclean bills. The majority of which, some time or other, have been carried in the fingers of people suffering from the vilest diseases). Counting the while his fingers with saliva from his mouth so as to make the counting surer, transferring the germs from each bill to his system, is a sight to make a sick hog weep. Never put your fingers on your lips or in your mouth except you first wash and sterilize them with some strong germicide such as carbolic. Rubbing your fingers with your thumb is nothing but a filthy habit, a very dirty and dangerous one, and that can be broken with very little effort. I could no more think of putting my fingers on my lips or in my mouth, than I would think of jumping out of the window. The high death rate among children is due to the fact that they are constantly conveying germs from the filthy objects they handle (especially the germs on dogs and cats) into their mouths. I know a girl of twenty-two who has never used a handkerchief as she did when she was a baby and one of the filthiest girls I've seen go into that pretty mouth. There is nothing in the world that mops up the germs as do gloves. Kid gloves quickly become caked with filth and dirt and yet every woman who sits down in an armchair will after a moment or two, begin rubbing her filthy gloves across her lips.

just this habit, she does not realize she is doing it. If she is holding a pocketbook which is also encrusted with a million germs in her hand, she will rub the end of it against her lips and probably in moments of distraction she will bite the end of her hand. Her conversation have frequently visited me. They generally sit in a leather chair which is pushed up to my bedside. They hold a handkerchief and cough into it, and then rest the handkerchief on the arm of the chair, smothering the leather with bacilli. Later on that chair is used at mealtime by one of my help who in the intervals of eating rests her hands where the germs would be if we had not sterilized the chair. Bread and cake are always passed to the mouth by the hand, with the result that everything that is on the hand adheres to the bread and goes into the system. Those who have no foot-hygiene go to wash and sterilize their hands and transfer my mouth to the knife and fork, the only sanitary and sensible way to do. Some people do not change their table-cloths for a whole week and by that time they are smothered with disease germs and upon these filthy table-cloths they put their bread. The handles of doors are always caked with germs. Suppose you ask a person for an extra slice of bread, the supply on the table having been demolished on her way to the kitchen the one who is attending to your wants will probably open two doors, smothering her hands with germs and then handle your bread. Newspapers are thrown into the areaways of houses where filthy cats have deposited their diptheria germs, and then taken and placed on the breakfast table. If you realized how much disease there is in the world and how few really healthy people there are you would be astounded. The black plague as well as the white

germs is everywhere. If you only knew about your neighbours what the doctor knows you would run up your hands. People who are infected with disease as a rule do not infect others. Friends come to visit you and they have taken the liberty of bringing another friend who is most anxious to meet you. The friend is a gentleman whose face is a mass of eruption. His handkerchief is constantly being transferred from his pocket to his face. It is dinner-time. They still linger. You of course insist them to stay. The gentleman is of the suspicious type. On the table the carving, forgets to turn his head when he sneezes, and if you don't command him to get down he will later on be out in the kitchen helping to wash up the dishes. I've had all our dishes boiled more than once on account of easily detected signs of a terrible disease. I have at times wanted to boil one of my male guests. It was the only way of sterilizing him and protecting ourselves. What ignorance is blinding! He would be wise, so the great poet says, but when we are menaced by germs that are more deadly than machine guns (and many of us run this risk) we are only putting in practise the first law of nature—self preservation—to protect ourselves from those unseen foes which will, if we're system is run down, and sometimes if it is not run down, put one in the grave before one has a chance of humbly shaking one's head. The first is a first step screen your house and the children out, and for God's sake don't let your children have cats and dogs to play with. Keep these animals out of the house. If you want a real pet get a canary. The bird will do what most human beings have an objection to doing, take a bath every morning. That is a lesson in cleanliness for all of you. Keep your fingers out of your mouth, and if you sneeze your nose is no use washing your hands before you go to the table. If when seating yourself you draw your chair (a chair impregnated with dirt) up to the family board with your hands. The man who sits in that chair before you, possibly had the black plague. Push your chair to the table with the back of your hand and then slide into it. Don't use any cups that have cracks in them. Use the safest places of all conditions of germs. Boil the round tins and all the collars of germs. Put up the greatest spreaders of disease known next to the house fly. Never drink water or milk unless they have been boiled. Never put ice in water. Put your water after boiling, in milk or beer



bottle and place them in the ice box or some other cool place. Milk should be treated the same way. The tens of thousands who are responsible for this country yearly, would all be alive if they had taken the trouble to keep the flies out of their houses and boiled the milk and water they drank. Now paste this article away in your kitchen, and get the teacher to read it to the children in school. This will make them happy people and less work for the undertaker. You will say grandfather and grandmother did very well, and they knew nothing of germs. Yes, but grandfather and grandmother had typhoid, and they saw their children die like flies, and they were so stupid that they were as helpless as happened to be so strong that they were as helpless to combat nine tenths of all the germs that got into their systems. If nature didn't fight for us as well as against us the race would soon die out. Science however is teaching us about the nature and thus how to avoid suffering and death. I'm speaking on behalf of science. Heed my words.

LEAD, S. DAK

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am five feet five inches short, and weigh (oh, I do hate to tell), one hundred and six pounds. Now am I not a terrible featherweight? Let me take a seat on the edge of your bed uncle and I bet ten to one I will fall off the floor. It's awful to be so fat. Don't you think so, Uncle? I'm afraid the fat lady Maria had to help up-stairs in "Lily, or Help Wanted." I certainly thought I would explode when I read that story of yours. I do not think I could read anything in my life that was so comical. I would read that story of yours a grand hundred times. "Mamma, whatever are you laughing at, have you gone crazy over Uncle Charlie's Story Book?" and "How Uncle Charlie became a Hero of the Spanish American War," is another story that struck me forcibly. It is funny, and sad, and grand, and grand.

Uncle, although I am twenty-seven years young I do not believe I'll ever grow up. My worst half is always telling me how kiddish I am. I hate to be stiff and prim like some people I've seen, who would not

laugh for love or money. There are the famous Homestake, Gold King and the new mine, the Black Hills. It is certainly great to go through the hoists and mills and see the way the ore is handled, crushed, milled and washed, before it is made into gold bricks. The hoists are now running on compressed air, instead of the ground and they have one thousand miles of track on the ground and I think about five hundred motors which all run by compressed air. This is the largest gold mine in the world, but I assure you Uncle we poor fellows get it for nothing. It is a very interesting place so high here, it costs a fortune to live here. We are just one mile above the sea here and I don't think the big sea water will ever get us, or wash

Not far from here is the Crow Indian reservation, also the Black Hawk. I have taken COMFORT ever since I can remember and of all the papers I take I like COMFORT the best.

Your loving friend, MRS. EDITH CROSSMAN.

Thank you for your jolly and newswy letter. It is a wonder that one who can see the funny side of life as you do should be so toothpicky. There is one advantage however, in being as stout as you are, viz. you can't get into New York to visit me we could take you into our kitchen without amputating your arms, or without you having to go sideways. Glad the contents of my story book gave you so much fun. You say, "I don't believe I'll ever grow up." If you weigh one hundred and seven pounds and are five feet five, I heartily agree with you that you shouldn't grow up. I suggest you try that. I think you will. I'll be good. I never try to have any fun at the expense of my grown-up correspondents. It's only the young folks that I jolly and then always for their own good. You, however, are so good natured, and like myself so full of the kid spirit, utterly declining to do anything so absurd as to be afraid of being old and selfish, that I know you won't exact any apology for anything I have said. It must be exceedingly interesting to go through those gold mines where they make the gold

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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GET A
BETTER
PLACE

Sally Sunshine, Optimist

By Lillian Grace Copp

Read this inspiring story; then make a New Year resolution to be an optimist. Each morning, through the year, on awakening remember Sally Sunshine and renew your resolution to be an OPTIMIST.

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AUNT MARIA closed the oven door with a decided bang; then wiping her floury hands on a corner of her apron turned to her sister with a grimace of disgust.

"John might have left a life insurance," she fumed. "What did he think would come of Sally? I have all I can do to provide for my own. Should I think, Hannah—?" She paused significantly, as she sought the consolation of her sister's little rocker.

"You are mistaken if you think I am going to handcap myself with a crippled invalid," retorted Aunt Hannah. "Jim and I decided that the day John was buried."

Maria gave an ominous hitch to her chair. The hot blood stained her cheeks unbecomingly.

"Sally can't stay in Boston alone. Even if she is twenty-two, in her condition she is as helpless as a child. It isn't as if you and Jim couldn't afford to care for her, your own brother's child."

"It's no use to take that tone, Maria," settled Aunt Hannah, firmly. "John was as much your brother as mine; but when we get right down to facts neither one of us is under any obligation to care for Sally. I told John she should be taught to sew in order to learn a trade instead of playing at housekeeping in their two back rooms, and wasting hours over a book by the window. But he wouldn't listen to a word. Now all I have to say is, he had better have profited by my advice."

Aunt Maria got up very quickly. A loose board squeaked a quick protest as she crossed to the oven. She whirled the pies with a force that threatened to turn them upside down.

"With John's poor health and Sally's expenses I suppose he did have all that he could do to eke out an existence, but he might have known it would be just his luck to go in a flash with Sally unprovided for. Something must be done, Hannah. I'd hate to have people say my own niece was being supported by charity."

"Then keep her with you," was her sister's cool suggestion.

"I think I did my part when I had John brought here, and you all down for the funeral."

Whatever Aunt Maria might have added to her grievance was cut short by the door opening to admit a frail, ash-faced girl, walking painfully. The wind, cool and sweet with verbenas and late-blooming roses, rushed into the heated kitchen and over the glowing range.

"Close the door quickly, Sally," fretted Aunt Maria. "There, you have let the cat in! I never allow him in the house. Here, Tommy, Tommy!"

Maria made a futile catch for the cat. Sally laughed softly as the cat evaded his mistress' ponderous rush and escaped through the opened door.

"Oh, Sally! how can you? And your father dead less than a week!" cried both aunts in unison.

"Father wouldn't be happy in heaven, if he knew I should laugh again," breathed Sally. "We always found something to laugh over."

"You will have hard work to find anything to laugh over now, I am thinking," frowned Aunt Maria. "I can't keep you here, and Hannah says that you can't stay with her."

Sally limped over to a chair, and moving it a little to the right that she might face both, answered calmly.

"I have never expected to stay with either of you. I am going home this afternoon as we planned."

"But, Sally," interposed Aunt Maria, "you can't keep even two back rooms without money, and there is scarcely enough left to pay your expenses back to Boston."

"I know and that's why I am going to work,"

"You work? What can you do? You can't sew, nor cook, nor go in a shop, nor—?" Aunt Maria paused for the want of a suitable word.

"Nor you haven't a talent in the world," her sister hurried to her rescue.

"Oh, Aunties, is it really as bad as that?" Sally was half-amused, half-burt at the hopelessness their tones depicted.

"If you had as much sense as a child, you would know it was worse than that," scolded Aunt Maria. "What plans have you got in that silly little head of yours?"

"Only one, Auntie, and I think that I won't tell it to you, at least, not just yet." Then her sudden brave show of independence deserted her. "If you and Aunt Hannah will love me only a little, that is all I will ask. It is so hard to feel that no one cares!" She stretched out two thin arms with a half-pleading gesture.

Tears misted Aunt Hannah's eyes as she met Sally's vitally glowing ones. "If Jim weren't so determined, Sally," she offered, "I would help. But he never liked you."

"Dependence would be a burden, Auntie. The two rooms where dear father and I lived are the only place in the world where I have a right to be. I shall get on."

The girl turned her face toward the window. After two unsuccessful attempts she regained her feet. At the door she paused to address the waiting women: "Please don't wait lunch for me, Auntie, but I shall be ready for the 2.10 train."

Late in October Aunt Hannah alighted from a car at the corner of an obscure street. It was three months since she had seen Sally placed in a cab at the North Station, and given explicit directions that the girl be left at the correct number. She didn't just know how the time had slipped away so rapidly without her making that promised call. But a letter forwarded by Maria the night before, in which Sally had written that she was soon to change her address, and for a few days would be at Commonwealth Avenue, had sent Hannah puzzled and impatient into Boston that Sally might interpret the letter.

At the entrance Aunt Hannah stopped short. There on the corner of the house hung a neatly lettered sign:

"LESSONS IN SMILES GIVEN HERE."

PRICES REASONABLE. All who are sick, discouraged, disappointed, or discontented, call on Sally Sunshine, Optimist, and learn the secret of unfailing good cheer."

Aunt Hannah caught her breath sharply. She felt as if personally disgraced. Who had ever heard of such audacity! Her quick ascent of the steps rendered her a bit breathless. She pulled the bell with an angry jerk and sent forth an impatient summons, which echoed her turbulent thoughts like a refrain. Sally should be made to stop this ridiculous farce at once. Of what was the girl thinking?

"You will have to wait your turn," announced the landlady, coldly, as she opened the door and recognized Sally's aunt. "You may sit here until Miss Sally can see you."

She pushed open the door at the end of the hall, into what had formerly been Sally's kitchen, and which still held the couch that had been her father's bed. With the aid of a screen and several yards of cretonne the room was now converted into a comfortable reception-room. Aunt Hannah's glance swept the furnishings eagerly then rested curiously on the two occupants.

That tall, dark-complexioned woman with an unmistakable air of prestige looked strangely familiar. Aunt Hannah gave a sudden start as she recognized her as the distinguished Mrs. Van Anden, whose name and face so frequently graced the society page in the Sunday papers. And the woman was actually calling on Sally, when Aunt Hannah would have sacrificed much to have even a bowing acquaintance with one who held so exalted a position.

Through the closed door the soft tones of the

girl's voice was scarcely distinguishable, yet Mrs. Van Anden heard and a smile chased away the lines about her somewhat discontented mouth. She instantly resumed her conversation with the other woman that Aunt Hannah's entrance had interrupted.

"Yes, it certainly is original, but she told me on my first call that 'To make the best of things' was her one talent, and she had to make it count. She has served a long, hard apprenticeship. Twenty-two years of pain is a severe test for one to pass through, and yet remain so sweet, and strong and wholesome that she has a surplus of cheer to pass on to others."

"But I don't understand. You see I never heard of her until an hour ago. Has she no relatives to care for her?" the other questioned eagerly.

"She has two aunts. I learned of them through the landlady. When Sally's father died they refused her all assistance. Just imagine what they must be to desert an almost helpless girl! I should feel contaminated to speak to either," Mrs. Van Anden's tones withered.

Aunt Hannah looked straight ahead. Only the twitching of a nerve in her left temple told how the words seared. A great wave of thankfulness swept over her that to Mrs. Van Anden she was only a chance caller.

"It looks as if I should need a post-graduate course," smiled Mrs. Van Anden quickly. "but it actually makes me mad to think of those two women. Our dear little sunshine teacher though is so sweet and buoy to entertain bitter thoughts. I wonder if a lifetime of pain would purify everyone the way it has her."

"No, not every one," sighed the other woman, and evidently a sorrowful memory stirred her. She threw it off quickly. "I am consumed with curiosity as to how you managed to find this girl?" Her voice betrayed her great interest.

"It came about in the queerest way," returned Mrs. Van Anden. "The president of the flower mission ran short of flowers one day early in July, and called my secretary on the phone. Obeying an unaccountable impulse, I carried the flowers over myself. The president was so deeply interested in Sally's new venture that she talked of little else. When I left the mission I was saturated, came over at once, and as it happened I was Sally's first caller."

"And she really helped you?"

"Helped me? I haven't missed a single week since my first call. Discontent vanishes with the memory of that girl ever before me."

"What a pity that her aunts don't come in for a few lessons," laughed the other, as the soft tinkle of a bell announced that Sally was ready for another caller.

The housemaid Sally gave to her two callers seemed interminable to Aunt Hannah waiting in the room where the only view from the window was a back yard fenced in by brick walls. A few weeds crept up on either side of the broken fence, and from the network of lines was suspended yards of new cloth in process of bleaching. The woman knew that the view from the larger room was the same, except the suffocating walls came closer. She hadn't remembered it was so bad. On her rare, brief calls during her brother's life, the rooms had been irradiated by Sally's presence. Suddenly Aunt Hannah realized what a wonderful personality the girl must have! She recalled Mrs. Van Anden's tone in speaking of the two aunts. Her head bowed on her hand and tears of mortification stung her smarting eyes. She had worked so hard and so futilely to gain a foothold in the circles where Sally's two callers moved. Was it too late?

Sweet and clear Sally's bell interrupted her aunt's bitter self-communion. With a medley of emotions Aunt Hannah arose and went through the narrow doorway.

Could that be Sally? White-faced and diminutive as ever she sat in her chair by the window, but a new, strange atmosphere of power enveloped her.

"Oh, Auntie, you have come at last!" The girl's glad, joyous greeting held an undertone of longing for the love and companionship that the tie of blood ever brings.

Though Aunt Hannah was really touched by Sally's welcome, the eager questions trembling on her tongue were so persistent to be long stifled. She hurried over the usual preliminaries and almost involuntarily slipped into the part of interrogator.

"But what do you say to them, Sally? How do you keep them interested?"

Obliquely Sally again took up the role of teacher.

"Just tell me your particular trouble, Auntie, and let us discover the smiles for they are surely there."

To the girl's dismay her aunt covered her face with her hands.

"There isn't a single smile, Sally," she sobbed. "My trouble is just plain selfishness. I never saw it before, but I do now. All my life I have wanted the best, and then have spurned it when it was mine for the taking. When I think I could have had the comfort of having you with me all these weeks, if I hadn't thought—"

Sally winced sharply. She fully understood Aunt Hannah's sudden change of heart. In an instant, however, she conquered her brief shrinking and exclaimed brightly, "for selfishness is, Auntie, dear!"

"But your case isn't hopeless, Auntie, dear!" she exclaimed brightly. "for selfishness is, Auntie, dear!"

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"It is only on account of Mrs. Van Anden and her friends that you regret not offering me a home. But, Auntie, I should never have known Mrs. Van Anden had I gone home with you three months ago. God sent her to me in my great need. The day she came I hadn't tasted food for two days. The relief was so great when she paid me five dollars for her first call that I fainted. She thought it was over excitement at our long talk for she was here nearly two hours. Last week I told her the real cause of that fainting spell."

"Oh, Sally," reproached Aunt Hannah, "how could you?"

"Don't worry, Auntie, she didn't misunderstand. I told it to illustrate a point I was making. I couldn't bear to see her faith growing even the tiniest speck dim. Poor people are not the only ones who have problems to solve, Auntie, dear."

"How I love the memory of this summer! It has taught me wonderful things. When father died I just had to fight every step of the way, then I came home." Sally's glance wandered lovingly over the room that had been home to her for many years. "Yes, it is home; no other place will ever seem just like it," she said, with assurance, then she paused. "It was then I decided that death, invalidism and poverty were just the three hardest things in the world. I know better now, Auntie. I have learned that the rich are sometimes crucified daily, while to the world they present an exterior that commands only envy. And yet I believe pain in any form is sent for our advancement. It is we in our blindness who embrace sighs instead of smiles."

"How wise you have grown, Sally," commented her aunt, thoughtfully. "You were always such an ignorant little thing."

A bewitching smile disclosed the suggestion of a dimple in Sally's cheek at the intended compliment, but instantly her face sobered.

"Father and I always talked of the deep things of life. Oh, Auntie, if I could make people see the good, the way father taught it to me," Sally stopped abruptly.

"And I never dreamed that John was a philosopher. You will have so much to teach me, Sally, but you will find me a willing pupil. I'll make up to you for all you have undergone since John's death. How soon can you come to us, Sally?"

"But, Auntie, I don't understand!"

"Why, you are coming to live with me, now. I thought you knew. I decided that this afternoon. You won't need to teach 'Smiles' any more, though, of course, your friends can come to see you the same as they do now."

Sally hesitated. She didn't want to hurt her aunt, but, after all, she decided, it would be a bit of a shock in whatever words it was expressed. "Perhaps it would be as well to get it over at once. She leaned over. Her warm hands on Aunt Hannah's arm robbed the words of much of their abruptness."

On an Ocean Liner in Time of War

By Maria (Nellie Rutherford)

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EARLY this summer Uncle Charlie decided he would give me a holiday, so I made up my mind to take a trip to the land of my fathers, and on July 1st, sailed from New York on board the new patrol ocean liner Aquitania of the Cunard Line, for a three months' visit to the British Isles, Billy the Goat and an assistant Goat taking care of Uncle Charlie during my absence.

The voyage was uneventful. The mighty vessel was so steady that she scarcely seemed to move. The weather was perfect, and when after a six-day voyage the big ship, with five thousand souls aboard, steamed up the Mersey river to Liverpool, we all felt somewhat sad to think our voyage was over.

My objective was a village in the south of Scotland, and I was fortunate enough to catch a train without any delay, and thanks to the long twilight was able to see a great deal of the country en route. After an eight-hour ride I reached the little village for which I was bound, a sleepy little town nestled in the bosom of the hills away from the main line of traffic. A community where luxury has not lulled the inhabitants into somnolent sloth, nor poverty gripped them with its iron hand; a village thoroughly satisfied with itself and inclined to view with pity anyone not so fortunate as to have been born within its boundaries. With its rows of little houses seeming to lean against each other for mutual support, and its beautiful surroundings, it presents a picture of old world loveliness, simplicity and restfulness that could scarcely be surpassed.

It was on July 8th, that I reached this charming spot, and here I spent a delightful three weeks with relatives who live two miles outside the village.

One Monday morning after I had been home for three weeks, just as I was preparing to go and spend the day with some friends, a telegraph messenger arrived with a cable from Uncle Charlie. I opened it hurriedly, fearing he might be ill, and that I must come home. Judge of my surprise when I read: "Come home immediately if war breaks out." I rubbed my eyes and read it again, turned to the messenger boy and asked if he were sure he had got the message right, or was there a possibility of war breaking out? The boy (an intelligent fellow of about sixteen) assured me there was no thought of war, that the Kaiser and King a few weeks previously had shaken hands and vowed eternal friendship. I searched through the newspapers, which in my desire for complete rest I had hitherto ignored, but could see nothing alarming. Somewhat reassured, but still mystified, I went off for the day, asking wherever I had an opportunity if there were war or rumors of war anywhere but was told that the idea of war was perfectly ridiculous. The next day I went up to the village to get newspapers. Walking in front of me was a man with a paper in his hand. I glanced over his shoulder and read: "Austria declares war on Serbia." Then in a flash I knew what was going to happen and what had been agitating the watchful Uncle Charlie. We had discussed this very European question numberless times, and knew that trouble must come sooner or later. I scurried up to the news agent's store, got a paper, read all in it relating to the European crisis, called Uncle Charlie: "Must I come home?" and settled down to wait for his reply, which came the following day: "Secure earliest possible passage." Things began to move quickly after that. I telegraphed the Cunard line, and miraculously secured a berth on board the Laconia, sailing from Liverpool August 8th, succeeding where thousands who were storming the London offices had failed.

From this time on the change in that sleepy little village was extraordinary. The people seemed electrified, shocked into life. There was a rush for newspapers. Groups of men eagerly gathered on the street corners reading and discussing all the news, talking over the mobilizing of the fleet, the efforts of the government to preserve peace, or failing that to localize the conflict; the latter carrier on his daily rounds meanwhile taking the names of men willing to serve their country in case of war. Each day the reports in the papers became more ominous: "Germany declares war on Russia," "Germany invades Luxembourg," "Germany invades Belgium." Then this momentous headline appeared: "We send Ultimatum to Germany," and the following day: "We declare war."

The die was cast, speculation and conjecture were over, the next thing was to prepare for the conflict, and when the call for men came that little village was not found wanting, but sent of its best.

It was on August 5th, the day England declared war that I regretfully left the familiar scenes of happier days and journeyed south. The railroads had just been taken over by the government, troops were enrolling and being hurried to mobilizing camps, passenger service being somewhat demoralized in consequence. Still in spite of the general upheaval things went on quietly as usual. There was no shouting, no bravado, no boasting. The whole nation seemed to realize that it was engaged in a life-and-death struggle, giving the impression of a people facing a great and unexpected crisis, facing it calmly and resolutely, determined to do their best.

I had to travel from Scotland down to the very south of England to see Uncle Charlie's sister, who has resided in England for a great many years, and whom he has not seen for a very long time.

I traveled down to London through a smiling English country, that resembled one vast, beautiful garden. It did not seem possible the nation could be at war, everything looked so restful and peaceful. At every station one passed however, signs of great military activity were apparent. There were soldiers in groups, soldiers in units; everywhere you saw them in their khaki uniforms, quiet, alert and businesslike. I was late in arriving at Euston Station, and from there took a taxicab to a hotel. I had a room overlooking the street, and all night long there was a continuous tramp, tramp, tramp of soldiers, the roll of gun carriages, sharp voices giving orders, etc., grim reminders that the business of war was on foot, and that the nation was getting ready to meet it.

There was not much sleep to be had, and I was not at all sorry when gray dawn came stealing in at my window, and it was time to dress. On going down to the dining-room, an amusing incident due to the war made itself evident. There were no waiters. Nearly all the London waiters are German, and they had been called home to fight for the Fatherland, and the proprietor had not had time to fill their places, consequently the guests had to wait on themselves or each other.

Breakfast over I taxied across London, caught a train, and after a short ride of two hours reached Hastings, that delightful and historic seaside city, almost within cannon shot from the French coast. I stayed overnight with Uncle Charlie's sister, who was greatly worried at the possibility of having her home destroyed by bombs from airships. At night the lights of the French warships could be seen blinking out in the Channel, another grim reminder that the dove of peace had fled from Europe and the dogs of war had been unleashed.

The following morning I left Hastings for London. London! How I had longed to visit that mighty city, and view its historic buildings, but alas, a glimpse of Westminster Abbey in the distance was all I was permitted to see. The traffic was so congested that my hurrying taxi had frequently to stop, and this enabled me to witness some grimly amusing sights. Here was a baker's

wagon delivering bread. Soldiers approached, one signaled the driver to stop and handed him a receipt, while another unhitched the traces and walked off with the horse, leaving the amazed baker to ponder over the exigencies and misfortunes of war; and ere my taxi sped on I heard him ejaculate in the choicest cockney: "And they calls that war. War hey! well, I calls it 'ell.' Next a bus would come swarming along filled with passengers; suddenly it would stop, the passengers would be asked to vacate, the bus would be filled with soldiers and go off again. Motor cars and all sorts of wagons and vehicles were appropriated for army use. It was all done in a quiet, businesslike way, and people submitted with as good a grace as possible, for as one little gamin remarked: "We must 'ave 'orses if we're to save the Hemptire."

I had just time to catch the train for Liverpool which was crowded with refugees, like myself anxious to reach the peaceful shores of Uncle Sam. It was impossible to get a seat, I however improvised one out of my suitcase and monopolized a portion of the corridor, and there I sat for several hours, while tourists in more or less excitement, jostled past me.

The train reached Liverpool at eight p. m. Here I handed my trunk over to the Cunard Company, and started out to find a place to sleep, a very difficult task at all the hotels were filled and brimming over. However with the aid of a newsboy (who informed me he would go to war only that he was the sole support of his mother though judging from his appearance you would never have suspected him of being able to support even a chicken) I finally located a hotel where they had a room, and so was not compelled to pass the night on some convenient doorstep.

The next day it rained, a regular English down-pour. I had been told the ship would sail at 2.30 p. m., but so many sailings had been canceled that I was tortured with anxiety in case I could not get away. I was down at the landing stage long before sailing time and early though I was, I found the place crowded with American refugees who had been pouring in from every section of the continent, all like myself anxious to get home, and all also in a state of uncertainty as to whether or not the ship would sail.

After waiting patiently for hours the signal came for us to go on board, and making my way to my stateroom I deposited my hand luggage there, and went up to the dining-room to secure a seat at table. The next thing was to run up on deck, find the steward and hire a deck chair and steamer rug, things very essential to one's comfort on an ocean voyage. This accomplished I could begin to size up my fellow passengers, watch the deck hands getting the luggage on board, and speculate how long it would be before we got under way.

The worry and anxiety incidental to obtaining transportation, the hurried rush from one end of Britain to the other had worn my nerves to a frazzle, and the relief of knowing I was actually on board bound for the United States was intense. Finally the last piece of luggage was hoisted on board, the ropes were cast off, and the ship began to move. Gradually Liverpool was left in the rear, the ship dropped down the Mersey into the Irish Sea, and the shores of Old England faded from view.

On our way down the Mersey we passed a huge ship, painted black, guns bristling from her decks. To my astonishment she replied: "That's the Aquitania, she has been converted into an auxiliary cruiser." I gasped. It seemed incredible that that big, beautiful, wonderful floating palace, the very latest thing in marine architecture, the ship in which I had but recently been a passenger, had had her beautiful interior dismantled, her decorations torn out, her furnishings demolished, and been converted into a war ship. Her promenade decks on which I had spent many happy hours, were now patrolled by armed men. Such is war! There were three other passengers in my stateroom. A young Swedish girl, who had landed in England the day previous en route for Sweden, who found she could not get across the North Sea and had no alternative but to go back to America. There was a lady from Minneapolis who had been traveling on the continent, and whose experiences were most exciting. The third was an elderly Jewish lady, who was coming out to America to make her home with her daughter. I completed the quartette.

The first day on board ship is always interesting. You study your fellow voyagers, and invariably little groups of people whose tastes and sympathies run in similar channels get together, but without in any way disturbing the universal air of kinship which is always part of life aboard ship.

Everyone of course had some experience to tell relative to the war, or of some plan that had been upset as a result of the universal conflagration. When I went to turn in for the night, I found the Jewish lady, who was making her first acquaintance with the boisterous billows of the Atlantic, busily engaged, with the assistance of the steward, in the undignified process of scattering her dinner broadcast, and between spills moaning: "Ach Gott I vos dying! dying! Oh, vy did I efer dry to cross der Atlantic Oshun, and maybe I vos captured by der Chermans aretzy yet. If my goot husband had only lived I would be by my own home safe. Oh, vy vos I such a foolishness?" My roommates and self used all our persuasive eloquence in trying to console and reassure our suffering companion, but in vain. She refused to be comforted and kept on moaning until the lady from Minneapolis threatened to have her thrown overboard, when she instantly became quiet, and we clambered into our bunks and were soon fast asleep. During the night a storm came up, the wind blew a gale and the big ship rolled and plunged atrociously. This painful and distressing tangoing of the big vessel I learned was due to the fact that, thanks to the war, she had no cargo in her hold to steady her movements, and in consequence was top heavy.

In the morning we were all more or less sick. I managed to get on deck and into my steamer chair, and stayed there the rest of the day, making frequent trips to the ship's side, to donate to the fishes my previous day's ballast, something the majority of the passengers were also busily engaged in doing, and which left us as wobbly as the Laconia herself.

After staring on deck as long as I could, I managed to get back to my stateroom only to find the Jewish lady, like Vesuvius, still in moaning, pleading the while with the steward to turn the ship round and take her back home. The next morning I had succumbed, and was too sick to even get on deck, and had to lie and listen to the old lady who had got past the dying stage, and was now, she assured us, actually dead. The next day the wind subsided, the vessel behaved as though it were in a prohibition state, and quit jag, and I began to feel that life was really worth living. My two roommates and I managed to get on deck, where under an awning which afforded protection from sun and rain, we took solid comfort in our steamer chairs. Our circle was augmented by four physicians whose names are known from coast to coast. They had been abroad to attend the big Medical Conference in London, and had been forced to take passage in the stateroom in order to get home. Ample funds had enabled them to get transferred to the second cabin, as some people who had engaged second cabin berths had failed to make connections. There was also a group of young college girls who had been touring abroad, but had been chased home by the war, and who had also managed to

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get transferred from the steerage to our more luxurious quarters. There too, was a college professor, who though traveling first-class, frankly preferred our side of the boat, and spent most of his time with us. In addition to the medical specialists we had with us a diplomat on a special mission from the British Government to Washington, whose dignity was considerably punctured because he had been obliged to content himself with second-class accommodations.

But of all the eighteen hundred passengers aboard, one, a minister of national fame, will live longest in my memory. He was everywhere at once. In fact he was so ubiquitous that if I had glimpsed him snoozing on the smokestack, I should not have been at all surprised. You'd find him conducting a revival meeting among the stokers, leading a prayer meeting in the first cabin or singing Gospel hymns in the steerage, or attempting to climb the crew's nest in search of Germans. His voice could be heard booming above the roar of the gale or the wash of the waves. He had bunches of stories which he retailed between prayers and sermons, with immense gusto. His favorite story which he retailed on an average five times a day was as follows:

"A minister had a wife to whom he was very devoted. She died, and to show his appreciation of her many virtues, he had engraved on her tombstone: 'The light of mine eyes hath gone out.' About six months after the day's end, the bishop paid him a visit, and seeing the tombstone, congratulated him on the exquisitely beautiful way he had expressed his devotion to his dead wife. The minister sighed deeply and said: 'I'm awfully sorry I ever had that inscription carved.' 'Why so?' inquired the bishop. 'Because,' replied the minister, 'while it is not generally known, I have been engaged to Mrs. So and So for the last two months.' 'Oh, that's all right,' said the bishop, 'just send for the man who carved the inscription, and have him add these words: 'The light of mine eyes hath gone out, but I have struck another match!'"

We were shadowed by the Aquitania, who though invisible was within wireless call, ready to rush to our aid in case of need, until we came within the protective zone of the British North American cruiser fleet. But though in a sense under the Aquitania's wing, we felt far from secure. No auxiliary cruiser is a match for a real battleship, and anxious eyes constantly swept the horizon, for we never knew at what moment the Karlruhe or some other equally dangerous unit of the Kaiser's fleet might be sending shots across our bows. So north we went to keep out of the regular steamer lanes, so far north that we could feel if we could not see "Greenland's Icy Mountains," or sight Doc Cook over the horizon wandering home with a section of the North Pole in his possession. Cold, well cold was no name for it. It was frigid. The steam heat was turned on, and we piled on every rag we had to keep from freezing. For two days we ran through a dense fog, creeping along without blowing a single blast on our siren. The danger of such a proceeding was great, and many passengers with recollections of the Titanic and the Empress of Ireland disasters became almost hysterical. The majority of us however preferred to risk collision to capture, and though worried and nervous felt confident that the captain would pull us through.

The war of course was almost the sole topic of conversation. Each and everyone had some exciting experience to relate regarding it, and the clicking wireless told us how closely our movements were being watched. Every night when darkness fell the portholes and windows were closed and blanketed, not a light showed on deck. Our ship was a thing of darkness, a huge, black phantom flitting silently over the ocean. One morning we'd hear that a German cruiser had been sighted during the night and was now a hundred miles in our rear; several times the capture of the Teutonic and Virginian (ships which sailed from Liverpool on the day of our depart-

ture) was reported; these little incidents all tending to keep us at the top notch of excitement. The sight of a fishing schooner off the banks of Newfoundland got us all worked up. The Jewish lady was certain it was a "German spy" and went below to pack her suitcase so as to be ready for all emergencies.

During the voyage our ship was repainted to resemble a Scandinavian vessel, and if anyone who watched her leave Liverpool could have seen her come up New York Bay, they would not have recognized her. We had stormy days, foggy days and cold days. Toward the end of the voyage we had beautiful, clear sunny weather, when the sea was smooth and blue; nights when the reflection from the moon threw a pathway of silver on the water, like a broad highway leading to the stars.

Throughout the voyage there was a feeling of camaraderie, friendliness and kindness on board that I have never felt before on any ocean liner, and that feeling included the crew as well as the passengers. One touch of danger seemed to have made all on board kin, and the spirit of mutual helpfulness animated us all, and when after a nine days' voyage our ship anchored in New York Bay (which seemed like a furnace after the frigid regions through which we had been voyaging) though we were all glad to get safely home, still we were sorry that the inevitable time for parting had come. I will always remember that voyage, trying as it was, with the keenest pleasure, though I trust that never again will it be my lot to be on board an ocean liner in time of war.

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travellers easy to cure if taken in time. Well be
the cold is always liable to develop into
it is advisable to always be able to develop into
without waiting to be sure that the birds for that
Remove the birds that show signs of the
the birds in groups in some sheltered out-house
moved from the house. Disinfect house,
feed and water dishes. Disinfect house,
flock. The sick birds should be
the birds, and
useful of preventing the spread of infection. However, half
For use, dilute equal parts of iodine in a
water.



A PRIZE WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK

Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Mid-Winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding

EVERMORE attractive, and evermore varied are the new fashion features, portrayed in the styles of this season. For blouses with gathered body and deep yoke portions are most becoming. One sees these yoke effects in various outlines; some with set-in sleeves, others in kimono style, while many have raglan sleeve portions cut in one with back or front.

A delightfully chic touch may be given to a waist by the addition of a smart cape over the back, joined or buttoned at the shoulder.

Waists with sash ends, crossed in front in surplice style and tied in back or at the side, are new and novel.

Skirts are gradually growing wider; the necessary waistline accent more bias, added gores, or plaited sections.

Tunics seem to rank first by way of skirt drape, and redingote suits are extremely popular. One sees smart afternoon gowns, in basque and redingote modes, and a charming effect is produced by dainty collar and cuffs of batiste.

Suede girdles are new and novel. One attractive style had a patch pocket; the 'riddle' was fastened with large jet buttons and bound with black silk braid.

Vest effects with girde combined, are shown on waists for separate wear. There are lovely combinations of silk and crepe, silk and net and lace.

Raglan sleeves with tucks over the shoulder are smart on tailored shirt-waists.

Pattern Descriptions

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9987—A New and Pretty Blouse. The yoke fronts are crossed diagonally. The long shoulder forms part of the sleeve, which is lengthened by a set-in portion that may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is suitable for silk, voile, ratine, eponge, batiste, linen or lawn.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1118—A Pretty Cap, and a Becoming Bonnet. For the cap, embroidered lawn, batiste or linen would serve, or silk, cloth, velvet or corduroy. For the bonnet, faille silk, messaline, crepe de chine, velvet or corduroy.

Cut in two sizes for children, one to two, and three to four years. It requires five eighths yard of 24-inch material for either style.

1131—Vestee, Collars and Cuffs for Ladies. The vestee (No. 1) in linen, lawn, organdie, pique or crepe, is appropriate for waist or coat suit. The broad collar (No. 2), is very effective in batiste with a border facing of contrasting material. The flaring collar (No. 3), is also good for linen, velvet, or crepe, as well as organdie, crepe de chine and silk. For the cuffs, silk, velvet, poplin, linen, pique and similar materials may be employed.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires for No. 1 five eighths yard of 18-inch material, for No. 2 three eighths yard of 20-inch material, for No. 3 one quarter yard of 27-inch material, and one half yard for one pair of cuffs, of 20-inch material for a medium size.

9367—Child's Set of Short Clothes. The models here illustrated are practical and adaptable. The drawers are cut in one piece. The petticoat is joined to a waist that is also in one piece, and which may also be used as a pattern for the waist to which the drawers are to be buttoned. The little sacque to be made of cashmere, outing or French flannel. The designs illustrated are all included in this pattern.

Cut in three sizes; one half, one and two years. The two-year size will require for the dress of lawn or similar material 36 inches wide, two and one quarter yards. The petticoat, one and three eighths yards of cambric or muslin, 36 inches wide. The sacque, one and one eighth yard of 36-inch material, and the drawers three quarters yard of cambric or muslin 36 inches wide.

1128—Ladies' Darted Apron. This attractive apron model is darted and has side, front and shoulder seams. It is suitable for percale, lawn, cambric, drill, sateen, gingham or muslin. The neck is cut low and the armscye deep and comfortable.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

9930—Girls' Apron. For home, cooking school, for playtime, this design will prove very satisfactory.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two and one eighth yards of 27-inch material for a six-year size.

9828—Ladies' Dressing or House Sack. This model may be used for cashmere, lawn, percale, silk, dimity, crepe or flannelette, with any suitable trimming. The sack portions are lengthened by skirt or peplum parts and the fronts are crossed deep in closing. The collar is very effective.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires four and one half yards of 24-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9994—Boys' Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers. The model is good for madras, gingham, galatea, linen, linene, serge, velvet, or corduroy.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

9678—A Practical Play Dress. Galatea, kindergarten cloth, linen, linene, percale, gingham or khaki cloth may be used for this design. The sleeve may be finished with a band cuff or in shorter length as illustrated.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

9571—Girls' Undervest, Bloomers and Petticoat. The waist may be made of cambric, or muslin, the petticoat of cambric, lawn or nainsook, and the bloomers of gingham, sateen, cashmere or brilliantine. The bloomers or skirt may be joined to the waist, or finished separately.

Cut in six sizes; two, four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. For the eight-year size it will require one and three quarters yards for the petticoat, one and one half yards for the bloomers and one yard for the waist, of 36-inch material.

9999—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Short Sleeve. For utility, comfort and convenience, this design has much to recommend it. It closes in coat style, with the entire fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, lawn, seersucker, solvete, madras, dimity, drill or linen.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9888—Set of Baby's One-piece Long Clothes with Front Closing. Including a wrapper, sacque, barra coat and slip. The body portions of the garments are cut in one piece, and the front closing, particularly on slip and barra coat, will save baby from much discomfort and inconvenience in dressing. Cambric, long cloth, flannel or lawn may be used for the slip, and flannel or flannelette for barra coat, wrapper or sacque.

It will require three quarters yard of 27-inch material for sacque, two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for slip, two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for wrapper; one and one eighth yards of 40-inch material for barra coat.

9995—Ladies' Dress with Tunic Skirt. The design is suitable for serge, prunella, silk, wash

fabrics, cloth or velvet. A deep collar trims the front. The long shoulder forms part of the darted sleeve.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.



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1139—A Simple Frock for Mother's Girl. The waist portions are cut in one with the skirt, and these may be in short or wrist length. The skirt is a three-piece model with a lap tuck at the center back. The pattern is splendid for all wash materials, such as galatea, kindergarten cloth, poplin, percale, gingham, seersucker and chambray. Also for velvet, silk, cloth or novelty woolens.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

9900—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Short Sleeve. This design has narrow yoke portions joined to a blouse waist, that is shaped at the right front. The skirt is a six-piece model with front and back panels.

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Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1132—Girls' Dress with Long or Short Sleeve. This design will readily appeal to the busy and thoughtful mother, who is mindful of her little girl's comfort. The front is shaped at the closing, and the sleeve in either length has a neat cuff.

Galatea, Devonshire cloth, gingham, chambray, seersucker, percale, cashmere or serge are good for this dress.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1121—Ladies' Skirt, with or without Tunic and Girdle. This style shows a tunic with plaits at the sides, and a girdle with front and back edges lapped. The design is good for velveteen, broadcloth, duvetyne, wool mixtures and novelty weaves.

Cut in five sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for the skirt, and four and five eighths yards for tunic and girdle for a 24-inch size.

9504—Ladies' House Dress with Cap. The model is comfortable and the jaunty cap will prove most practical and desirable. The design is suitable for gingham, galatea, lawn or percale. It may be finished in raised or normal waistline. The skirt is a four-gore model with inverted back plait.

Cut in five sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 36-inch material with three quarters yard for the cap for a 36-inch size.

1123—A Natty Dress for Mother's Girl. The deep armscye and front closing are good features of this model. It is a one-piece dress, with closing under the plait in front, and has raglan sleeves, that may be finished in wrist or wrist length. Corduroy, velveteen, galatea, cashmere, percale, linen and gingham are all good for this style.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

9922-9920—A Neat Combination for business, home or shopping. Separate waists, and skirts are again popular. Lawn, linen, chambray, gingham, madras or tub silk, also batiste and net are good for the waist, while poplin, serge, voile, taffeta, linen or linen broadcloth or gingham could be used for the skirt.

The waist pattern is cut in five sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt pattern is cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four and one eighth yards of 24-inch material for a 24-inch size. Two separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

1122—Ladies' One-piece Apron. This model is very simple and easy to develop. It is cut in one piece, the back being formed by strap pieces, crossed over the center, and fastened to the front under the arm. Percale, lawn, gingham, chambray, drill, linene or alpaca may be used.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1125—Girls' Coat with or without Cape. Blue chinchilla, black velvet or brown broadcloth could be used for this style, with braid binding or trimming for a finish. Double faced cloaking or novelty weaves in zibeline, plaids and other cloakings are equally appropriate. The cape may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

1134-1133—A Smart Gown for Home, calling or business wear. The skirt is a splendid model with its simple lines and the pockets are a convenient and practical style feature. Broadcloth, voile, novelty suiting, velvet or corduroy are all appropriate for this model. It is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1134.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1133, cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Two separate patterns, price 10c for each pattern.

1051-1094—Ladies' Costume. Comprising Ladies' Skirt Blouse pattern 1051 and Ladies' Skirt pattern 1094. The waist is made with a yoke portion over the back, and the sleeve in either wrist or short length is good. The skirt has the new plaited tunic form, with a shaped girdle that may be omitted. Serge, velvet, silk or combinations of such material are lovely for these tunic models.

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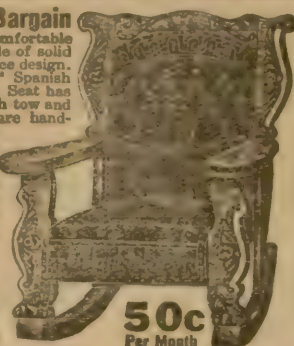


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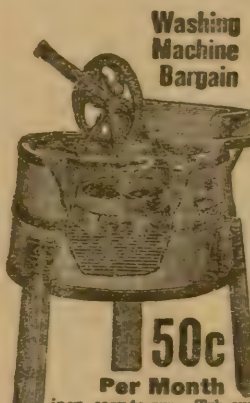
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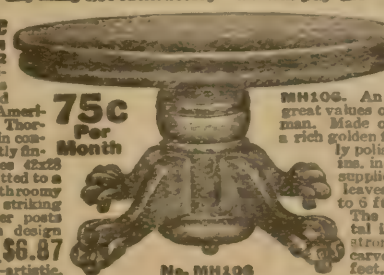
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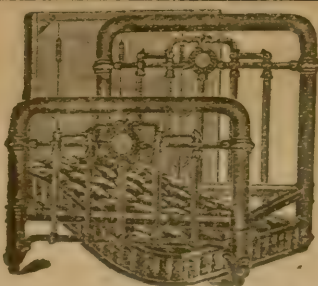
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Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

scapace, forgot everything, the children, even himself, and sat looking abstractedly upward, with his hand in the tiny paws of a child who was intently examining his rings, with two boys dragging at his legs and another trying on his hat.

Then he recovered himself, regained his hat, drew his jewelry out of danger, and with a benediction pat on the head to the nearest mite, dropped from the wall—with what intention he scarcely knew, excepting perhaps that of getting a nearer view of the sweet, charming vision.

But by the time he had brushed the dust from his clothes, and made a step toward the house, the balcony was empty—the girl had vanished.

Sir Cyril pulled his great mustache with so palpable an expression of disappointment, that the little schoolmistress smiled, and by that smile gave Sir Cyril an idea.

He returned to the wall to the extent of leaning on it, and in execrable French, complimented the teacher upon the appearance and manner of her charges, then said it was a fine and warm day; and then, in worse French still, requested to be informed who the young lady on the balcony might be.

The schoolmistress smiled and shrugged her shoulders. She was sorry she could not inform the gentleman; the young lady was a young English demoiselle staying at the house—had been staying there for a week—she was very fond of children, as monsieur seemed to be; and often stood upon the balcony to watch them; sometimes made them little presents, and—

At that moment the young lady appeared again, this time with a small basket in her hand.

Sir Cyril stood quite still, almost hidden by the wall, and waited in silent curiosity.

The girl bent over the balcony, thereby displaying, unconsciously, her neck and golden-bued head to the most graceful advantage, and a short colloquy with the schoolmistress ensued; then she stretched over the wall, and lowered the basket, the schoolmistress running out of the gate, standing on tiptoe to reach it, and falling back unsuccessful with much peevish laughter.

"Stop," said the girl on the balcony, with a low, musical laugh, which moved Sir Cyril as her face had done; "I'll get a piece of string and let it down."

But here Sir Cyril saw his golden opportunity, and seized it.

With two strides he stood under the balcony, and looked up, bareheaded.

"Will you allow me to help you? I can reach it easily."

The clear, dark eyes looked down upon him with a serene, if slightly surprised, gaze, as if weighing the question of his capability of doing what he had offered, and then, with a quiet, simple "Thank you," the white hand was downreached with the basket.

Sir Cyril secured it, handed it over to the schoolmistress, and then looked up again.

"You are very fond of children, I see," he said.

The girl, who had been so absorbed by watching the progress of her basket of cakes and sweetmeats among the children so as to have forgotten him, turned her head slowly.

"Yes; and you also, I perceive," she added, with a shadow of a smile.

Sir Cyril laughed.

"I did not know that I had an audience, or the performance would have been shorter."

The dark eyes were opened a little wider with slight surprise.

"Why are you ashamed? Most Englishmen are fond of children. I knew you were English, you see."

"You would have learned that just now, all the more quickly if you had heard my French," said he, responding with a smile. "You are English, are you not?"

A week, a day ago, Sir Cyril would not have stopped to consider whether this question was bold or not; and now, after he had uttered it, looking up at the calm, sweet face, it seemed abrupt, rude, almost impertinent.

"Yes, I am English," she replied, "but I have not been to England for a very long time; I do not remember it," and she looked across the lake—which she could see, although Sir Cyril could not—and up the great mountain Pilatus, with a strange little wistful look. For a moment again she seemed to have forgotten him, then she looked down again. "You have just come from England?"

"Yes," said Sir Cyril.

The dark eyes regarded him for the first time with something like interest and curiosity. "I wonder why—I mean, I wonder how you could leave it. I think that I could never have left it of my own free will."

Sir Cyril kept down his astonishment at this strange, candid, unsophisticated declaration, and said quietly—very quietly—for he was tormented by the fear each moment that this beautiful, grave, childlike creature would grow shy, take fright like a bird, and fly away.

"And yet this is very beautiful, all this—Switzerland, Italy, and so on."

"Yes, very, is it not?" she responded, with a slight inclination of the head. "Oh, yes, very beautiful, oh, yes, is not this beautiful?" and she waved her hand slightly toward the scene stretched out before her. Sir Cyril glanced at the hills for half a second, and gave a whole one to the small white hand and delicate wrist.

"I should soon grow tired of looking at it if it were in England. Have you seen the sunset?—look at that little fellow." She looked up suddenly, her eyes lighting up with a tender and amused smile as they rested on the children. "Do you see, he has given half his cake to that little mite sitting on the stone; and yet they say that children are selfish."

Sir Cyril hunted about for something to say to prolong the conversation in any way, but before he had found anything to say, the cathedral clock struck, the supple figure of the girl straightened itself, bending forward, she called to the schoolmistress:

"Will you give me the basket this afternoon?" and was about to turn into the house, when, evidently remembering the stranger, she leaned a little over the railing, with a slight bow and a "good morning," and disappeared.

Sir Cyril hastily uncovered, returned the parting words, and with a little shake—just such a one as a Newfoundland gives when he emerges from a swim—he strode slowly away.

He turned once, as he descended the hill, and, looking back at the house, with its broad gutters and carved balconies, its quaint windows and broad green shutters, saw the word "Pension," written in gold, on a board over the front windows.

Sir Cyril, as ignorant as Englishmen of his class generally are of all matters of Continental life, was extremely puzzled.

"Great Heaven!" he ejaculated. "Pension! That can't have meant anything in the way of almshouses—she is—isn't a sort of Greenwich pensioner?" and so, puzzled, and interested more than he would like to have confessed, he got down to the lake.

Strangely enough the view seemed suddenly to have grown in beauty; for the first time it struck him that the great solemn range of mountains had something grand and different to Pall Mall about them. For the first time, also, he remembered, he had not noticed it while he had been listening to and looking at her, that the girl with the sweet childlike face had worn a white muslin, with a little touch of dark crimson—a rose or ribbon, perhaps—at her throat. And so he walked back to the house; and by way of a refresher or awakener, he could scarcely have distinguished which he ordered a brandy and soda.

But the figure in white muslin and the little bunch of crimson would not be displaced; and when the afternoon sun had sunk a little behind the hills, he thought, having nothing better to do, that he would just take a walk round the cathedral and see how the cakes and sweetmeats had agreed

with the children. You see he was very fond of children.

CHAPTER II.
WHITE MUSLIN.

Once or twice, as he climbed the hill, Sir Cyril realized the real object of his afternoon walk; and when he did so, he felt decidedly uncomfortable. It appeared to him as if he had changed places with some one else. Could it be possible that he who had run through twelve seasons without a scratch had succumbed to a pair of dark, serene eyes and a white muslin frock?

"Of course, it's absurd," he mused, half shamefacedly. "It's this confounded slow place that has been too much for me. It must have been the muslin; and yet there was a look in the girl's face that, if I never see her again, I shan't forget. Ah! One season in town will change all that—mon Dieu, the pity."

Then he came in sight of the house and was half relieved to find the balcony empty—worse than empty—for an old lady with an obvious "front" and an old-fashioned gray silk dress, was seated knitting there. Sir Cyril laughed, lit his cigar and passed on. The playground was still, likewise, and somehow the whole place seemed altered.

"Beastly old place," he muttered. "I'm sick of it already. I'll go on tomorrow morning."

Then, just for his own satisfaction, he determined to continue his walk, though the real object of it had been missed, and he turned off to the right down a lane that was certainly pretty enough to repay him for greater trouble. He walked on for some time, and was just thinking of turning when he caught sight of something white in the distance. It might have been a cow, or clothes hanging out to dry, but somehow Sir Cyril decided at once that it was a white muslin and quickened his step. At the end of the lane, just where it sloped toward a valley, was a single block of stone that had fallen from some mason's cart, and on it was seated the girl he had seen in the morning.

She was bending slightly forward, her hands clasped on an open book, her eyes fixed on the snow-capped mountains, and so lost in serene, childlike meditation, that Sir Cyril—to whom bashfulness was a sensation unknown—paused for half a moment, half decided to turn back after all.

But the girl's ears were quick, as well as small and pretty, and as he stopped short the sudden cessation of his footfall aroused her.

She looked around and bestowed upon him a half smile of recognition.

Sir Cyril wanted nothing more—though nothing less like encouragement could be imagined. He raised his hat, and in another moment was standing beside her with the usual greeting.

She returned it with the same calm unembarrassed manner that had surprised and attracted him in the morning, and quietly waited for him to commence a conversation or go on with his walk.

"We seem fated to meet," he said, sublimely forgetful of the object of his walk. "Is this a favorite resting place of yours?"

"Yes," she said, without raising her eyes. "Have you not been here before?"

"No," he said.

"Ah," she remarked, "this is not one of the show places, and yet you get a better view here than from many of the better-known points. I found it out for myself."

"It was a happy discovery," he said. "It is just the place for one to come and dream in."

"Yes," she said.

Then she looked at his face, and away again, with a smile; and Sir Cyril knew, as well as if she had said it, that she thought he was not given to dreaming.

Sir Cyril, looking down upon her from his six feet of manhood, thought he had never seen a sweeter thing than the little, grave, half smile which curved her dainty lips and brought down the long, dark lashes upon the smooth cheeks.

He could have looked at her for an hour in silence, for he had suddenly discovered that he had a great appreciation of the beautiful; but that could not be, so he hazarded another remark: "You will see nothing so fair as this in your beloved England, I'm afraid."

"No, perhaps not," she replied. "I shall not care; it is England, bad or good, pretty or ugly, that I love."

Sir Cyril slipped down gently upon the grass, and covered the movement by a quick response: "It is a thousand pities that you should have been kept from it so long."

"Yes, is it not?" she assented, with simple candor. "I dreamed of it since I was a little girl so high," and she put out one hand, as people do when they are speaking of their childhood, about a foot from the ground. "You—are you going back soon?"

Sir Cyril hesitated.

"I am not quite sure—I have not any decided plans. Perhaps not yet a while. Are you?"

"Not for another month, I am sorry to say," she said, with a little sigh.

Sir Cyril wondered what was the stumbling block—perhaps a disagreeable papa, or an invalid mamma? He chanced it.

"I hope none of your people are ill here—that is," he added, as the dark eyes met his with a slight expression of surprise and amusement—"that is, if the expression of such a hope on my part is not an impertinence."

"Oh, no," she said, "my people are quite well. I smiled at hearing Aunt Martha classed as plural; she is the only 'people' I have."

"Your father and mother were a straight-forward Sir Cyril, then stopped abruptly.

"Are both dead," said the girl, in a low, but quite firm, voice. "I have only Aunt Martha, and Aunt Martha has only me; and sometimes," she added, "I think I am almost too many for her."

And then there came a musical ripple that positively startled Sir Cyril. So childish, so full of unalloyed and natural merriment was it, that for the life of him he could not help a grin. "Aunt Martha and I was waiting for the first of September."

The first of September, said Sir Cyril, wondering how on earth partridges could concern two women.

"Yes; we start then for England, and we must not go a day before or a day afterward."

"Why not?" exclaimed Sir Cyril, raising his head from the reclining position in which he had been, with extreme surprise and curiosity.

The girl, with her eyes upon the snow peaks, answered quietly, almost dreamily, with that same look of having forgotten her companion:

"Because my father wished it; because he left it as a dying request, and commanded that I should do so."

The answer, so calmly and candidly given, was so characteristic of the childlike faith and confidence of her every word and gesture, that it was robbed of much of the strangeness and improbability which it wears when set down on paper.

Sir Cyril felt not a bit surprised by the complying candor—he only felt a queer sensation of pity, and a desire to protect this simple-minded, pure-hearted child-woman from herself.

He changed the subject, though he was full of curiosity to hear more of her story from the sweet young lips.

"Your little favorites have all gone home, I suppose?"

She nodded absently, and then turned her eyes upon him reflectively. "You came from London?"

"Yes," said Cyril.

"Perhaps you know London well?"

"Pretty well—too well," he replied with a laugh.

A little eager light came into her eyes.

"You know some of the lawyers perhaps. Do you know one named Burdon—Richard, Grey's Inn?"

Sir Cyril raised himself on his elbow, and was about to reply:

"Why he is my own lawyer!" but a something, an indefinable something, drove the answer from his lips, and in place of it he said, "Yes, I know the name; I know the man."

"What sort of man is he?" she asked. "Is he a

young or an old—but I know he must be old, for he was my father's friend."

"Yes, Burdon is an elderly man," said Cyril. "Is he a good—an honest man?" she asked, her clear eyes fixed on his face.

"Good," said Cyril, with a smile. "Scarcely the term by which to qualify a lawyer; honest—as lawyers go—yes, very," he added, seeing that the lightness of his reply had in some way annoyed or distressed her, for the clear eyes had clouded, as a child's does when it is displeased, or dissatisfied.

"Yes, decidedly honest, I should say. You only know him by name?"

"Only by name," she assented. "He was my father's lawyer, and on his deathbed my father charged me to go to him on this first of September that we are now coming to, and receive some papers which are to change my whole life. Is there any wonder that I am curious?"

"None at all," said Cyril; then there was a moment's silence.

"And Burdon; does he expect you?"

"Yes," she replied; "my father had written to him—or they had arranged that I should go, if—if my father could not. So that he expects me."

"He does not know you?" asked Sir Cyril, interested more than he could say.

"No; he expects to see a Miss Weston—Edna Weston, that is my name—and that is all."

Cyril remained silent for a moment.

"It is a strange story," he said, more to himself than to her, but the words reached her, and for the first time there was a look of slight embarrassment in her eyes, a dash of color in her face; both heightened her beauty.

"Yes, and you think that I should not tell it to you! Perhaps it was wrong," she added to herself, with a little troubled look; "but you see I am almost always thinking of it—it is not wonderful that I should be—and it came natural to ask you, an Englishman, who knew London. I hope I have not done wrong!"

Sir Cyril looked up, with something like a flush on his handsome face.

"My dear child—young lady, I mean," he corrected himself, "this stick," and he held up his cane, "will not be more dumb than I shall be—"

She interrupted him with a smile.

"I am sure of that," she said, softly; "but there is no need for secrecy, that I know of; you see I know nothing myself, and there is no harm in saying that I shall be at a certain place on a certain day."

Sir Cyril nodded. The cathedral clock struck seven.

The girl pulled out a tiny gold watch, and rose with some haste.

"Seven o'clock! They will have begun tea at the pension!"

At the strange word Sir Cyril's doubts and speculations arose again.

For at seven o'clock! Then, perhaps, after all, she was a pensioner, or her aunt lived in an almshouse.

Almost unconsciously he repeated the words: "At—the pension."

She turned her laughing eyes upon him.

"Yes—how puzzled you look! Ah! I see you dine instead of drinking tea at this hour?"

"Yes, generally," admitted Cyril. "But," he added, "I was puzzled over the word 'pension.' Does your aunt live in an almshouse?"

She, in her turn, looked puzzled, then once more the musical laugh rang softly out.

"Almshouse! Oh, if Aunt Martha could only have heard you! Don't you know what a pension is?"

"No," said Sir Cyril, penitently. "I must confess I don't! Pray don't estimate the intelligence of all Englishmen by my standard. You'll travel all through the United Kingdom before you find a more ignorant man."

"Shall I?" she said, laughing. "Well, I'll inform you on the point at least; a pension is a Swiss—or a French or German, for that matter—boarding-house, where for the consideration of so many shillings—or francs—per week, travelers, especially unprotected ones like Aunt Martha and I, are lodged and fed."

"What an idiot I am!—of course! And do you all—the people staying at the house—feed—I mean, have your meals together?"

"Yes," she said—they were both standing by this time. "The breakfast bell—everything is done by bell-ringing—rings at nine for breakfast, and we all come out of our rooms like the old man and woman in the barometer, and sit at a long table to coffee, fresh butter, rolls and eggs; then the bell rings at one and we get our dinner—and what Aunt Martha calls 'a meat tea'! All quite in the Swiss style."

"It sounds very nice," said Sir Cyril. "I'm not quite comfortable at the hotel down below," he added, quietly, as the splendor of the Grand's appointments and the perfection of the chef's dishes rose before him—"not quite comfortable, you know; do you think they're room at your place to take me?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, innocently, "some people went away yesterday, and you could have their rooms—they were very nice rooms, with a balcony."

"I'm very fond of a balcony," said Sir Cyril.

"But, perhaps," she resumed, doubtfully, "you might find that you had made a change for the worse. What hotel are you staying at?"

One of them down there," said Cyril, jerking his head in the direction of the town, and not daring to mention the Grand, for she innocent and unsophisticated as she was, would know too much of the Grand's fame to be deceived.

"Well, perhaps you would be comfortable at—very least, it has one recommendation, it is very cheap; but, perhaps," she added, glancing at him critically for the first time, and recognizing instinctively the aristocratic elegance of Poole's cut and Hancock's jewelry, "perhaps that would be no recommendation to you."

"On the contrary," said Cyril with grim sincerity. "It is the best of all recommendations—oh, I assure you it is of the greatest importance."

"Well, then, I should say you had better try it." And though it was just the speech that Cyril wanted, it rather upset him by its matter-of-fact straightforwardness; if she had wanted him to come very much, for her own sake just a little, she would not have been so emphatic.

The scapegrace felt disappointed.

"Thank you, I think I'll call upon the proprietor, or proprietress, this evening, and see if they will accept me as a member of the family. I hope they will!"

"I hope so, too," she said, with the half smile; and then, with a little graceful inclination of the stately head, she wished him "Good evening."

Cyril sat down again when she had gone, and which his friends declared he the manner and look which he was more than ordinarily puzzled or confused.

"Cyril, my poor boy," he muttered, staring at his hat, which he had not yet replaced on his head, "you certainly are bewitched, and by a pair of dark eyes and a muslin frock! Yes, and who evidently looks upon you as a middle-aged father—a convenient recipient of her confidences, and as something to laugh at. Yes, by Jove, she looks at me so straightforward as if I were an old woman, or an intelligent retriever! Great Heaven, how the place must have aged me! Perhaps, like Rip Van Winkle, I shall wake up and find I am gray-headed and rheumatic about the joints. And match spitefully. But instead of resenting such treatment, instead of turning away with disgust at such unnatural coldness and want of appreciation, I rather like it—that is to say, I'm bewildered, persecuted by it; that I feel like a great

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schoolboy fumed and writhing under his first love affair!"

"And now!" he muttered, as he paced down the hill, "I suppose I shall be mad enough to give up my rooms at the Grand for some half-furnished attic in this confounded pension; throw up the eight o'clock dinner, with the clear soup and the capital real cutlets and cabbage a la Suisse. Yes, I can see it come clearly. I can't resist! I'm persecuted! In fact, I'm stark, staring mad, and somebody ought to come out and take me back to Colony Hatch!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FOSTER MOTHERS TO ORPHANS.—Vassar College students have formed a foster mother society to adopt an orphan. The title of "The Daddy Long-legs Society" has been adopted, and the movement is expected to make such strides that soon other women's colleges will join. Already, Jackson College has taken this up and if a plan proposed is carried out, students will become foster mothers of waifs who otherwise might never have homes.

The classes are to adopt homeless children as class babies, and find homes for them among relatives of the students. "The girls would get some benefit from the plan," said Miss Greenwood, president of the senior class, "for besides creating a certain amount of college spirit it would give the girls an insight into social service work which many plan to take up as a life work."

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Miss Rachel Kellum's strong words against the man who drinks, and I could keep silent no longer.

Dear sisters, do not denounce all boys and men who drink as unworthy. All do not drink of their own accord. How many young men would gladly, if they only could do so, give up drink forever! Remember there is such a thing as inheriting the drinking habit. Those boys are not to blame because they drink. Then too, some boys are not given the proper teaching in their childhood. Why blame the poor fellows for what is not their fault, but their misfortune? I am not advising any girl to marry a man who drinks, with the hope of reforming him. Rather reform him and then marry him. But, dear sisters, do not, I beg of you, scorn all boys who drink. I know several boys who drink and I know from experience, that if you turn from those boys and have nothing to do with them, it makes them worse. If, on the contrary, you let those boys know that you like them and that it hurts (not angers) and saddens you to see them under the influence of liquor, they are caused to feel ashamed of themselves and to desire to give up drink. If you scold and become angry with any man or boy about this subject, you will always find that it makes him ten times as bad as he was before. And, dear sisters, all men cannot give up drink if they try. I know of one dear, good man, one of the best friends I ever had, who tried all his lifetime to give up drink. He prayed and fought against it in vain, and I am sure he was glad when he was allowed to give up the struggle and go to God.

It does not anger me to see persons, even those of whom I know not even the name, under the influence of liquor. It saddens me as I think of what that man's or that boy's life must be, of the sufferings of his wife or mother and I feel that I would like to beg him for her sake to give up drink. Let us hear from the other sisters on this subject. I have often seen letters in which boys who drink were denounced as unworthy of love and affection; but I don't believe I have ever seen one in which the writer showed his or her sympathy for that boy.

Perhaps when I tell you that I am only a young girl of nineteen you will say I am one of those "romantic" persons who in youth believe that the whole world can be reformed. I am not that sort of girl, but I do believe that sympathy and love do more to reform the world than scorn and hatred.

Hoping to hear from other sisters, both through COMFORT and personally, I am an ardent COMFORT sister, MISS MARIE P. KEARNEY.

Miss Kearney. If, as you say, the drink habit is inherited, then, surely no girl should marry a drinking man and infect the inherited curse on her children, even if she is willing to chance the horrors of being a drunkard's wife.—Ed.

CAENOVIA, N. Y.

DEAR SISTERS: It has been so long since I have written that I am sure you have all forgotten me. However, I am going to write again, and renew our acquaintance.

I have been very busy during the past year, preparing to do mission work. I am particularly interested in rescue mission work in our own country, thoroughly believe in the mission work, and I believe that mission work should begin at one's own door—in one's own city and state; and of course extend to the remote corners of the earth. It will do that anyway, if we begin the work well at home. And I believe in an undenominational work. Do not think it matters so much whether we travel the Christian road by the Baptist or Methodist or Presbyterian route, so long as we are real genuine Christians. Of course I belong to one of these churches; I think a Christian will usually want to belong to a church. But we are all "brethren" whether Presbyterians or Lutherans or Congregationalists or any of the many other denominations.

Just now I am engaged in a Sunshine work—the establishing of a Sunshine Home. Of course that means, among other things, the raising of funds; and one way we are doing this is by the sale of our Sunshine postcards. We publish the cards, and get as many children as we can to sell them for us. Of course this is not a "get-rich-quick scheme," when you realize that we only make a few cents on each dozen cards. But if we can only get enough children to help us, it amounts to quite a little when all put together.

But perhaps I have written enough along this line for one letter. I don't want you to think I am a "crank" who can think of nothing but my own work and interests.

I think I described my home and vicinity in a former letter, but you have probably read of many others. I have been between then and now that have forgotten all about it, so I will say that central New York is one of the most beautiful spots in the whole country; especially in autumn when the foliage is bright with its red and yellow. Then the hills and valleys, the gorges and ravines are gorgeous.

My correspondence is very great, but if the sisters are interested in my work, I will be glad to tell them more about it if they will enclose a stamp when writing. I would especially like to hear from the school teachers and also the Sunday school teachers and junior workers. And I should like to ask all the sisters to pray for the success of our work. The prayers of our friends mean a great deal to us in this work.

May God bless you all.
With kindest wishes to all the sisters,
Very sincerely,
RUTH F. KNAPP.

Ruth Knapp. No one could possibly accuse you of thinking wholly of your own work and interests, and I hope you meet with the success your endeavors deserve. A church I knew of netted a fairly good sum by giving five or ten cents to every junior member with the request to "make it grow." Much good-natured rivalry existed and the ways and means devised were, in many cases, amusing. One girl, whose special talent lay in candy making, bought supplies and made candy which she sold, buying a larger quantity of supplies next time and so on, till she realized a good profit. Another girl made fancy boxes and flowers of crepe paper, while still another invested her ten cents in dainty material for sweeping caps for which she found a ready sale, buying material for more caps from the proceeds of her first sale. The boys too were willing workers. Still another church realized a fair profit by the sale of souvenir post-cards of the church and pastor. It will greatly facilitate matters if the church or community boasts one or more amateur photographers, as it probably does since the work is so interesting and easy to say nothing of being such a financial success. Then there is always the "birthday box" wherein members put as much money, usually one cent pieces, as they are years old. Sometimes this is made the occasion for a social gathering, and some member's home. While I do not claim these to be original methods, perhaps they will serve the purpose and in the meantime, we'll hope for more ideas from some of our church workers.—Ed.

ORCUTT, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time and I enjoy the Sisters' Corner.

We have lived in Sunny California over four years; one year near beautiful Santa Barbara, and right on the coast; one and one half years in the mountains and near the big trees of Mariposa county; one and one half years here in the oil fields, where thousands of barrels of oil are taken out of the depths of the earth each day.

If one has never seen the oil fields it is quite a sight. We live near the gasoline plant, where six large Messmer engines convert crude oil or gas into gasoline. The city of Santa Barbara and surrounding country all along the coast is beautiful, but here it's nothing but rocky hills and dust, which makes it rather disagreeable; but we can't have all the good things at once. Here one has employment at very good wages, all the natural gas we can burn, also free water and have our own tents or cabins, so our expenses are not great. We have our own home in the beautiful city of Portland, Oregon, so we won't be here always.

I have one son twenty-one years of age. I had one dear little baby girl, that God saw best to take from this world of care. She would be a young lady now and I dream of her quite often, but never wish her back, but cling to my boy as all mothers should. I think our boys just as dear as our girls and they love to have "mother" praise their efforts to do things, make a confidant of them, and to make pretty things for their rooms, as girls do. Don't you? My boy was home on a visit a month this summer, and I made him a nice pin cushion for his tie pins and a tie holder, and he was so proud of them. He is in San Francisco, a big wicked city; but I trust him to God's care and pray for him every night and write him long encouraging letters each week to help him along.

I will tell a good and simple good purifier, one third each of Epsom salts, sulphur and cream of tartar, mix well, take a teaspoonful three times daily.

I will come again and tell you all about the West,

as I have lived in Washington, Oregon and California. Long live Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie, Cousin Marion and Billy the Goat. Best wishes to all COMFORT sisters,
Mrs. MAE LODER.

Mrs. Loder. Your letter may act as an eye opener to mothers who are relegating their sons to a secondary place in the home, for I am sorry to say that is just what so many unthinking women are doing. Such mothers are the means of providing inmates for reform schools and yes, even prisons, simply because they render the home life of the boy so unpleasant that he prefers the street, with its inevitable outcome, to it. Some of you may lift your hands in holy horror at the suggestion and say that no boy could be treated any better than your boy and I am not denying the truth of that—in a certain sense. To be sure, you provide sufficient food for him, dress him according to his needs and allow him time and opportunity for study, but he needs more than that, he needs your companionship and guidance to lead him aright, though not in such a way that he will realize he is being led. Make his pleasure and interests your study and help him entertain his friends in the home, no matter if their heavy shoes leave tracks on the carpet and a cherished chair receive a scratch or two; rather pride yourself on possessing a mind above such petty things and look only at the future good you are accomplishing. If he has any particular hobby or study, encourage him in it, even if it does mean the expenditure of more money than you would deem wise at first thought. Ask yourself how much your boy is worth to you and then if you will let a few paltry dollars stand in the way you do not deserve the holy name of "Mother." It will be necessary to study your boy for his individual needs, but the main point to be considered is the making of home life so attractive that he will not need to seek amusement elsewhere.—Ed.

FORT SMITH, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have been getting so much out of your letters and advice that I want to write and tell you I appreciate it all. I have read COMFORT for twenty-five years and have always loved it.

We have lived in Arkansas six years. I think the climate here is just what I believe will find finer natural scenery, mountains, views and valleys, no better roads than in this part of Arkansas. All kinds of berries, peaches, pears, apples, plums and apricots grow to their best here and almost every kind of vegetable, two crops of which may be grown each year. Cotton is grown extensively and rice is grown in the central and eastern part of the state.

Fort Smith is a manufacturing city of twenty-three thousand population, fine schools, etc. and has the largest sorghum factory in the world. Fort Smith was what its name indicates, a fort during the Civil War and a few of the buildings of that time are still in preservation for their historical value, such as the Commissary building and Officers' Barracks, etc., all built of stone, now covered with ivy.

I so much admire Miss Lillie Davis' courage in trying to do something worth while, even though afflicted with deafness.

We all ought to strive to do more for others, be cheerful and at least give a pleasant greeting and kind words to all we encounter. I have a very pleasant memory of a dear neighbor I had in the North, who has now been a "stranger" for twenty-one years. To go into her presence was like going into a room filled with sunshine on a dreary day. Contact with such persons leaves one with a very different feeling compared with those who are chronic grumblers, and throwers of wet blankets.

We have three children, one boy of sixteen years, another five and one half years and a baby girl of ten months.

We are now living in the extreme suburbs, having bought an acreage tract, and keep a horse, cow and chickens. It is so restful to live out this way and more healthful.

Trusting I have not made my first call too lengthy and that I may come again some time I remain with best wishes for all, your sister,

MRS. S. E. WITNEY.

SPRUCE, MICH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Mrs. Baker. too was a stepmother at the age of nineteen to two boys and a girl and at twenty-one I was blessed with a child of my own and have tried to show no favoritism. I had their mother's picture enlarged and always told them it was their first mamma and that I was their second mamma; the word "stepmother" never passed their lips. I loved them and they returned that love. You will often find people who meddle with them, asking them if you are good to them and similar questions, but if you are kind to them they will stand up for you. Now that I am old and gray they still call me "mamma".

May this be an inspiration to you in your undertaking. Respectfully,
MRS. EVA COREMAN.

BRYAN, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for quite a while and have never written before but feel that I must reply to Mrs. Rosa E. Baker's letter which was printed in October COMFORT. I, too, am a stepmother.

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Look for the Uncle Sam label in the neckband. It's your guarantee that you are buying the greatest work shirt ever made.

READ THESE TEN BIG EXTRA-VALUE FEATURES THAT YOU GET IN THE UNCLE SAM WORK SHIRT

Sleeves extra wide at elbow and extra long; extra large armholes; tails extra long enough; two extra large button pockets; extra big expanse of chest, with extra deep front opening that makes it extra easy to get in and out; extra big pearl buttons well sewed on by machine, and extra wide cuffs. And it's sewn extra well with double-strength double stitching throughout. A marvel for standing up to the hardest wear and hardest washing—there never was a shirt to compare with it. Fast Colors, guaranteed not to fade, and materials that are the best we can buy.

Get the Uncle Sam Work Shirt at Your Dealers

If he is out of them, send us your 50 cents direct and your dealer's name, and we will see that you are supplied.

SALANT & SALANT, Makers, 71 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

and can certainly sympathize with any stepmother. Why is it, I wonder, that the stepmother is pictured as she is? Of course there are good and bad ones, but I believe the former will outnumber the latter.

Strange to say, I am another Mrs. Baker. In 1907 I was married to a man who had a little boy of ten and I had a little girl of two. The first two years of our married life was miserable, and this is why: I tried to please everybody. I was afraid someone would find fault with what I did or what I did not do. We lived in the same town with my husband's people, also the child's mother's people so that of course made it worse, or so I imagined. I wanted so much to do the right thing all the time before. I made myself miserable trying to think what was expected of me by everybody in general. Finally I came to this conclusion: I do just as you would if he were really and truly your own, regardless of what other people say and think. I said to myself, "Do as your own judgment and conscience tell you and don't think so much about what other people will say," and since then I find that was much the better plan. When one tries to please everybody they can't please anybody. I was only twenty-one, not so very much older in years than the child, but I was chosen to fill his own mother's place, as far as it is possible for some other woman to do, and God knows I have tried and have, to the best of my ability. I believe he is about the same as the average boy; doesn't always do as I would like, but how many boys are there that always do as their own mothers would have them do? I had a friend say to me only this morning, "I think it is wonderful how your little family get along." I asked her why, and she said: "One that did not know could not tell that there were three sets of children. (We have a little girl of four) if they did not know." She has lived next door to me for two years and seems to think it strange that we, or I rather should make no distinction. Husband has always treated my little girl just as he has the other children and she thinks "Daddy" is just about the only man.

So dear Mrs. Baker, do just as your conscience tells you to do and don't be influenced by outsiders. We all have to fight our own battles, and if you need help to decide some of your problems go to the Heavenly Father and not to some friend or relative. Our troubles are seldom ever made lighter by telling them to others. With love and best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and COMFORT sisters, and stepmothers especially,
MRS. J. A. BAKER.

CASTLE ROCK, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I am nerved to face the wash-disk in support of "Grandma's" ideas about rearing children. I am thirty-five years old, grandma, so one not so old at least is with you. I often wonder why ideas are so changed regarding discipline. God's word tells us plainly we are to obey Him. Why should children be allowed to go to ruin because they are not taught to obey? I am sure no one likes to punish a child but it is not a duty if necessary? I enclose an article which expresses my opinion very clearly.

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DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I am nerved to face the wash-disk in support of "Grandma's" ideas about rearing children. I am thirty-five years old, grandma, so one not so old at least is with you. I often wonder why ideas are so changed regarding discipline. God's word tells us plainly we are to obey Him. Why should children be allowed to go to ruin because they are not taught to obey? I am sure no one likes to punish a child but it is not a duty if necessary? I enclose an article which expresses my opinion very clearly.

With love and best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and COMFORT sisters, and stepmothers especially,
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One day at Windsor Palace he stood at a French window looking out upon the gardens when he should have been studying. His governess remonstrated with him, but to no avail. Finally she told him that if he did not learn his lessons she would have to put him in a corner.

"I won't learn," answered the youngster; "and I won't stand in a corner, for I am the Prince of Wales." At this he kicked vigorously at the window and broke two panes. The governess at once sent for his father, the Prince Consort, and told him the whole circumstance.

"Sit down there," said Prince Albert to his son, pointing to an ottoman, "and wait 'till I return." When he came back he carried a Bible. "Listen now," he admonished the boy, "to what the holy apostle Paul says to you and other children in your position." He then read Galatians 4: 1, 2: "Now I say, That the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; but is under tuition and governors until the times appointed of the father." "It is true," continued Prince Albert, "that you are Prince of Wales; and if you conduct yourself properly you may become a man of high station, and even after the death of your mother may become King of England. But now you are a little boy who must obey his tutors and governors. Besides, I must impress upon you a saying of the wise Solomon in Proverbs 13: 24: 'He that spareth his rod loveth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.' At this he gave the heir to the British throne a tingling chastisement, after which he stood him up in the corner, saying:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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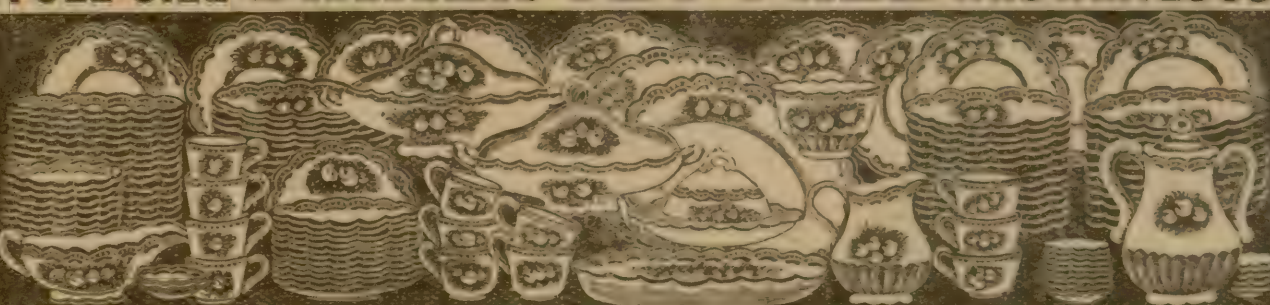
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IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain-stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Requests

Can any reader send Lillie Degroot, Tarlton Tenn. and Mrs. Belle Ingram R. 2, Leavenworth, Kans., directions for crocheted coat collar, grape design, square back having cluster of grapes in corners, or if same are sent to Editor we will be glad to publish in this department for the benefit of other readers.

Baby's Crocheted Booties of Wool

Materials Required

NE HALF skein of white, the same of blue or pink wool, No. 2 crochet hook.

With color chain 15 sts. and in Afghan st. or s. c. make 12 rows, then ch. 26 sts., and join to other corner of piece just made. Work around the ch. and across the front, putting 1 s. c. in each st., join with sl. st. Make another round of s. c., join with sl. st.

With white make 1 round of d. c., join with sl. st. With color make 3 rounds s. c., join, 1 round d. c. with white, 1 round s. c. with color, 1 round d. c. with white. Finish the top with color, 1 s. c. in each of 5 sts., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in same st., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in same st., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in same st., 1 s. c. in each next 5 sts., repeat around.

For the Foot.—With white wool commence at center back and work a round of s. c., working through both loops of each st. and widening at the two corners of the front by making 2 s. c. in corner stitches.

Work 2 more rounds, widening as in first row. Work 4 rounds, narrowing in each by skipping 1st in center of back.



BABY'S CROCHETED BOOTIES.

Work 2 rounds, narrowing once in each round at the center of the back, and at center of front. Join by crocheting two edges together. With colors make cord and tassels or use ribbon ties.

Winter Hats and Caps

Outing Hat with Rolling Brim

This hat is made of the coarse elderdown wool. About three skeins will be needed and coarse No. 8 or 9 crochet hook.

Begin in center of crown with ch. 3, join in ring, ch. 1, 9 s. c. in ring. Do not join as the crown is worked round and round.

2nd round.—Draw up loop on the needle and pick up a loop in each of the 2 first chains of the first row, wool over and through all 3, ch. 1. Pick up a loop in the same ch. with last loop of this first cluster and a loop in the next ch., thread over and through all 3, ch. 1, and repeat all around.

3rd round the same.

4th round.—Make first cluster as before, then pick up a loop in each of the next two chains, wool over and through all 3, ch. 1. *Pick up loop in the same ch. with last loop of the preceding cluster and a loop in next ch., wool over and through all 3, ch. 1, then pick up a loop in each of the 2 next chs., wool over and through all 3, ch. 1 and repeat from * all around, thus widening in every other cluster.

Continue in this way widening sufficiently

to keep work almost but not quite flat. In the eighth round do not widen at all. Make 3 more rounds without widening. Then 5 rounds of the same wool or a different color as one prefers.

The brim is of 6 rounds, widened gradually.



CROCHETED HATS AND CAPS OF WOOL.

Trim with wing and rosettes crocheted of the colored wool. For the rosette begin as for the crown and work 4 rounds, drawing the last one in somewhat. For the ring make ch. 15 sts., work 1 round of same st. in hat, turn and work 1 round s. c., repeat alternate rounds in this way until wing is the desired size. Sew trimming in place on left-hand side.

Toque with Tassels

For this very easily made toque one will need three or four skeins of Germantown and a No. 7 crochet hook.

Begin with a ch. of 100 to 115 sts., according to size. This chain gives the length of the cap from front to back and allows for the 3-inch turn-up.

The work is simply rows of double crochet, taking up only the back loop of the stitch, and always making a ch. 2 to turn at the end of each row to keep the edges even.

Crochet closely in all of these caps, and if anything make them a trifle small as with constant wear they stretch out somewhat.

Enough rows of double crochet should be made to reach just half way around the head, and then the cap is seamed up on each side. The left side finished with cord and tassels as shown, while the right is folded in the same way but tacked down inside of the turn-up.

Auto Toque

The ribbon run through this toque ties it securely in place and also adds to its attractiveness. Five skeins of elderdown or other coarse wool will be needed and bone hook No. 8 or 9.

Begin with chain 3, join in ring. Draw up the loop on hook, wool over and pick up loop under ring, wool over and through all 5 loops, ch. 1, thus forming 1 cluster. Make 8 more clusters in the ring and join.

2nd round.—Draw up loop on hook, wool over and pick up loop through joining st., wool over, pick up another loop in same st., wool over and through all 5 loops, ch. 1. *Wool over, pick up loop in next space, wool over, pick up loop in same space, wool over and through all 5 loops, ch. 1 and repeat from * all around, increasing by putting an extra cluster in every other space, or 15 clusters in this round.

3rd round.—Make 2 clusters in every third space.

4th round.—Make 2 clusters between each group of two clusters in last row, thus making the increasing at 5 points.

5th round.—1 cluster on each cluster and 2 clusters at each of the 5 points of increase.

6th round.—Increase in every other point only.

7th round.—Increase in points skipped in last row or on 2 points only in this row.

8th round.—Without increasing at all, 2 rounds decreasing, 1 cluster in each.

Four rounds without increasing or decreasing. Then turn and work 6 or 7 rounds for the turn-up.

Finish by running either soft satin or velvet ribbon through this, as shown in our illustration, and tie in bow on the side.

Roman Bordered Cap

This little cap, while quite different from the others, is very pretty for a young girl who needs color and is very easily made, as the stitch is the simply single crochet.

About two skeins of Germantown wool will be needed for the crown, and one half skein each of four different colors.

The cap shown had crown of light tan, with band showing a broad space of dark rose, one of light rose and one of canary yellow. This made a very pretty combination but other colors could be selected. A dark blue bottle green, scarlet and yellow with a little black makes an effective cap.

Using the color for the crown make ch. 3 and join in a ring.

1st round.—Insert hook in ring and draw loop through, thread over and through both loops, thus forming 1 s. c. Make 8 more s. c. in ring. Do not join, work round and round.

2nd round.—Make 2 s. c. in each s. c. of first round, working through both loops of st.

3rd round.—2 s. c. then 1 s. c., repeat once around.

4th round.—1 s. c. in each s. c., repeat once around. Then make 2 rounds, increasing by putting 2 s. c. in every fourth st.

7th round.—2 s. c. in every fifth st.

8th round.—2 s. c. in every sixth st.

9th round.—2 s. c. in every eighth st.

The work should now measure about eight inches in diameter. Make 12 more rounds without increasing, and cap should be ready for border, if not, enlarge by working another row or two.

For the Border.—Make ch. 21 of dark rose, turn, 1 s. c. in second ch. from hook, 1 s. c. in each st., ch. 1, turn. Make a ch. 1 at end of each row and work as in crown of cap, through both loops. Make 16 rows. Then 1 row light blue, 1 row black, 1 row tan, 1 row black, 16 rows canary yellow, 1 row light blue, 1 row light rose, 1 row light blue, repeat by next joining on dark rose. Finish top of this band with row of tan in s. c. to cover ends

3, shell in shell, ch. 3, 8 d. c. with ch. 3 between, ch. 3, shell in shell all around.

16th round.—Shell in shell, 6 d. c. in ch. 3 of shell, 6 d. c. in ch. 3 between shells until you have 5 clusters of 4 d. c., with ch. 2 between shell in shell (this is the fan edge between star points), ch. 3 and decrease d. c. with ch. 3, 1 each time around, shell in shell, repeat around.

17th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, d. c. with ch. 3 between 11 times, ch. 3, shell in shell all around.

18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd rounds are like above, decreasing point of star 1 d. c. each round and increasing fan, 1 each round.

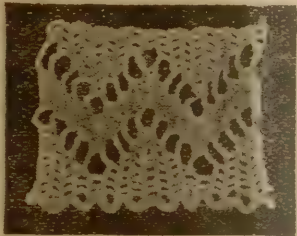
For the Scallop

Fill ch. with s. c., ch. 5 and catch back and fill with d. c. all round.

Doily made of No. 40 crochet cotton and of this size thread makes a large centerpiece which is beautiful. MRS. LIDA DEARBORN.

Simple Crocheted Edge

Begin with ch. 36 sts. 1 d. c. in 8th st. from needle, ch. 1, sk. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 1, sk. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 1, sk. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 5, sk. 5, 6 d. c. in next 6 sts., ch. 5, sk. 5, 1 d. c., sk. 1, repeat until there are 7 d. c. in this group, ch. 9, 1 s. c. in end, turn, 10 s. c. under ch. 9, ch. 3, 1 d. c., between each d. c. last row. 2 d. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, sk. 2 d. c., 6 d. c. on 6 d. c. work last 2 under next ch. 5, ch. 5, 3 d. c. ch. 3, turn, 4 d. c. last 2 under ch. 5, ch. 5, 6 d. c., last 2 under ch. 5, sk. 2 d. c., 7 d. c., with ch. 1, between each, ch. 9, turn, 10 s. c. under ch. 9, ch. 3, 5 d. c., ch. 5, 6 d. c., ch. 5, 6 d. c., ch. 3, turn. Continue zigzagging the center solid band of doubles back and forth through the center as shown by first skipping 2 d. c. on one side and then on the other.



SIMPLE CROCHETED EDGE

Oval Platter Doily

Begin in the center with chain of 66 stitches. 1st round.—A double in the 10th chain from the needle, ch. 3 and a double into the next 4th chain, repeat until you have 14 spaces.

2nd round.—Without turning make ch. 5 for a treble of throwovers. Three rounds in succession are done with crossed trebles, so will give the beginning in detail. The next treble is done behind the chain into the space without turning the work. Pass the needle below the ch. 5 into the back space and make the treble. The chain will be on top and make the cross. This is for the first in a row. The next is a treble in the end space before the ch. 5 a little, to make the cross the next is put back of the last, passing in under the treble, not over the top. Continue to make these crossed trebles all around, putting enough in the ends to keep the work flat. Join to top of ch. 5.

3rd round.—Ch. 5 and make the crossed treble as before. Go into both loops of the trebles below, and on the ends where you must increase you go twice in a stitch. Join on top of ch. 5.

4th round.—Same as 3rd round.

5th round.—This is a round of spaces. The first made with ch. 7 and a double in the space after 2 crossed trebles; after this ch. 4 and a double after every 2 crossed trebles. This is for the sides where the edges are even; on the curved ends use ch. 5. Join on the 3rd of the ch. 7.

6th round.—A row of triangular patterns is next. (Ch. 9, work back on it to make the triangle, skip 1st chain, then 2 singles, 2 half doubles, 2 doubles and 2 trebles. Sl. st. on the next double to fasten). Repeat this for every space all around. Sl. st. up to the top.

7th round.—To go around the ends which are round and straighten up the triangles. (Ch. 3, then a treble down the side to the 3rd last stitch, work off treble twice, then a treble to opposite triangle to correspond with same stitch; work this off twice then thread over and draw through all the loops; now ch. 3 and single on top of next triangle). Repeat this all around, but on the straight edges use only 1 chain in place of 3. Join on first triangle.

8th round.—This is a round of spaces again. Begin with ch. 8 (and a double into the treble between the triangles, ch. 5, a double on triangle, ch. 5); repeat all around, but use ch. 4 on the straight edges.

9th round.—Repeat the 2nd round.

10th round.—Repeat the 3rd round.

11th round.—Repeat the 4th round.

12th round.—Scallops are started now. (Ch. 4, a long treble over the hook three times in the 2nd space), three times more, ch. 4, fasten down on second double, ch. 5, a treble in next double, ch. 5, fasten down with a single in next double. Repeat from the beginning all around.

13th round.—At the first scallop make a triangle as before and fasten on long treble. Do this until you have five, then fill the two chain of 5 to the next scallop with singles. Repeat

Hexagon and Star Centerpiece

Chain 8 and join.

1st round.—Ch. 3, 2 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c., until you have six groups, join.

2nd round.—Ch. 3, shell in shell with ch. 2 between, shell all around and join.

3rd round.—Ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join.

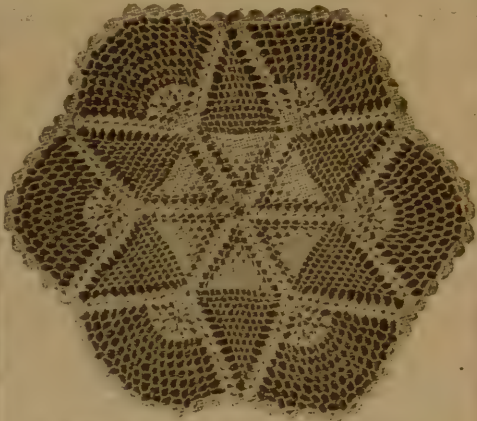
4th round.—Ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join.

5th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 3, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join in 3rd st. of ch. 5.

6th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 3, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join.

7th row.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join in 3rd st. of ch. 5.

8th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, 8 d. c. in 8 d. c., ch. 2,



HEXAGON AND STAR CENTERPIECE.

1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join in 3rd st. of ch. 5.

9th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, 14 d. c. in 14 d. c., 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, shell in shell all around, join in 3rd st. of ch. 5.

10th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 d. c. in ch. 2, 22 d. c. in 22 d. c., 4 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, shell in shell all around and join in 3rd st. of ch. 5.

This completes the Hexagon center.

For the Star

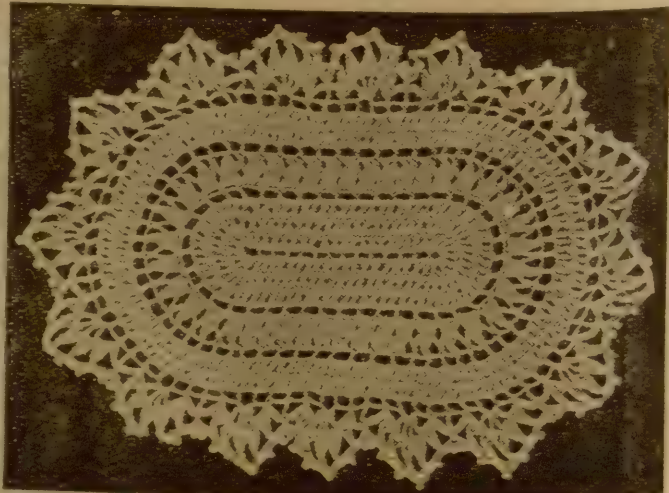
11th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 3, 12 d. c. with ch. 3 between, ch. 3, shell in shell all around, join 3rd st. of ch. 5.

12th round.—Ch. 5, shell in shell, ch. 3, 2 d. c., ch. 3, 2 d. c., ch. 3, shell in shell, all in shell of previous round, ch. 3, 11 d. c. with ch. 3 between in ch. 3 of previous round, join as before.

13th round.—Shell in shell, 3 d. c., ch. 5, 3 d. c. in ch. 3 of middle shell of 2 d. c., ch. 3 and 2 d. c. (of previous shell, last row), shell in shell, ch. 3, 10 d. c. with ch. 3 between (as before), ch. 3, shell in shell as in beginning of 13th row and repeat around.

14th round.—Shell in shell, 3 d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 5, 3 d. c., all in ch. 5 of last round, shell in shell, ch. 3, 9 d. c. with ch. 3 between, shell in shell, etc., repeat around.

15th round.—Shell in shell, shell of d. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c. in ch. 3, ch. 3, shell of 3 d. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c. in ch. 3, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c. in ch. 3.



OVAL PLATTER DOILY.

over each scallop.

14th round.—Pass with ch. 5 and singles from one point of a triangle to another.

15th round.—Fill the chains of 5 full of singles and at every 5th stitch make a ch. 3 picot.

A. O. L. WERTMAN.

The Independence of Country Life

What Science and Invention Have Done to Make Life Easier for the Women on the Farm

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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NO small proportion of the prosperity and happiness of the modern farm woman has been worked in the laboratories of the scientist and the workshop of the inventor.

The genius of mind has entered her life with a power a little short of revolutionary.

Remoteness and isolation no longer present effective barriers to the march of progress. With the coming of the automobile, the physical boundaries of her world have been widely extended. She need no longer wait for all things to come to her as was too often the case with the farm woman of yesterday. Now she can go far afield for profit or pleasure as the business or recreation needs of her life demand.

But rarely now are the plow horses required to take the family to church on Sunday or to participate in an evening's dissipation at some neighborhood dance or frolic or the all day picnic; such immunity results necessarily in their increased efficiency through the day. Not infrequently they are altogether relieved from the unduly heavy draft work by the traction engines in use on many of the larger farms.

Very pleasing to the ear of the farm woman must be the chug of the little motor engine that pumps the well's water into an elevated tank from which it is piped throughout the house for the convenience of the family. Getting water by simply turning a spigot may interfere with the poetry of the "Old Oaken Bucket" at the well, but it is certain that no farm woman whose duties have ever obliged her to traverse that weary trail from kitchen to well, and laboriously haul up hand over hand on a wet slippery rope, to a secure landing place, that ponderous, moss-covered article, representing the farm's sole supply of water for household use, will ever feel regret at its passing. No one will begrudge its measure of fame in song and story, if its actual existence may be eliminated from its ancient post and confined to poetry.

A sympathetic and observing friend of the farm woman has estimated that the distance she walks in her countless necessary trips between her house and the ordinarily placed well or cistern to be over a thousand miles during the course of a year. No farmer of today is justified in subjecting his wife to such drudgery, when by the expenditure of a little money, time and attention, he can provide his household with an abundant supply of running water.

For the asking he can get the instructive Farmer's Bulletins, issued free by the Agricultural Department of the United States, containing complete plans and instructions for an up-to-date bathroom and laundry, water tanks, the disposal of the sewage, besides directions for protection from contamination of the water supply and various methods of lifting the water. Write secretary of agriculture, Washington, D. C., for them; you need not even enclose postage.

Thus the farmer need not depend upon his own ingenuity to figure out plans to supply his house with modern conveniences. Experts have been employed by the government to work out along sanitary and economical lines all problems presented by country homes.

The situation of the house, the stables and the stockpens are thoughtfully and logically mapped out. The placing of the well or cistern is no longer a haphazard affair, but the result of a careful study of the topography of the farm, to determine where the source of water supply would be least exposed to infection through surface wash or seepage not only from the farm buildings but from any other possible source of infection in the neighborhood. Natural conditions should, of course, decide whether the water supply is to be obtained from a spring or stream or cistern or well. It can be raised by windmill, hydraulic ram or a hot air, gas, gasoline or kerosene motor engine, but whichever plan may happen to be most feasible full directions for its construction and operation, with diagrams, may be secured in the Department of Agriculture bulletins for the farmer.

Perhaps the gravest of the farm's problems is the disposal of the house sewage. For the solution of this also, the government offers valuable suggestions. Several systems, differing according to the size of the family and the natural drainage supplied by the land, have been evolved by these agents and are being successfully used.

Close attention to sanitation, by the farmer's wife is bound to bring large returns in the way of health and happiness for herself and her family. Many dangerous cases of illness, chiefly among the children, occurring on isolated farms and formerly of inexplicable origin, can easily be understood and traced today, when the unclean conditions too often prevalent on such numbers of them are con-

sidered. Now that so many of these unfavorable conditions can be combatted or prevented, and a knowledge of how to do so easily at hand, there is small excuse for their existence. A little child's life was and is now frequently the heavy price paid for carelessness and ignorance of home hygiene.

Among the greatest conveniences of the present-day farmer's wife are those of improved methods of lighting and heating. The primitive tallow dip has been relegated to the darkness it so inadequately relieved. Its somewhat but more dangerous successor, the common kerosene lamp, especially the glass variety, with its notorious record of grease, grime, soot, wrecked eyesight, arson and even murder, should be banished, as a nuisance and a menace to comfort, health and safety, and its place should be filled by some of the improved all-metal lamps that combine a greater degree of safety with better efficiency, brilliancy and cleanliness, or by the still more convenient acetylene gas system with its brilliant white light rivaling that of the electric incandescent filament. The kicking over of a lantern by a cow started the great Chicago fire, and hundreds if not thousands of farm buildings have been burned by lantern and hand lamp accidents; all those can now be avoided by use of the electric lantern. The blue-flame, smokeless kerosene stove should be substituted in place of the old, smoking, dangerous style for summer cooking.

The fireless cooker is one of the greatest aids to modern cookery. Provided with one of these the cook or housewife is spared many hot hours in her kitchen watching to see that her stews etc. do not boil over or go dry or that her chicken or roast does not burn up in the oven.

That every family may add a fireless cooker to its kitchen equipment, the government gives explicit directions for the construction of a simple and efficient kind which anyone can readily make at home without need of skilled carpenters or expensive materials.

A tightly covered tin or enamelled bucket or can, a wooden box, and hay or excelsior as packing materials are all that is needed. The box should be considerably larger in every direction than the vessel used for cooking. Line the box with several thicknesses of paper or asbestos. Over the bottom spread a thick layer of hay, crumpled newspaper or similar material tightly packed.

The cooking vessel is placed on the center of this and the spaces between it and the sides are packed as solidly as possible with the hay or excelsior or whatever packing is used. A thick cushion or pad of suitable size should be made for covering the top of the can and a wooden lid or cover for the box is desirable. These boxes may be made to hold two or three vessels just as easily as for one.

The cereal, soup, stew, vegetables or meats may be brought to the boiling point in the can or bucket and cooked on the stove an average of ten minutes. It is then covered tightly, removed to the nest in the cooker, covered on top with the cushion and the top of the box is closed and kept closed until the dish is to be served.

For all foods that require long slow cooking, this device offers a happy and economical solution. Printed instructions for making and using may be had free from U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The hot water or hot air furnace with its maximum of comfort and minimum of trouble is a delightful substitute for any other system of heating, no matter what. Its genial cheer, penetrates to every part of the house, dispelling cold and discomfort for each member of the family in his or her own particular habitat, instead of forcing them to be part of a helpless chilly group hovered over a community fireplace or a stove.

An open log fire, with its crackling and pungency, is a charming feature in a well heated room on a winter evening, but as a thing to stand between a family and zero weather, no greater fraud exists.

A rich heritage for the farmer's wife was the discovery of a way to separate cream from milk. By one simple process she saves enormously in both time and labor.

So interested has Uncle Sam become in the welfare of the farm woman that a special division in one of the bureaus of Agricultural Department has been established solely for her benefit. It is called the Office of Farm Management, and its object is to develop and enrich the life of the farm woman.

This is being accomplished in various ways.

The first step has been an effort to get in touch with farm homes and secure the personal co-operation of the housekeepers in the proposed

work of the office. From among the six million farm homes scattered throughout the length and breadth of the United States, a number of varying types have been selected for purposes of experimentation. The immediate object in view being to study present conditions on the farm, secure exhaustive accurate information as to the character and quantity of labor done by the farm woman, the cost or articles purchased or sold by her and the amount of farm produce used in the home.

To facilitate the collection of this data special blanks have been prepared and sent out from this office. The labor record reads as follows:

Preparation, serving and clearing up of meals;

Care of the House, including sweeping, dusting and house-cleaning;

Care of children;

Laundry work;

Sewing, mending;

Marketing;

Canned fruit;

Care of poultry;

Dairy Work, including milking, churning and washing the separator;

The garden;

The yard;

Miscellaneous labor.

The farm woman is also asked to record the time she devotes to recreation.

Already practical plans have been worked out in the office for the purpose of relieving the farm woman from many of the inconveniences against which she has been contending for centuries.

Designs for the farmhouse, a general plan for the grounds and, most important of all perhaps for the farmer's wife, a model kitchen, are supplied to those who choose to avail themselves of the valuable suggestions proffered by the government. Not only is the kitchen plan made to conform to practical economy in construction but the same idea is carried out in every tiny detail of the equipment, and arrangement of furniture.

The same beneficent power may also preside while the farmer's wife tests the scores of recipes formulated in the government's own kitchens where the food values from the standpoint of nutrition are analyzed and all combinations of foods judged by these standards.

The deep secrets of good bread-making stand revealed, from the working of the original yeast cells to the proper cooling of the finished product. Every step of the process is explained, and a formula given so that failure may be avoided or at least understood by the bread maker. Dozens of new, palatable preparations with cornmeal have been created by the scientific government cooks. They also offer explicit directions regarding temperature, etc., so that the veriest amateur may marshal her courage and go to work with a fair show of success with her bread, provided she pays strict attention to her recipe.

Tomatoes have been canned on the farm for many years, but recent experiments in the Bureau of Chemistry show that practically the entire surplus of the garden can be saved. With a proper outfit and intelligent methods, such vegetables as squash, egg plant, beets and succotash may be as easily canned for winter use as tomatoes.

If the garden and orchard overflow are too great to be saved by the farmer's family, a neighborhood club may be organized for its preservation. The members congregate in turn at the various farms and with the entire force of the membership at work, the surplus is soon stored away in glass jars and cans. The club sometimes becomes a business firm finding a safe for its products in adjacent towns. At the ring of that modern genie, the telephone, the distance between the club's business manager and the town merchant is bridged. The terms of contracts discussed and sales accomplished within the space of a few minutes. Lacking the telephone facilities, there remains always the telegraph and the now quick delivery of mail by the rural carrier. Another modern institution of yet unreckoned value to the farm woman is the Parcel Post. It removes practically every barrier between her and the city or town market, taking her products from her own gate, delivering them into the hands of the purchaser, collecting the price if desired and returning it to her.

A little study of the system in order to understand clearly the weight limit, the rates charged within the various zones, the regulations regarding the preparation of parcels, etc., would be very helpful to the farm woman. She can get this information for the asking from the rural carrier on her route or the postmaster. It is hoped that the system will work out so satisfactorily between producer and consumer that not a single product of the farm will go to waste.

Efforts are being made by the postmaster of the City Post Office at Washington to bring into close touch the people on the farms who have something to sell and the people in the towns who wish to buy. He advertises for the names

and addresses of farmers who are willing to furnish country produce to town patrons by parcel post. Lists of these names are displayed in the Public Library and mailed to the various householders. To these farmers the postmaster sends a printed circular containing full information of the parcel post system, with instructions and suggestions as to its use. To aid in developing and perfecting this plan by which a town woman may do her marketing in the country and the farm woman not only dispose of her wares, but do so without sharing her profits with a middleman, the postmaster has secured the co-operation of the Housekeeper's League of Washington City whose members by actual personal transactions are testing its working qualities.

Each member sends an order to one or more of the listed farmers or farm women according to her own needs in the matter of eggs, poultry, vegetables, fruit, honey, home-made pickles, preserves, sausage, hams, eggs, etc., and reports to the club and the postmaster as to the condition in which the produce was received, the promptness and conscientiousness with which the order was filled and the punctuality of its delivery by the post-office department. To facilitate the use of the parcel post large receptacles for packages are being installed all over the country. Good service on her part not only insures a steady market to the farm woman, but it brings within her reach something even more important from the standpoint of personal independence. And that is her own bank account. Some have already achieved one, but many women have felt that their savings were too small to offer to a bank. With the establishment of the Postal Savings Bank, where the very small sums are accepted, and the opportunities offered them by the Parcel Post for making money there is no real reason why every farm woman should not lay by something in her own name.

Unquestionably there has been during recent years tremendous impetus given farm life by the scientific solving of many of the most important problems and the publication and wide free distribution of these results.

It is no longer necessary for a man or a woman to have been born and brought up on a farm in order to become a farmer. If a woman, for women have become important farmers, feels a call to the farm, she has only to decide what crops she likes best to cultivate, provide herself with all the literature on the subject, buy the necessary number of acres for the cultivation of the selected crop and proceed to grow it. Intensive cultivation can do wonders on a very small plot of ground. There is a crop, the mushroom that calls for no more than a cellar.

The best cultural methods for valuable crops may be had from the government. Experience counts in farming as it does in everything else, but the beginner can escape the discouragement of total failure by supplying himself with Uncle Sam's accumulated experience set forth in the most complete work of farm literature ever compiled—the Farmer's Bulletins.

They not only instruct you how to spray your potatoes and why; how to dip and shear your sheep; and the best methods of packing the fleeces so that they will bring the highest market prices. The farmer's wife gets new ideas upon storing vegetables, and staples during the winter season, the most up-to-date instructions on the care and feeding of children and sick people, and the care of food in hot weather. Besides there are many valuable hints which may be turned to account in gardening, poultry and bird raising, and also raising of squabs and hares. Even the oldest, most experienced farmer has learned the value of the vast scope of work done on the government experiment farms and in the field work, and he is glad to get help from this reliable source when he is confronted with an obstinate case of soil drifting or an ugly wash that threatens to exhaust his soil resources.

Besides the value of Government instruction to the farmer, every rural housewife may be instructed in the anatomy of the beef; just where the tenderest cuts are to be found, and the actual food value of every part. She is given a number of recipes showing how the tougher, least attractive portions of the meat can be made into savory dishes. She is also told how to combine other fat with mutton fat so that it becomes as valuable for family use as lard. Then too mutton is exhaustively treated, as it does not receive the attention in this country that it deserves and gets abroad, which is largely due to the fact that we have not learned the secrets of cooking it appetizingly.

In fact a complete set of the Farmer's Bulletins furnish free a liberal education in domestic science and home economics, not only to the farmer and his family but to the urbanite as well. They not only teach new ideas and the use of the most modern practical appliances, the futility of wasting time and energy following obsolete methods, but they so present the theories of conservation and efficiency as to put many of the inventions of the age within the reach of people, to whom they were once, if not unwelcome, at least undesired, as much because of a narrow viewpoint as for financial reasons. Now the uses of the gasoline and kerosene engines are legion. The washing machine, the mangle, the churn, the sewing machine and in fact almost everything that requires motive power may now be run by the same force that pumps the water and does much of the field work.

Where electricity is available, farm life may be made the ideal existence, with an independence that is hard to excel. For there seems to be no limit to the achievements within its power, and by its use, comfort and convenience may, with the pressure of a button or the turn of a lever, become positive luxury.

With so many forces at work in her interest it is safe to predict a life of increasing usefulness and culture for the farmer's wife and all farm women.

Already they stand for much that is finest in our national life. It is not difficult to believe that at no distant day her environment will respond to her needs and desires and she herself will embody the highest of our country's ideals.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Something about the Bath

THE prettiest girl is always the cleanest girl. The reason for this is, that, unless all impurities are removed from the skin before they can be seized upon and retained by the pores, the result will be pimples and blackheads, ziti, etc.

A bath is not only a necessity but a luxury, and the bath habit smooths one's temper and nerves almost as effectively as it wards off wrinkles. For all of these reasons, make a January first resolution never to omit the daily bath. Perhaps some of us are a little careless, at times, feel tired or sleepy at night, hurried in the morning, and content ourselves with a half-hearted sponging or even just a face bath except for the weekly "scrubbing."

This is all wrong. We need at least one good bath a day—and two, one at night and one in the morning, is even better for both health and beauty.

So, girls, let's choose the best for ourselves, and say quite firmly and out loud, "I belong to the Order of the Daily Bath."

If you bathe at night, choose a hot bath, and if there is running water in the house and a nice generous bathtub let the water run all the time you are in the tub, so that it will keep stirred up constantly and as warm and "comfy" as possible.

Rub yourself dry with a soft towel, and jump into bed without a minute's delay, because the only objection to a hot bath is that people foolishly wander around cold rooms afterward in too few clothes, get chilled, and, as a result, catch cold.

A hot bath is good for "nerves," for wakefulness, for that general tired feeling, and for congestion of any kind, periodical or otherwise. It relaxes the muscles, and rests one.

If you are very nervous, and perhaps inclined to either neuritis or rheumatism, pour two ounces of turpentine in the bath water and three ounces of green soap. Green soap, you know, is not green at all, but in appearance something like old-fashioned soft soap. It is called potash soap by the druggist, and is about the consistency of custard.

It is a good soap to have on hand for the treatment of blackheads. For this purpose it should be rubbed on to the face, after the latter has been thoroughly washed in hot water and steamed with hot wet cloths.

The soap should stay on the face almost five minutes then the skin scrubbed with a camel's-hair complexion brush and hot water. Some of the blackheads will come away. Rinse thoroughly, dry, and rub in cold cream.

Make your bath a sort of "pleasure exertion," so that you will look forward to it in a restful part of the day. Carry your manicure things to the bath with you, and while you rest in the water for five minutes—or possibly ten (keep the water at an even temperature remember!) use your orange-wood stick to push the cuticle down at the base of the nails, your file to dispose of any little roughness at the tip, etc., etc.

A bath mitten will stimulate the circulation when drying the body, and you can buy a bath strap (very much like a razor strap, only wider and make of heavy Turkish towelling) and, by slipping a hand in each end loop, friction the body with it.

When you want to be especially dainty, try rubbing the body with flour after the bath. It gives the skin a soft velvety surface. Do not use it on the face, however, as it might result in blackheads, the pores being open after the hot bath.

If you live in a more old-fashioned house, whose big drawback is the lack of a bathtub, it is little harder to compass the daily bath, but try to do so, even if you must restrict it to a quick sponge of the body from a bowl of hot, soapy water, and a rinsing from another. And, in any case keep the face well scrubbed nightly.

Choose pure soaps for bathing—not the strong lye soap used in the kitchen or about the house-work. Oatmeal bags thrown into the water will soften it, or the water in which bran has been boiled will prove equally beneficial.

Even if you haven't a bathtub, you can use one of the cabinet baths as a substitute. I spent a winter once in a Southern town where the bathtub was conspicuous by its absence. But I had taken with me a bath cabinet—nothing more or less than a four-walled rubber-covered screen which folded into a box and was fastened after I was inside it, and which had rubber flaps at the top to button about my neck and close the opening.

A pan of water set over a small alcohol stove and placed below a cane-seated chair on which I sat after undressing for the bath, was what made me clean. The steam condensed, and as I got warm and warmer the little drops of water poured out of my pores. After ten minutes I could emerge, and, giving myself a good brisk rubbing with a rough towel, be spotlessly clean.

You could improvise such a bath from a low clothes rack and some blankets; but it is wise in using an alcohol lamp to put it in a deep iron kettle, so no flame could possibly do damage. Set a pan of water over this kettle and it will prove not only safe but effective.

A vapor bath like this, once a week, will do wonders for your complexion. Remember not to wander about your room afterward, but to make a bee-line for bed, and cover yourself up to the chin with warm blankets.

It is a pleasant practise to keep one's bath towel in a drawer or closet where violet sachets are laid. Then, when the warm body is rubbed with them, a very faint and delicate odor is left—not strong enough to be in bad taste, but giving just a pleasing suggestion of daintiness.

There is a special gelatin bath which gives a luster to the skin, and is somewhat of a luxury, and if after you have done all the other things I have told you, you would like to try this, too, I shall be very glad to print the formula.

Answers to Questions

Ignorance.—I'm afraid you did not persevere in your exercises. You should practise the exercise night and morning, for ten minutes at a time, to reduce fat hips. Standing with heels together, toes turned out, place your hands on the back of a chair or any other object that may be convenient. Rise on your toes; then sink down to the floor, slowly bending the knees. Rise to the standing position again without allowing the heels to touch the floor. The object of placing your hands

on the back of a chair is to help preserve your balance. Inhale when rising, exhale when squatting. For your too large bust, try binding it with wide strip of rubber sheeting, wound firmly about the body and fastened tight with strips of adhesive tape. It will induce perspiration and this brings about reduction.

Huron, E. Dak.—Yes, peroxide and ammonia is an excellent treatment for superfluous hair. That you have already used depilatories makes no difference. Dampen the hair one day with peroxide, the next day with ammonia. If your skin should be very sensitive the ammonia may irritate it a little after a number of days.



YOUR BATH BAG SHOULD HOLD YOUR MANICURE IMPLEMENTS.

If it does, stop the treatment for a couple of days, then resume.

E. R.—Skin food will not make your skin white—it only helps to put it in good condition. Scrub the face every night with hot soapy water and a camel's-hair complexion brush, afterward rinsing thoroughly many times. Then rub skin food or any other good cold cream into the face until it is practically absorbed. This will help your skin. If your face gets shiny after putting on cold cream and powder, it is probably because you do not rub the cold cream well into the face until the skin has absorbed all it will and then wipe the face thoroughly with a soft towel to get off any superfluous cold cream. Be careful about this in the future. Your red nose is probably due to poor circulation, but be careful that your bowels are in good condition, as they might be partly responsible. If your corsets, gowns, collars or sleeves were tight a red nose would result. Exercise a little night and morning to put the circulation in order. Try the exercise I prescribed for "Ignorance." Here is a formula for a good skin food:

Magnolia Skin Food

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; cocoa-nut oil, one ounce; tincture benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from the fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, stirring it with an egg beater until cold.

Mrs. C. A. A. and Mrs. E. D. L.—Here are the directions for the use of Epsom salts paste to reduce: Take half a pound of Epsom salts and dissolve in a pint of rain-water, then shake fine one and a half bars of the best white tincture soap and dissolve in a quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cooled, beat in the Epsom salts solution. This preparation must be massaged heavily into the fleshy parts at night and allowed to dry on the skin. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue treatment until flesh disappears. The average loss in weight per week is two pounds. Twice a week, before taking above treatment, it would be a good idea to immerse body for a few minutes in a tubful of very hot water into which has been thrown half a boxful of ordinary baking soda. When you feel as if you were about to melt away, jump out of the tub and after drying yourself hastily, wrap up in a woolen blanket. When you cease perspiring, which may not be for half an hour, dry body and rub in the Epsom paste. For a dietary, absolutely refrain from eating between meals, cut out all sweets (which include using sugar on cereal or otherwise) and all fats (which means gravies, fat meats, and much butter), and the starchy foods, such as potatoes, rice, macaroni. Eat very little white bread. Lean meat, green vegetables, and fresh fruit should be your standby. Exercise will go a long way toward reducing flesh. See answer to "Ignorance."

Rose.—Gentle massage with cocoa-butter will help develop the bust. Get together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, hot, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm, then cool, the very cold water. Take two of these treatments every seven days for three weeks, when your skin will be beautifully white and soft as satin.

Mildred.—I imagine the face bleach you mean is as follows:

Almond Meal Complexion Bleach

Buy a 50-cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, hot, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm, then cool, the very cold water. Take two of these treatments every seven days for three weeks, when your skin will be beautifully white and soft as satin.

Margaret.—See answer to "Ignorance and Mrs. C. A. A." You can take internally the Vaucaire remedy but personally I prefer the use of rubber sheeting and exercise to reduce the bust.

Daucaire Bust Tonic

Liquid extract of galega (goat's rue), ten grams; lactophosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of kannel, ten grams; simple syrup, four hundred grams. The dose is two spoonfuls in water before every meal.

Miss G. S.—To gain flesh, a tablespoonful of olive oil either just before or just after each meal and before going to bed is excellent. Drink quantities of water, eight to ten glasses a day between meals—no liquids at table. Chew your food thoroughly, and exercise night and morning. Do not eat fried foods.

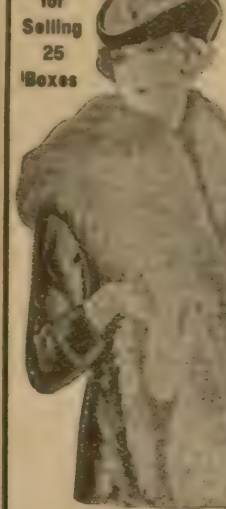
Spring Valley.—See answer to E. R. for formula for good skin food. If you are using Castile soap, that is all right but do not rub it on the face. Make a lather and scrub the face at night as per directions to E. R. During the day do not use soap. Make yourself some cheese-cloth bags or squares about three by three inches and half fill with crushed oats. When washing dip lightly in the water and use as a wash-

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This is an imitation Wolf set of long China Coat fur, resembling Wolf. Large Russian shawl scarf. Scarf is trimmed with tails, pillow muff has wrist cord. Lined with gray satin.

This Big Value 7 Bar Box Contains 7 of Our Most Popular Toilet Soaps—75c Value—You Sell It for only 50c.

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Anyone can quickly sell twenty-five or thirty-two boxes of this high grade Toilet Soap and easily earn either of these handsome Premiums. Friends and neighbors will be glad to buy because of the big value. Everybody knows that Crofts & Reed's Products are high quality. We have been making good goods for twenty-six years. People everywhere want Crofts & Reed's soap. You will be surprised how easy you can sell it. Remember, you take no risk—we take everything back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

Coat is of boucle curl; lined throughout with black satin. Collar of black plush. Revers and cuffs of the material. Fronts are self-faced, and have wide lap over, fastening with three plush buttons and loops. Length 48 inches. Sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure.

CROFTS & REED CO. DEPT. B-29 CHICAGO

CROFTS & REED CO., Dept. B-29, CHICAGO

Please ship to my address 25 Boxes Assorted Soap and Fur Set No. 990173. I agree to sell the Soap and send you \$12.50 within 30 days.

Name _____ Address _____ P. O. _____ State _____ Reference _____ Business _____

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Please ship to my address 32 Boxes Assorted Soap and Boucle Coat No. 56069. I agree to sell the Soap and send you \$16.00 within 30 days.

Name _____ Address _____ P. O. _____ State _____ Reference _____ Business _____

cloth. Pat the face dry afterwards instead of rubbing. Keep some bran water at hand for your hands, made by boiling bran in water, with a little scraped soap until it has boiled down somewhat, then strain and using the liquid to wash the hands. Be careful to dry the hands thoroughly after every washing. For a brown neck, use this neck bleach: Strained honey, one ounce; lemon juice, one teaspoonful; oil of bitter almonds, six drops; white of two eggs; enough fine oatmeal to make a fine paste. Spread this thickly on a piece of cotton cloth, three inches in width, and tie as a bandage around the throat. Four or five of these applications should bleach neck to a nice whiteness. Remember this is not a face bleach and that oil of bitter almonds is a poison and must not be swallowed or left in reach of children. I am sorry the rules of this department do not permit me to reply to letters by mail.

Agnes.—I'm glad you have been following my directions and getting good results. Hurrah for the Pretty Girl Club. Here is good freckle remover: Horse-radish root, one ounce; boiling water, one pint; borax, three drams. Apply at night to freckles. If skin is sensitive, test the strength of this preparation on the arm before applying it to the face.

R. S.—I am sorry there is no way of staining goat teeth to resemble white teeth. The only remedy would be to have the offending tooth taken out and a porcelain tooth inserted, which of course can be done. I wish I could help you out.

Mrs. M. F. D.—I am sorry I cannot answer letters by mail. See answer to Mrs. C. A. A. for the Epsom salts reduction treatment.

Elsie.—You won't be shocked, will you, when I tell you that the blackheads most of us have are nothing but dirt! Very true! Use a complexion brush and hot soapy water every night. Get a comedone extractor for twenty-five cents (a little instrument with a hole in the end about as big as a blackhead) and press out the existing blackheads, after they have been scrubbed nightly for three nights, and rubbed afterward with cold cream. Then touch the empty pore with alcohol to keep it closed up and dash with very cold water. Never go outdoors after washing with hot water—first close the pores by dashing on cold water. Massage the face every night with a good cold cream, and in the daytime never apply powder without first rubbing in cold cream and then wiping the face rigorously with a towel.

E. S.—The Portugal Bust Food is made by boiling two whole oranges for four hours in nine ounces of olive oil in a double boiler. Each night a piece of the orange is used with which to lightly massage the breasts. See also answer to Rose and Miss G. S.

Mrs. B. F.—I expect you mean the Epsom Salts Reduction treatment. See answer to Mrs. C. A. A. Massage your brows nightly with olive oil if you want them to be thick and luxuriant. Be careful to massage against the fall of the hair.

Mrs. L. D.—For a good skin food see answer to E. R. For a fat nose, massage with a gentle but rapid pinching motion from the bridge of the nose to the tip, using thumb and forefinger. Spray two or three times daily with an astringent lotion.

Astringent Lotion

Rose-water, six ounces; elder-flower water, two ounces; simple tincture of benzoin, one half ounce; tannic acid, ten grains.

Mrs. J. C.—I am sorry not to be able to answer by mail. The hair darkener you refer to contained California claret, did it not? You can get that at any big grocery department store as they usually have a wine section. But perhaps you could use instead this restoration:

Herb Tea Lotion

Green tea, two ounces; garden sage (last crop, dried), two ounces. Put in an iron pot which can be closely covered and pour over the herbs three quarts of boiling water—preferably soft. Let simmer till reduced one third; then take off the fire and leave in the pot for twenty-four hours; strain and bottle. Try massaging the scalp every night. Put the finger tips against the scalp and, without lifting them move the skin back and forth on the skull. Then changing the position of the fingers and repeat until the whole scalp has been gone over and it is all warm and glowing. Scalp massage alone, persisted in, will frequently restore hair which is not really gray from age.



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Mrs. W. M. W.—Drink quantities of water to prevent deposits forming at the knuckles and be careful what you eat. Gently massage the knuckles every night with a little warm olive oil or cold cream. Be careful to dry the hands thoroughly after being in water. Use a dish mop when washing dishes, and keep the hands out of hot water as much as possible. Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

BLINDNESS.—I have a cow that gave birth to a calf in June. About four weeks ago I found her in the field apparently blind, sick at the stomach and as she walked reeled.

A.—We suspect that the cow has tetanus (lock jaw) from infection of a wound. The condition is hopeless and if so affected the cow no doubt has died since you wrote to the paper. It is barely possible that you mean that she has "pink eye" (contagious ophthalmia). If so that is curable if taken in time, the eyes being washed twice daily with a ten per cent solution of boric acid and the eyeballs dusted every day with a mixture of equal parts of finely powdered calomel and boric acid.

INJURED JAW.—Two months ago, my colt, four months old, was hurt under the jaw. I think was kicked. At first it appeared to be in the flesh. As the swelling went down it left a knot on the bone, which appears to grow larger. It discharges pus. M. V.

A.—Clip off the hair and wash the part, then inject a little tincture of iodine and swab with the tincture over the entire enlarged part. Inject every third day and once a day apply the tincture externally. If diseased or broken bone or a silver is present it will have to come away before healing will take place.

CATARACT.—I have a mare fourteen years old. Her eyes look clear and bright, but she cannot see after sundown. Darken her eyes and they turn white. She can see a person or object fifty or seventy yards off, but cannot see anything on the ground near to her. She will stumble over a nail.

A.—The condition is incurable, cataract being present, and periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) was the probable cause. She should not be used for breeding.

FISTULA OF EAR.—I have a colt five months old that has a bad ear. There is a hole about half way up. It looks natural but I can't find it on other colts. There has been a discharge for two months, the hair coming off where the pus falls. It doesn't appear sore. Mrs. J. H. McCM.

A.—The fistula connects with the bursa mucosa and the only hope of remedy will come from opening up of the fistula tract, dissecting out the secreting sac and then cauterizing the part. It will be necessary to employ a graduate veterinarian. If you cannot have the operation performed inject into the fistula twice daily, after cleansing perfectly, a solution of one dram each of sugar of lead and powdered alum in four ounces of water.

ABSCESS.—I have a milk cow, apparently in good health, six years old. When her calf was five months old a yellow granular matter came out of the teats, growing so sore the calf could not suckle. The sore burst and is running. Ought the milk to be used? E. L. F.

A.—Infection caused the condition described and led to an abscess and bursting of the quarter. Tuberculosis is not probably present, but the only way of finding out would be to have her tested with tuberculin. The condition is incurable and the cow will not prove profitable in the dairy. It would be best to sell her to the butcher.

ELAMINIA.—I have a sow that had a litter of seven pigs two months ago. A month ago she got down and could not get up unless I helped her. She eats heartily. E. H.

A.—The strain and drain of the pigs nursing brings on this form of paralysis in pampered sows from pampered stock. Stiffening, growing and breeding hogs on corn and restricting exercise is the pampering to which we allude. If she is in good flesh slaughter her for meat as chances of recovery are poor and treatment would taint the meat. The meat may be used without fear.

INDIGESTION.—I have a cow about five years old, with a calf four months old, that has run in a pasture all the year. About ten weeks ago she was milked in the morning, apparently well and at night had her head down and walked like she was stiff all over. She was in this condition about ten days and ate very little during the time. After ten days she began to improve and seemed to be all right in a few days. She has a light attack every two or three weeks that lasts about three or four days. I did not do anything for her as I did not know what to do. She is in fine shape and has been all the time. Mrs. J. J. J.

A.—Indigestion is the probable cause of stiffness in such a case, the cow having been foundered at some time or another. At time of attack give her a pound time or another. If she is in good flesh slaughter her for meat as chances of recovery are poor and treatment would taint the meat. The meat may be used without fear.

PINWORMS.—I have a mare six years old that has had little white pinworms for three years. I have tried every kind of treatment with no good results. J. O.

A.—Pinworms inhabit the rectum and are killed by injecting soapy warm water containing a cupful of tobacco decoction to the half gallon. Make the tobacco decoction by steeping tobacco stems or leaves in boiling water. Give the injection three nights a week. There is no certain way of preventing the horse from becoming infested with pinworms. They are taken in on old pasture, from feed and from contaminated watering places.

PINWORMS.—I have a horse that is subject to pinworms. Can you tell me how to exterminate and prevent them? O. R. G.

A.—See answer to J. O.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare, and the first joint above the hoof is swollen. Some days she is unable to walk. Some say it is "grease heel." Am I doing right or wrong to use sugar of lead? Mrs. M. K.

A.—Without an examination we are unable to say confidently what is wrong but the symptoms do not indicate grease heel. In that ailment there is a bad smelling discharge. In all probability the horse has interfered and caused a bruise which has become infected. Poultice the part with hot flaxseed meal for two or three days and then carefully open any soft spot that forms. After liberating the pus apply the sugar of lead lotion twice a day and every other day swab with tincture of iodine around the opening and on the enlargement.

EPILEPSY.—I have a cow six years old that has fits, she eats good until a short time before she goes into one. Then she puts her head up and commences to walk backwards in a circle, gradually walking faster until she falls on her side, then every muscle seems to quiver, her eyes roll and ears twitch. It lasts not more than half a minute then she is up eating again. She has had this trouble for about three years, first noticed it before her second calf came, which was dead, doesn't seem to make any difference whether she is with calf or not, she has them just the same. Is there any cure for it? If not, would her meat be fit for use? E. P.

A.—There is no cure for the disease and if the cow is in good flesh and proved to be free from tuberculosis, by testing with tuberculin, the meat may be used.

CHOREA.—I have a Shepherd dog one and one half years old that is troubled with a jerking or trembling. At times he can hardly stand. He eats heartily, looks well and has never been sick. J. W. B.

A.—The disease is chorea (St. Vitus' dance) and it is practically incurable. Some improvement may take place if you make the dog live out of doors as much as possible and eat only plain feed.

WARTS.—I have a cow that was fresh last April. Just after the teats began to be covered with warts large and small and I have been unable to cure them. Will you advise me what to do? J. W. B.

A.—Salt off warts that have narrow necks and apply lunar caustic to the wounds, as soon as bleeding has ceased. Remove only a few at a time. If started as soon as warts are seen Castor oil usually proves effective, but it may fail after the parts have been irritated by strong medicine.

BLACK TEETH.—My pigs grow nicely until nearly two months old and then each pig has four black teeth appear and they stop growing. They are being fed ground hominy and water. Mrs. D. K.

A.—The cause of these black teeth is not perfectly understood, but it is certain that they do no harm and are not the cause of the lack of thrift. That the teeth are due to lack of feed or to worms. Feed mixed rations and if worms are seen in the manure mix copraes in the slop for five days in succession allowing one dram for every hundred pounds of body weight.

GRAVEL.—I have a cow seven years old in good flesh, giving a good mess of milk. After urinating a spoonful or two of blood follows, and once a couple of stones passed as large as peas. C. J. G.

A.—Gravel appears to be present in the bladder and could be removed by a skilled veterinarian. Acidulate the drinking water very slightly with dilute hydrochloric acid. Do not feed bran or Alfalfa hay.

TICKS.—I have a mare four years old that has ticks all of the time on her legs and in bunches on her body. I can't kill all of them. C. J. G.

A.—Soak infected parts with Beumont crude oil and then use the curycomb. Afterward use the oil to keep the ticks off, adding flowers of sulphur freely if found necessary.

PERIODIC OPHTHALMIA.—I have a horse three years old in good condition. About every three months his eyes lids become swollen, the lower part of the eyeball becomes milky and inflamed and gradually it works up over the eyeball. He becomes partly blind, the eye water and a white substance forms and comes from them. The attack lasts from one week to ten days. He has had three attacks. Mrs. G. V.

A.—The disease is periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) and it is incurable and will end in blindness of one or both eyes from cataract. Bathe the eyes twice daily with a ten per cent solution of boric acid to retard the progress of the disease.

HEAVES.—I have a mare eight years old. She has heaves. I know there is no cure, but could you tell me something to check them? How long does a horse live that has them?

A.—The disease may not greatly shorten life, but when badly affected a horse may die suddenly from heart failure. Feed wet oat straw in winter and green grass in summer instead of hay. Do not feed any bulky feed at noon if the mare has to work and do not work her soon after a meal. Give her half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until a quart has been used, then gradually discontinue the medicine unless little good has resulted from its use.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

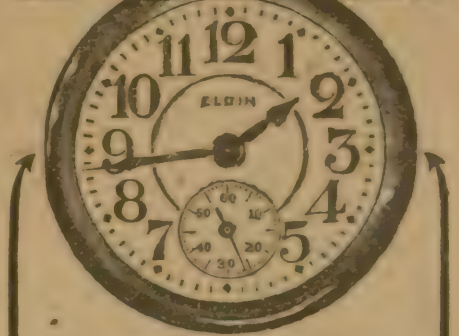
undermine your chastity and make you the victim of their lust. These are not marrying days. Men if they marry at all marry later than they used to do, a very good thing for both the man and the woman. If we men are to be anything but a very dangerous thing when he is not. Women are confiding and trusting and most girls are romantic and emotional. The libertine who is stalking them down, they will believe nothing bad about, no matter how often they are warned. Only when the cruel awakening comes, and the wrong of it all is seared into their souls like a branding iron, do they realize the truth and see the terrible results of their folly. There are girls and girls. No two are alike—all differ in some minor degree. No human is wholly good, no human wholly bad. Nature is a queer proposition. In some the forces of evil, the urge to wrong, have to be constantly fought and frequently by those who have no power to fight. In others, nature is a placid stream instead of a torrent. No locks or dams are necessary to check the flood for there is none. In one, nature is all storm, in another, all is peace. Some need constant watching, others are able to take care of themselves under any and all circumstances. Latent in all of us are certain instincts, impulses, passions and appetites that have come down to us from ancestors who lived tens of thousands of years ago, and most of these inherited tendencies have to be fought and must be conquered no matter how fierce the struggle or hell and ruin are the result. Parents today are too ignorant to study the psychology of childhood, childhood or boyhood. To most parents a girl is a girl, a boy a boy. Now every child needs careful individual study, and sound moral and physical training. If children were thoroughly trained, mentally, morally and physically, they in turn could train their children, but the only training that has been handed down to us from the past is the training of force and suppression, the beating out of punishment. We, parrot like, keep telling children not to do this or that without explaining why they should not do certain things. Tell children what they may do as well as what they may not do. Don't nag, don't scold. Reason, counsel, and guide. Children of a certain age should be instructed in the mysteries of sex and life, and taught to regard with respect and awe the wonderful powers of reproduction, the human body which is the habitation of an immortal soul. Today children learn the most sacred and holy things of life from vicious associates, through a channel of filth, with the result that the whole structure of body and soul is undermined and deformed, wrecked and ruined before the human plant has had the ghost of a show for proper and wholesome development. The things we need most in our school and most in the home—moral and spiritual training are almost entirely absent. That is why our public life is so rotten, that and the quest of bread which has driven millions of women into the industrial inferno, is why the libertine finds so many easy victims, and that is partly why there are three hundred thousand of our fairest daughters being done to death in the damnable white slave hells of fair, free and beautiful America, and a million more on the fringe of society are clandestinely and immorally engaged in self traffic, the traffic of souls. That is why we have a double standard of morals which condones sin in the male jackal, encouraging him in his villainies, and damns the girl, his innocent victim to eternal disgrace and a living death. One of the reasons I hope and pray we shall soon have universal woman suffrage is that this detestable habit of whitewashing the male wrong-doer shall forever be abolished. If one is to be disgraced, let both be disgraced; if one is to be degraded, let both be degraded; if one is to be sent to a white slave den, send the other to a reformatory or a colony for moral lepers. Vice is rampant in our cities to a degree that beggars all description. Immorality and the social diseases cost the nation three billion dollars yearly, nearly twice as much as the drink curse. A decent woman can scarcely ride in the conveyances of our big cities without insult, and the adoption of the fashions of the low class of Paris and New York by the more daring spirits in various communities has lowered women in the eyes of the opposite sex and inflamed to whiter heat the baser instincts of those male degenerates whose whole lives are devoted to the ruin and destruction of womanhood. Of the influence of low wages and the economic stress upon public morals I see no space here to touch. My one desire however is to warn every decent girl who has a home to stay in it as long as she possibly can, and keep away from those stinks of iniquity the big cities, especially such cesspools of vice as New York and Chicago. In the city a man can do as he likes and so can a woman. In the city, the moral restraints which hold the hot-headed young people of the country in check, are entirely lacking. A man always respects a girl who has a home far he knows that in that home are those who will swiftly avenge an insult proffered to his women. The girl who goes to the city and lives in a boarding house or a furnished room is regarded as a sure prey by the sidewalk wags. Most girls get furious when their parents try to restrain their actions and are ready to leave home when they are told they must not go out with this man or that. Now you poor silly little geese, remember your parents love you (and that is more than the male hawk does) and are your best friends. They love you more than any man ever will. If sick they will nurse you, provide for you, pray for you and if dead will die for you. Your parents have had what you silly boob girls have not had, experience. Mother remembers how she fought her mother who by the narrowest squeak saved her from destruction and kept her safe under the family roof tree until your good, honest father came along

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and married. What grandmother did for your mother, your mother is trying to do for you. If you think your mother is wrong, remember girls that in ninety-nine cases it is she who is right and you who are wrong. Mother may not have had as good an education as you, she may not be able to wear a hobble-skirt or tango as well as you, but she can glimpse human nature better than you can, and she can see the difference between disease spreading drummer who occasionally comes to your town and who has turned your silly, empty little head. They know the result of folly and wrong-doing, something you do not. They know how fast the blood is coursing through your veins, they know the wild exuberance of your uncurbed animal spirits, and they have watched the fate that is waiting for you overtake many a girl, and that is why they have put their foot down hard, and that is why you must obey. Society is full of wolves looking for prey. You girls are the lambs and the only safe protection from a wolf is the home fold where the shepherds mother and father are on guard. One word more to you parents: If your daughter makes a mistake take her to your heart and don't throw her out of doors. Remember what narrow escapes you had in your young days, and above all warn the girl that if she falls a victim to the wiles of the social wolf, not only disgrace awaits her, but in most cases disease as well. Disgrace may be lived down, disease cannot. Young women should be warned of the frightful ravages of those diseases which accompany wrong-doing. Even those who cannot be deterred from wrong by the fear of disgrace are often saved from destruction by the dread of torturing and disfiguring diseases from which too often death is the only release. Even to kiss some men means a life of agonizing torture.

WILLOW SPRINGS, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am so glad you are yet able to cheer and help us and hope our love and kind wishes help you to bear your hard lot. Yes, your straight way of going after wrong is the only right way, and this family look forward to each new paper with eagerness to see how Uncle Charlie will go after some other great wrong. Oh, how you have helped me to bear a hard, heavy burden you can never know and I can never express. When I lay all drawn with rheumatism and couldn't use my hands, or limbs, your answers to the letters were my solace. Of a family of eight boys I have been called to bury four. I don't see how I could have stood up if dear Uncle Charlie had not been always ready to say something encouraging, and point to our Father above for help in time of sorrow. Yes, you have been lots of help to me and my family, and a dear old Swiss lady who is my neighbor says, "Tell Uncle Charlie no one can tell him how much he has been to me for the last two years." So now dear Uncle may you be greatly encouraged to go after all the wrongs you have strength to fight. I particularly like the stand you take for wronged and ill-treated women of this old world. You sure had a good old mother and she had a good son and when you are again with her, what joy she will feel to know you did all you could to lighten women's burden here. Oh, how I enjoyed your article that was needed and needed to come from Uncle Charlie and I could mention half-a-dozen back yards that were immediately cleaned up. Oh, dear Uncle take new heart and just feel how much we of COMFORT need you and remember if we only get a few lines in the paper each month it brings for a year of thanks to the kind Father that Uncle Charlie is still able to encourage.

My love to Maria and Billy and dear Uncle Charlie. Mrs. T. J. FERGUSON.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John.

WELL, boys, here we are again at the beginning of another new year, and I trust it finds you well and happy and with bright prospects for the future. It is a universal and time-honored custom, at this season, to make good resolutions for the betterment of conduct and the up-building of character; but how few live up to them or try to, even through the first month! The few who do set a high standard for themselves and, keeping it constantly in mind, persist in making a daily effort to govern themselves accordingly, become the prominent and influential men and women in their respective communities and attain a measure of success far beyond that of the masses which have not the will power to act according to the best lights of their own consciences and reason.

Look back and take stock of your achievements and failures of the past year, not in the spirit of useless regret or discouragement over your shortcomings, but for the purpose of discovering your own faults and with a fixed determination to correct them. Thus, and thus only, you may profit by your more or less costly errors and lapses of the past. Although "Experience is a hard teacher," few there are that heed her lessons.

Don't be one who is always going to do better; do it now, and keep on doing it every day, and soon it will become a habit with you to do the right thing at the right time except so far as you profit by its lessons; the present is yours for action; you can act only in the present, and by your present acts is the only way in which you can influence your future. Look to the past for enlightenment, plan carefully for the future in order to act wisely today, but do not put off action to the future while dreaming away the present. If you neglect the work of today, of each day as it comes, and becomes the present, you will drift down the river of life a victim of circumstances instead of steering your own course and shaping your own destiny.

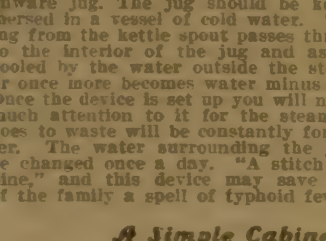
For your mental, moral and physical development you will do well to apply the principles and rules of the Boy Scouts to your daily life. It will bring out the best there is in you, and you will "Be Prepared," according to their motto, to make the best of every turn of fortune, to meet and overcome adversity, and to seize and make the most of opportunity. If you have read and kept in mind the Boy Scout articles that have appeared in this department during the past year, you have a general idea of the movement and its teachings and purposes. But what COMFORT printed was only a brief outline, and I advise every boy that can to join the organization or, if he cannot do that, at least to obtain the "Hand Book for Boys" which tells all about the order and describes a large variety of interesting and healthful out-door sports and games. By writing to National Headquarters, Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclosing thirty cents, you can obtain a copy, postage prepaid, by mail.

As the season now, in most parts of the country, is unfavorable to out-door sports I believe you will like to try your hands at making some of the things that I am telling you, this month, how to build for yourselves.

A Water Still

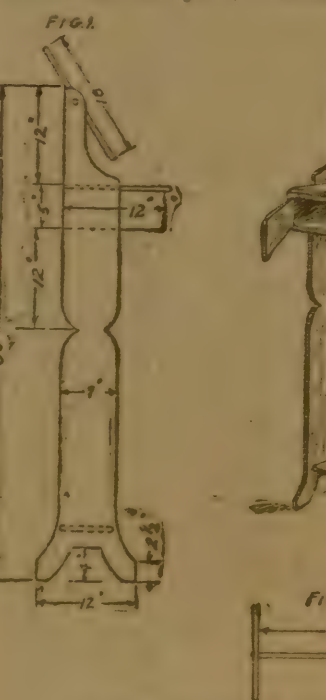
Throughout the whole country the word has been passed to beware of bad water. Your family doctor will tell you that the safest thing to do is to boil every drop of water that you drink. Herewith is shown a simple arrangement for distilling water. Slip one end of a hose over the kettle and let the other end pass down through a tightly fitting cork into an earthenware jug. The jug should be kept partly immersed in a vessel of cold water. The steam rising from the kettle spout passes through the hose to the interior of the jug and as the latter is cooled by the water outside the steam condenses, or once more becomes water minus all impurities. Once the device is set up you will not need to pay much attention to it for the steam that usually goes to waste will be constantly forming into water. The water surrounding the jug need only be changed once a day. "A stitch in time saves nine," and this device may save some member of the family a spell of typhoid fever.

A WATER STILL.



A Simple Cabinet

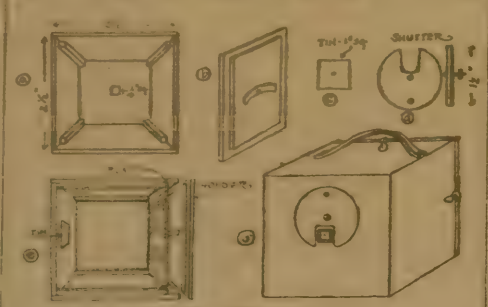
The piece of furniture shown herewith makes a dandy shaving cabinet or it may be used by young lads for a dressing table. The drawer furnishes a place for the clothes brush, collars and ties and handkerchiefs, and the glass is just the right height for finishing the toilet. You will agree with me that the finished article looks as neat and workmanlike as anything you could see in a furniture store and yet it is so simple that any



the right size should be purchased. Use oak or chestnut and finish with oil, stain and varnish. You can make this cabinet for about one quarter of what it would cost you at the furniture store.

A Boy Made Camera

This camera, although a little more difficult than the ordinary plans of this Corner may be successfully made and operated by the average boy. The box part of it is made of one or more cigar boxes. The first thing to do is to make a little box two and one half inches square, leaving one end open, as in "a." Cut a hole one square in the end of the box opposite the open end. Blacken the interior of the box with paint or ink or by pasting black cloth on the inside. Take a piece of tin one inch square (c) and paste it over the quarter inch hole with glue. In the very center of the tin bore a hole



"Pin Hole" CAMERA

not larger than the point of a pin. This hole is to serve as the lens. The shutter "d" is a piece of tin fastened with a tiny screw and is operated as shown in "f" by simply swinging back or forth. The end of the lid of the camera is made of two thicknesses of cigar box wood, and fits tightly enough to exclude light. See "b." Glue four small strips around the inside of the rear end of the camera to serve as a plate holder "e." Glass photographic plates placed in the camera in a dark room are used. The exposure is made by swinging the shutter to one side and letting the light come through the pinhole for about half minute. If you do not have success at first in using this camera keep on trying. I know it will work for I have tried it. Amateurs with the very best and costliest cameras have many failures.

Doghouse

In this plan of a doghouse, sanitation and cleanliness are first considerations. By the scheme of putting hinges on the sides it becomes possible to lay back the whole upper part of the house in such a manner that the sunlight and air can get at every corner. It is also much easier to scrub and clean the floor while in this position. The first thing to build is the raised platform shown in Fig. 5. The sides of the platform can be built separately and then nailed together. The roof is formed of boards that overlap a little. Roofing paper or shingles should be put on over the boards. The house is very simple but must be neatly made to look good. If you wish to cover crooked ends you can put upright strips on the outside of each corner. In painting you should paint those strips white and the rest green. Every question about measurements is answered by the drawings. I hope you will tell me how you like this plan.

Here is a quiet little game that will add much to the pleasure of an evening indoors. For want of a better name we will call it "Pointing." The one who suggests the game should be given the first chance and he begins play by pointing at some object in the room. All the others present try to guess the object at which his finger is directed and though it may seem easy you will find it difficult enough if you try it. For instance we will say John, who is in the center of the room, points directly in front. "Some player will be sure to say, 'It's the stove.'" Beyond the stove is a table with a lamp on it. "The lamp," John still shakes his head. Looking more sharply, such answers as "The door, the door knob, the panel, the crack, etc.," will be shouted. At last when all are in a state of vexation and reluctantly give up John will divulge that he was pointing at the wall paper. If anyone should happen to guess correctly it is his turn to point. Your mother will like this game boys, and I know you will be thoughtful enough to give her first chance.

A Mission Chair

The mission chair pictured below is one that a boy may make out of waste boards that may be found around the barn or fence corner of every farm. The cut shows pretty clearly how the parts are put together. First make the legs, two long ones for the rear and two 30-inch ones for the front. Cut the necessary slots in those and join them with flat pieces which fit into the slots. Next put in the two additional pieces needed for the back of the chair and the strip that goes across the top. The bottom or seat is then fitted and lastly comes the arms. Paint the chair colonial yellow, stain it with light oak graining compound mixed with turpentine and last of all put on two coats of good varnish. It will then look quite presentable enough for the house. A cushion should be made for the seat. As a first attempt at furniture building I recommend it to the small boy.

A Guessing Game

When time drags heavy much quiet enjoyment may be had by playing the game which we will call "Eatable, Drinkable and Wearable." Any number of persons may play it, the more the merrier, and the older members of the family will get as much fun out of it as the youngsters. The player who has the first chance will give the

initial letter of something and tell whether it is something to eat, wear or drink. He may also divulge the number of letters in the word. All the other players then try to guess the word. If three minutes pass without one being successful the word is passed to the next player. As an example the beginner writes down the word "hash," and says, "It is eatable and the first letter is 'h.'" Soon such guesses as "ham, hominy, halibut, horse-radish, etc.," will be forthcoming. As no one hit it right he will say, "You are all wrong, there are only four letters in it. Now the guessing is more difficult and after three minutes of vain attempts the starter will announce that the second letter of the word is 'a.'" This will throw someone on the right scent and the first to call out the word "hash," will be privileged to write down the second word to be guessed. This game will cheer up the family circle on some dreary winter night.

Strange Tales of the Sea

Some of the voyages of old-time slave ships were horribly gruesome. In 1826 the slaver Gloria commanded by Captain Ruiz, left Africa with five hundred negroes between the decks, but the captain forgot to fill his fresh water casks. Can you imagine the suffering of those helpless human souls. Within a week the entire five hundred had died of thirst and starvation, and the ship became a festering inferno. Ruiz and the crew drank and caroused while the poor wretches were dying but a disease took hold of them and most of them died in four hours. Around the plague stricken ship a heavy fog, like steam, arose. It was the death mist, at least the surgeon on board said so, and he with the three only survivors left in a little boat and were rescued. Another almost unbelievable tale is that of the French slave ship Redout in 1819. All on board were stricken blind except the helmsman. As they sailed along he sighted another ship with sails set. When they got close enough to her they frantically begged for help and what must have been their surprise and terror to learn that the strange ship was afflicted in the same horrible way and had not even one man aboard who could see. It was the Spanish slaver Leon and she was never heard of again.

About Fishing

In China the boys do not have to coax their parents to let them go fishing but on the contrary get a little more fishing than they really want. If the Oriental lad's parents happen to live near the water the boy is taught how to fish when he is three and a half years old and thereafter must put in three hundred days a year at it. He may not paddle around and waste his time either because if he comes home without a good string of fish he will very likely get a flogging. How would some of you American lads like to be a Chinese fisher boy on a day when the wind is wrong and the water rough and you don't even get a nibble from morning till night?

Now my dear young friends, make your good resolutions for the new year and make an earnest effort every day to keep them. Try hard and see if you can make good until we meet again in the Corner for Boys in February. I wish you happiness and success this year and through life, but more and above all I hope that you do your best to deserve these blessings, which is the surest way to attain them.

UNCLE JOHN.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

socket which holds the ring for suspending the cage should be unscrewed, and the two disks of metal divided and cleaned, for that is generally where vermin congregate during the daytime. If the cage is covered by a cloth at night, burn it and put a clean one in use, and it won't hurt to put a little good insect powder on the birds themselves. Of course, this same treatment will banish the mites which trouble your own birds.

I, H.—Will you please give the points of a pure bred Bourbon Red turkey? A.—The Bourbon Red turkey was originally found, I believe, in southern Iowa, southern Missouri, and northern Arkansas. They have been domesticated and bred in Kentucky for many years, and are often called Kentucky Reds. A large breeder describes them as follows: "They are dark red, the rubber being much darker than the hen, bordering on brown, with white wings and tail. The body feathers should have two narrow black bars running across them. The tips of the feathers have a bronze or metallic sheen which resembles the bronze turkey. The under color runs from buff to almost white. As they are included in the Standard of Perfection, I cannot give you any more accurate description or any scale of points."

A. W.—I am a new subscriber to COMFORT and would like to ask a few questions. I shall winter about one hundred hens, and I use scratch feed for their supper, which costs me at present two dollars and twenty cents a hundred. Would it be better to mix my own grain? For one bushel of oats, one bushel cracked corn, what and how much other grain should I use? I feed ground corn, oats and wheat middlings as a wet mash in the morning, and have decided to use beef scrap this winter. I don't get ground bone that is fresh. Should the beef scrap be put into hoppers where they can eat at will, or be fed in their mash? If so, how much should I use to every ten hens? I always have a dry mash before them in the winter, called "Lay or Bust." Could I mix a dry mash that would be as good? I do not like to look at these ground grains at times, and as I have had no sickness, I thought I would rather mix my own grains and avoid sickness if possible. What would you use as a dry mash? This is home meal and how used? I keep eight inches of litter in henhouse in winter, straw, hay, and what comes from the hay as it is pitched over. I put a fresh basket in each pen every few days. Is this sufficient good food in this line, or should they have something steamed in their mash? I feed raw apples, cabbage, potatoes, some beets and turnips, put on milk. All cabbage hung by ropes. I hatched out three hundred chickens under hens this year, and the chick feed costing three cents a pound, I found was very expensive. For one bushel corn, please send word what and how much other grains to put with it to make a good chick feed. One of my henhouses has three pens eight feet by ten feet. Would it be advisable to put twenty hens in each of these pens, or would they do better to keep less in them? I have a matched-board little henhouse, seven feet long, five feet to gable, three and one half feet to eaves, three feet three inches across one end. How could I have this fixed to use as a brooder for chickens hatched from the middle of March to first of May? I hatch out all my hens, and so far, for four years, I have had no warm place for the little chicks in early spring. Would you advise keeping the hens with the early chickens if I could fix this house warm enough? In this locality everyone has heat in their brooders, but as I have had no experience with incubators or brooders I will thank you for any information you can give me. I have raised chickens this and without heat, and I don't have much better chickens where they have a good mother than where they don't. My hens are thoroughbred Barred Plymouth Rocks.

A.—During the cold weather I always use whole corn at supper-time, with one pint of small grain—usually a mixture of wheat and rye—corn to every two quarts of corn, and scatter it broadcast on the litter in the chicken-house. The birds are always so eager to get the whole corn that they rush about scattering the litter, so the small feed gets pushed down out of sight, and is there to attract the birds when they first get off the morning, which means that they begin scratching and keep up a constant exercise as long as there is a kernel to be found. The exercise warms up their blood and gets them into good active condition early in the morning, when it is most necessary. But if you prefer much better chicken food, to one bushel of oats and corn add one bushel each of wheat, barley, Kaffir corn, half a bushel of golden millet, buckwheat and sunflower seed. When you first commence to use beef scrap, you must be careful not to give the birds too much, as it is apt to give them diarrhea until they get accustomed to it. Half a teaspoonful for each hen at noon time will be about right at first. After a week, gradually increase the amount, until each bird is getting a table-spoonful, after which it will be safe to leave it before them all the time in a hopper. For dry mash, use equal parts of corn, oats, wheat middlings, and ground corn of meal, and wheat bran. Bone meal is composed of dried bones ground to a powder. It is sometimes used in mash mixtures. I don't care for it for laying hens, but think it especially good for growing

stock. The large quantity of the seed of the hen-house should be sown in place of green food, but as you give much more than you need, it is all right. As you have a dry mash before them, you may give the dry mash in the morning, and the green food in the afternoon. If you continue it, add one part of wheat bran and one part of golden millet or alfalfa. Scatter out it out altogether, and give about half a quart of small grain at noon to keep the birds busy eating. For chick food, mix one bushel wheat, one bushel oats, barley, golden millet, and ten pounds of bran. All should be broken to the size of the golden millet seed for the first four weeks. For birds over four weeks of age, the oats need not be broken, and the wheat need not be broken smaller than golden millet, which is added to the mixture at this time. After four weeks, when hens even have to be confined to the house five days at a time, I think fifteen hens in each confinement would be more profitable than twenty. As you see hens to hatch the eggs, I certainly should let them do the brooding also. Try to set two or three hens at the same time, and then make one or two hens do all the brooding. A good-sized Plymouth Rock hen should be able to brood from fifteen to eighteen chickens, even in very cold weather, and as many as twenty or on a weather-moderate. If the small house you speak of faces south and has plenty of windows to let in the sunlight, artificial heat should not be necessary if the old hens are with the chickens to brood them. I should advise keeping the hens in small brood coops along the back of the house, or allow the chickens to run out on the floor, which should be covered with fine litter. If the water is extremely cold early in the season, you could use one or two lanterns or an oil heater early in the morning, or on dull days.

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Trouble, Mt. Alta, Pa.—If at nineteen you think you are too young to marry, as we think you are also, and your sweetheart threatens to go away and leave you if you do not marry him when he wants you, we think you would be wiser than ever to wait a year or so and see if at the end of that time you were not very glad indeed you had not married such a man. You would better lose than win an exacting and selfish husband.

Blue Eyes, Allentown, Pa.—Your "lady friend" is quite right in not bothering about her brother and his friends and their affairs as long as they make her no part of them, and you have no right to interfere. If the lady is polite to you and encourages your attentions, that is all you can ask of her until you marry her and take her into your own house where you will have a right to say who shall or shall not come into it. Possibly the lady is not acting just as you would have her act, but as long as it is in her own house and her brother is with her, you cannot, or should not, expect to be boss. Make the best of it and be on friendly terms with the boys. They don't mean any harm. If we were the girl and a man with your disposition came around courting, we never would marry him.

Pony Pal, Fossil, Oregon.—When a girl is tired of being pestered by boys and she is not old enough to marry, we don't know what else she can do except to be resigned to her sad lot and wait until she can condense all her troubles in one man. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come.

Blue Eyes, Nebraska City, Nebr.—A wedding breakfast or supper in January is about the same as it would be in any other month—less, perhaps, fruit in season. You may make it elaborate or simple according to your means, but the simpler is in better taste. Make your menu to suit yourself. You may also set your own time for the groom to cut the wedding cake, but after the breakfast or supper is the more appropriate time.

School Girl, Irma, S. C.—It is proper for a lady to ask a gentleman to call on her. It is also proper for a young lady of seventeen to go out with a nice young man if she does not go too often and she is through with her school duties. Girls of fifteen should not be corresponding with young men of any age.

Y. M. C., Attalla, Ala.—If you are engaged to the young man you should not only permit him to kiss you, but you should want him to do so and not object to it as you now do.

M. R., Fallsburg, Ky.—The fact that you and the man who married his first cousin have fallen in love with each other is hardly sufficient cause for him to get a divorce, but if he should get a divorce, for any cause, the law permits you to marry him, and etiquette has no rule against it, but a great many people will condemn the proceeding and you will not find your social life wholly without its troubles.

Worried, Cherokee, Iowa.—Your doctor may have saved your life when you were so ill, but if he did he is trying to destroy your character now and his own at the same time. As a sensible married woman you ought to know that his attention is not proper. If he tells you they are, you tell him that you will ask his wife and get her opinion. We think that will straighten him out.

Troubled, Newton, Ga.—If you like the young man who comes to your church and he is good, it is quite proper for you to ask him to your house. (2) Do not accept presents from any young man if your parents object. Knowing their objections the young man has no right to offer them to you. A gentleman would not.

Blue Eyes, Rutledge, Tenn.—Because you do not live with your husband does not make you any the less his legal wife and until you are divorced you cannot properly accept the attention of other men, either in person or by correspondence. To avoid all gossip and scandal you should make your conduct at all times most circumspect.

Troubled, Charlottesville, Va.—As your husband is so good to you, possibly if you told him that the presence of the wicked child he had taken to raise would drive you crazy or out of his home, he might arrange to have her sent to the Institute for Orphans. We think he would be a strange kind of a man if he would give up a wife he loved, rather than send a child away for whom he had no particular regard. Stop worrying in silence about it and go right to him with your trouble and talk it out with him. That's the only way to settle it properly.

J. H., Alden, Okla.—We are sorry for you, J. H., but handsome young men are always in trouble with the fair sex, but they don't usually begin at sixteen as you are doing. The Alden girls must be extraordinarily impulsive and emotional. However, restrain your impulses and do not make a snap decision. One of the battle-cries, now that three beautiful sisters are on your trail, take to the trail, John, and let a catamount scratch the beauty off of your face.

Hosli, Mill Creek, Okla.—It is nothing unusual for young men of twenty-two to be desperately in love with one or more married women, but at that age it is always outrageous. Of course, in your case, it was cruel of your rival to report that you had been killed and then carry off the girl. But as you tell us she waited two years before marrying your rival, it is a hoax. If you don't, there may be a funeral on Mill Creek and you'll be riding in the front wagon, but you won't know it. Love is a dangerous proposition to fool with.

F. F., Louisville, Ark.—A few old fogies remain who think that "friendship letters" should not be written on a typewriter, but the moderns do not. Of course the writer of such letters should not dictate them to a stenographer, but he should write them with his own hand. In that case the typewriter is no more a machine than a pen is, because both are hand-worked. The pen and the typewriter are both writing implements, the only difference being that the typewriter is more complicated and writes legibly.

Y. T., Melrose, Texas.—Having accepted the gentleman's invitation to go to church with him, you were indiscreet in telling some other ladies that you didn't want to go and were sorry you had accepted and they were downright mean mischief-makers to have gone and told him what you said. But that was no excuse for him to drop you and go to church with another lady. You had a perfect right to think what you please, but he had no right to break an engagement because he happened to find out what you thought. You would be justified in declining to let him come back as he now wants to. And the next time, don't you say what you think. Anyhow, not to any ladies.

R., Des Plaines, Ill.—Your parents have queer ideas of propriety if they have no objection to your walking on the street with a young man, but will not permit him to call on you at your home. If he is objectionable, do they want you to associate with him and advertise it to the whole town? The young man is quite right in declining to walk on the street with you. If you want to get him back you must first teach your parents the ordinary rules of propriety. You might ask the young man to teach them.

Anxious, Scranton, Pa.—The young man, who wanted your company and asked you if you cared for the one you were going with then and you said you did not and would let the other one know next day if you would change and he told the one you were go-

THIN FOR YEARS—"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"

Remarkable Experience of
F. Gagnon. Builds Up
Weight Wonderfully.

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years I have taken medicine every day for indigestion and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight," but when some one suggests a way they exclaim, "Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin." Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true.

Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted, and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is just a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh producing ingredients. It prepares these fat making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days' test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?

ing with what you said, showed himself to be a real sneak and you had better lose them both than go with him. (2) It is quite proper for a lady to receive a birthday, or Christmas present from an old beau and she may give him one in return if she pleases; though she need not do so.

Brown-eyed Beauty, Waynesville, Ohio.—You write "I have read Looks and Manners every month and am very much amused to it and think it learns you a great deal." You also write, "I have never went in much company or have went to parties," and you still further write: "I would like to find out when the fellows bring you home or go buggy riding what to talk about." An Ohio girl seventeen years old who writes like that, should not talk about anything except what to study in order to improve her spelling and grammar. You let the beaux and the parties alone until you have learned how to write. You have even failed to read the caption of this column correctly. We don't seem to have "learned" you a great deal.

R. E. B., Andrew, Iowa.—The "right side to write on stationery paper," is, if we may make a pun, the write side. In other words, as all sides are alike you may write on any side you please. The rule to be observed is not to write on both sides. The stationery that you like best is the best. We wish to congratulate you on spelling "stationery" correctly. Most stationery writers get it "stationary," which is something quite different.

E. G., Rochester, N. Y.—In meeting people, old or young, men or women, it is not necessary to be guided by strict rules of etiquette in speaking to them. The wise plan is to be sure before speaking that the person you are meeting wishes to be spoken to. Usually young persons should speak first to their elders, if they are much older, for older people sometimes are careless or forget and they are nearly always glad to have



Plump, well developed men and women attract attention at the beach as well as in the city.

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To enable any thin reader ten pounds or more underweight, to easily make this test we will give a 50c box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won't, and the only way to know it is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package today, enclosing 10c in silver or stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and a full size 50c package will be sent by return mail free of charge. Mail this coupon with your letter to the Sargol Co., 12-A Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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This Coupon entitles any person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it) and that 10 cents is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in silver in letter today with coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-A Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

the young people speak to them. Make it a rule in meeting anybody who seems to show a wish not to be spoken to, not to thrust yourself upon them whether they want you to or not. Also don't be silly sensitive as many are, and resent not being spoken to by someone you think should have spoken to you. The sensible person can always tell when such a slight is intended. When that is the case you may resent it in any way you please.

Two Girls, Cochran, Ga.—Being engaged you should not receive presents or accept attentions from other young men unless with the knowledge and consent of your fiance. You should drop all your old friends because you are engaged to be married, but an engagement does impose certain obligations to the man which you must observe. (2) There is no impropriety in a gentleman kissing a lady's hand, but the courtly custom is almost obsolete now. (3) It is proper to call to see your sick friend confined to his bed, but you must not go alone. Any other friend, man or woman, with you will fulfill the requirements of propriety. (4) The same rules of etiquette apply to a widower as to a bachelor, and you may receive presents from either, provided they are not expensive presents of jewelry or things of that sort. Flowers, candy, books and so forth are all right, in moderation.

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See assorted nations to package, size 8 1/2 x 8 1/2 and one large size 11 x 11 for \$1.25. Send 5c for sample. C. STAR CO., 2105 WILLIAM STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

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I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.
If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, swollen kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. When you are cured, and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for young or old. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. If health is worth asking for, then accept my generous offer and write for the free treatment, including my illustrated booklet, "Women's Own Medical Adviser." I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. Send today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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NIGHT of East Saugus, Mass., writes: "I ordered the Lloyd treatment. She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. The Lloyd Treatment kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventive as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that for the cure and prevention of Consumption, it is the most wonderful treatment of the present age."
 This is only one of hundreds of letters received from physicians and others reporting cases of consumption and lung trouble restored to health in all sections of the United States. We want to send you a book of the absolutely free the startling statements of Dr. W. B. Kieffer of Dayton, Ohio, Dr. C. E. Puckard of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. J. H. Ward of Troy, Mo., and many others who report results almost beyond belief together with a valuable booklet on the cause, prevention and treatment of consumption and lung trouble.
 If you are suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, gas-filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, loss of strength, distressing cough, wasted body, loss of sleep, or any other of the above symptoms, ABSOLUTELY FREE the sworn testimony of many who, after suffering with just such distressing symptoms, now state that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work without ache or pain, happy, full of praise, after a few months' use of this simple home treatment. Send your name and address TODAY. LLOYD CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 501 Franklin St., St. Louis, Mo.

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A Beautiful New Edition of Uncle Charlie's Story Book is now offered as a souvenir of his fifty-first birthday which occurred September 25th. This splendid book of 157 pages printed in good, clear type on fine paper, was gotten up by Uncle Charlie's regular staff of trouble and expense as a worthy memorial of his fiftieth birthday a year ago.
 Besides six unique stories, a dramatic sketch and personal memoirs and thrilling incidents of his remarkable life, all from his inspired pen, there are chapters by "Billy the Goat" and Maria which throw interesting side lights on his character and let you into the mysteries of his daily life. Illustrated with new pictures of him and Maria and Billy.
 The immense popularity of this book has exhausted the previous editions and this new edition has been printed to meet the continued large demand for it.
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Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Puzzled, Dallas, N. C.—Now that you are married and have a good husband, forget the old sweethearts you used to have and don't let any of them talk to you about the other times unless they do so jokingly. Your first duty is to your good husband who is no doubt much better than any of the others would have been.

L. V. B. Dora, Ala.—Your "Betrothed wife," hardly played fair with you by going to church with another "Boy" whom you had already called for and she was not at home. She might at least when she did come home have found out whether you wanted to go with her or not. She should apologize if she considers the betrothal any good at all. If she does not, you should unbetroth her at once.

Bah, Nevils, Minn.—Possibly a girl of seventeen doesn't know any better than to marry a man she does not love, but she ought to, and when she learns by marrying, the lesson is a bitter one. Now that you are so unhappy and your former sweetheart is still unmarried, and wants you, we do not feel that our services as a mediator can do much good so we leave it to you to settle to suit yourself.

B. J. H., Wolfe City, Texas.—Some of the famous chefs—when they are famous you must not call them "cooks"—are now the proprietors or managers of famous hotels and restaurants and it would not be polite to mention names. We may tell you, though, that the salaries paid to high-class chefs, or cooks, are not small. In very plain side-street restaurants in the big cities they get from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a year and in the big hotels and restaurants salaries run from \$5,000 to \$15,000 a year. In several private families in New York they are paid from \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year. Rich men with incomes ranging from half a million dollars a year find it as easy to pay amounts like that as you would to pay an ordinary hired girl two dollars a week. Nor do these chefs do all the cooking. They have a force of men or women or both, under them who have special departments, as meat cooks, pastry cooks, bread cooks and the rest of it. It may seem to you to be a snap to do the cooking at ten or fifteen thousand a year, but it is not, and the men who do it are born artists in their line and are as scarce as any other great artists. One man in New York who used to be a meat cook in a small restaurant had an income of over a hundred thousand a year from the restaurant business. Another as a manager of a big hotel has \$25,000 a year and a percentage of the business. A third died not long ago leaving an estate of over a million. You see it isn't an ordinary man who can do the job, but a while before washing the stains will disappear when washed.

In response to our request for a good recipe to remove grass stains, Miss Wilsie Morris of Rutledge, Tenn., writes that if the stained spots are saturated with molasses and the garment left in it a while before washing the stains will disappear when washed.

M. D. C., West Medford, Mass.—We believe the late Cy Warman, poet and railroad man and author of "Sweet Marie," was buried at Chicago. "Sweet Marie" still survives him and will for a long time. Particulars may be had by writing to General Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Canada.

Mrs. R. S., Coshocton, Ohio.—For copyright blanks and information, write to Librarian of Congress, Copyright Division, Washington, D. C. You do not have to pay regular publishers anything for publishing a book. They will pay you for the privilege of publishing if they think it is worth the risk. They will also secure copyright if they accept the manuscript. We cost for copyright to submit your manuscript to publishers and let them have it copyrighted when accepted. Do not pay anything to have it published.

P. M. B., Ashland, Wis.—The U. S. senator, elected in Ohio at the November election, is Hon. W. G. Harding, Republican. (2) For all details regarding enlistment in the U. S. Army write to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. Unless you have a good job or have a family, we recommend that you enlist in the army and take its discipline and other advantages to a young man for three years. Or if you like the water better than the land, enlist in the navy. If a man has the real stuff in him, either the army or navy service will bring it out and put it in good shape for future use. If he elects to remain in the service until the age of retirement he will not be turned out on the world to shift for himself, but will be provided for in his old age. Of course, promotion is always in order for men of ability and character and the right kind may retire as commissioned officers.

M. F. G., Ulrich, Mo.—If you have been living in your neighborhood for any length of time and have not learned whether there is a school near you where civil engineering, or any other special branch, is taught and you write clear to Maine to find out, we don't believe you have the qualifications to become much of a civil engineer, even if the school is next door and is the best school on earth. You also want to know if it costs to be studied at home and would it cost very much, how long would it take to learn and if "these occupations" is profitable. All of which indicate plainly that you are not fitted to become a civil engineer. There are other COMFORT inquirers just like you and we want to say to all of them, that before going so far from home to learn what is near them they try first to learn about things directly on the spot. School teachers are plenty everywhere and they are always glad to help ignorant inquirers to any needed knowledge to start with.

M. G. N., Brainerd, Sask.—To the best of our knowledge and belief a young lady is of age in Canada at twenty-one. Was there no one in Saskatchewan who could have told you and saved you a lot of time?

E. H., Moscow, Ida.—The autograph has been put out of commission by the snap-shot camera and other modern photographic appliances which do the same work much quicker, much better and at less expense. You might find one on a back shelf in a second-hand optician's goods place, but we doubt it. You might write to the old New York address you had and see if you get an answer. Put your own address on the outside of your envelope for return if not delivered.

Miss C. R. B., Fremont, Mich.—The American Forestry Association was organized in 1882 and incorporated in 1897, its objects being the businesslike conservation and treatment of our forest resources with all the matters pertaining thereto. It wants members among all those who are interested and the fees are three dollars a year, including subscription to the magazine American Forestry. Headquarters are at 1410 H. St., Washington, D. C. P. S. Riddell, Ex. Sec. We are glad to know you are interested in forest conservation and hope all COMFORT readers will wake up to the fact that our forests are a national asset which can never be replaced when they have been destroyed.

Comfort's League of Cousins
 (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

as healthy as those in the city, where the women have a better knowledge of food values, are better cooks, and have a greater variety of food to choose from. The sanitation of country schools on the whole is scandalously neglected. Wash basins will be found stuck next to drinking pails, and at times covered by the hats and combs and soiled towels of the children. The poetic red school-

house, too, is drafty and over heated, and if the roof leaks, a chunk of lumber from an empty egg crate will often be used to patch the hole. The stoves are unjacketed, so the children are roasted one side and frozen the other. The water closets, which are unspeakably filthy, are as a rule put close to the water supply, and so with every rule of sanitation neglected, up goes the death rate. Any attempt to improve country life that is not based on the improvement of the health of the country children will be abortive and useless. There are 294,427 country school children in Pennsylvania, and three fourths of these need medical attention. Now do get busy and clean up the house and clean up the school. It is useless to clean up the home without cleaning up the school or vice-versa. Uncle Sam should take this matter in hand. State and county officials at the best are a mediocre, indifferent class of men. It is too bad that the people are too ignorant to see the necessity of cleaning up their bodies and their homes, but most human beings are like children. You have to stand over them with a club if you want to get anything done.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was formally started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined, you have no need to keep in good standing in order to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button, the certificate, and the whole letter number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remain in good standing. If you are already a subscriber and already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and gives you just what you need. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to likewise.

All these League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents to Uncle Charlie, 1290 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they both him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for January

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Frank Showers (60), Wayland, N. Y. Crippled with rheumatism. Hasn't walked for forty-four years. Aged mother takes care of him. Very needy and worthy. Highly recommended. Send him some cheer. Lulu Thornburgh, Patterson, N. Y. Co. Mo. Shut-in for twenty-six years. Needy and worthy. Send her something that will brighten the New Year for her. Elmer Dahlgren, 5019 Wadena Street, Duluth, Minn. Has both legs amputated. Lovely character. Aged mother his only support. Very worthy case. Send them some cheer. Isaac Price, Lenox, N. C. Invalid for forty-four years. Tied in knots from rheumatism. Needy and worthy. It is two years since his name was listed in COMFORT. Send him some help. Cornelius Meek, White Horse, Ky. Sick and helpless with rheumatism. Unable to walk or do anything to support himself. Wife worn out waiting on him. Do something for them. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio. Helpless invalid. Confined to her bed. Poor, needy and lonely. Send her a dime shower, and so brighten the New Year for her. Lester Wesson, Florence, R. I. 4, Ala. Invalid. Send him some help. Well recommended. Mrs. Lizzie Ellison, 409 Gould St., Hillsboro, Texas. Helpless for three years. Well recommended. Send her some of the sympathy that burs Phillips Co. Box 184, Kans. Invalid for eleven years. Can only use one hand. Husband sick with tuberculosis. This is a sad case. Remember her. Wm. A. Barger, Uhrichsville, Ohio. Had to have his leg amputated below the knee on account of tubercular ankle joint. Needs money for an artificial limb. Mrs. Ellen Van Camp, Tionesta, Pa. Invalid for twenty-five years. Her daughter who is sickly her only support. They are needy and worthy. Send them some cheer. Nathan L. Tart, Benson, North Carolina. Invalid for over twenty years. Not able to even feed himself. So means of support. Send him some help. H. J. Snook, Beaver Springs, Pa. Invalid fifty-four years of age. Would like cheery letters, postal cards and reading matter. And if anyone could pass him on a talking machine would be grateful. Daisy R. Messch, 336 Essex St., Bangor, Maine. Invalid. Would like cheery letters and postal cards. Alston G. Shaffer, Philippi, R. I. 3, Box 37. W. Va. Little crippled boy. Send him picture postal cards, toys or anything that will amuse a child. Mrs. M. A. Strickland, Box 77, Union City, Mich. Invalid. Would like cheery letters and postal cards. Mrs. John Towery, Spencerville, Okla. Shut-in. Would be grateful if someone could send her disk phonograph records. Laura Jones, Cambria, R. I. 2, Box 52. Va. Deformed from birth. Unable to do anything. Her aged mother (71), takes care of her. They are very poor. Have pity on these afflicted souls, and send them some of the sympathy that buys bread. Well recommended.

The appeals for assistance from invalids in North Carolina are numerous and persistent, and a large number have accumulated, because of our policy not to list more than two appeals from the same state in one month. If we list more none receive help enough to be worth while. These are hard times for the well, but for the sick they are a tragedy. Do your best for our needy ones, and God will bless you. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

This Wife and Mother Wishes to Tell You FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 602 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Help You to Start the New Year Right!

No matter how gloomy the world is Uncle Charlie's Poems are sunnier than ever. They make you laugh, yell, scream and forget your troubles. They are the best medicine in the world. Uncle Charlie's Poems, a gorgeous lilac silk bound, gold top, autumn leaf lined, 100-page volume of riotous fun. No home can be complete without this execrably funny book. You will yell with delight as you read its entrancing pages. Among the laughs you will find a few tears, and an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life, with some superb pictures equal to photographs which show Uncle Charlie and Maria preparing the monthly talks you enjoy so much. This superb volume free for four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. These subs count toward our grand cash prize contributions.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Contains 28 of the Dandiest Songs!

You can't beat Uncle Charlie's songs. Everyone is a hit and the book is a cracker jack of beauty, big and handsome with full music for voice and piano. Worth a hundred dollar bill to anyone who loves real, clear melodious music; lovely melodies, entrancing words. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. Free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. Both books free for a club of six. WORK FOR THEM TO-DAY.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

For years I was sorely troubled by bid-cens Superfluous Hairs. My face and arms were a sight. I tried everything advertised but only wasted my money and humored my skin. Finally, a friendly Scientist, Professor of Chemistry in an European University, told me how to get rid of it safely and easily so that it has never returned. Today there is no sign of Superfluous Hair anywhere on my body. I will send free to any sufferer the full secret of my lasting success. If you send me **FREE** your name and address (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) with 2c stamp for postage. Address Mrs. Kathryn B. Jenkins, Suite 601, B. R. No. 633 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL 14K. GOLD FILLED BRACELET with secret catch and this handsome ring given for selling only a few slices of our pretty post cards. Write for cards today. I. BOYER, 612 Chestnut St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ART CALENDAR FREE

Send name and address with 2 cent stamp for mailing expenses and receive lovely colored calendar, free. H. BRIGGS, 510 So. Dearborn Street, Dept. 4, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE When wind and wet watch, guaranteed 9 years, for selling 20 art and 100 time pictures or 20 plaques, post cards at 10c each. Order your choice GATES BROS. CO., Dept. 423 Chicago

St. Elmo an absorbing novel by Augusta J. Evans

With The American Woman 6 Months Only 20 Cents

St. Elmo stands as one of the greatest novels in the English language, and as a story of love, adventure, cross-purposes, reckless ambition, steadfast self-control, personal sacrifice, and final triumph of good over evil, it has never been equaled. We have had printed a special edition of this fascinating novel which we are offering with a six months' subscription to The American Woman for 20c, postpaid. The book we offer is printed from clear type on good paper and firmly bound in a substantial colored paper cover. There are 375 pages, over 150,000 words, and it contains the complete and unabridged story.

Edna Earl, a poor orphan girl left alone after the death of her grandfather, seeks employment in a nearby city. The train is wrecked and she, severely hurt, is taken home by Mrs. Murray. St. Elmo's mother, who decides to give Edna a home and an education. St. Elmo has one of the very finest intellects but is dedicated to the work of scoffing at and blaspheming the truths of religion. He is feared by all his neighbors and servants, but his great wealth permits him to do as he wishes. The sincerely pious Edna can not bear his presence; and as the days go on, her detestation increases. When St. Elmo departs on an extended trip to the South Sea Islands she reluctantly accepts from him, for his mother's sake, the key to the small marble temple in his private sitting room which contains his will and other papers that he keeps secret, even from his mother. Edna promises not to tell anyone she has the key, or to open the vault unless he fails to return within four years. What St. Elmo's secret was, how Edna kept her promise and what resulted from always keeping about her a souvenir of the man she detested, is all told in this most interesting book.

We are making this offer to induce new readers to try our paper six months. THE AMERICAN WOMAN is a monthly paper filled with the best serial and short stories we can buy. There are also household departments with "tried and true" receipts, helpful editorials, pages of fancy work, up-to-date fashions, etc. Remember, just send us your name and address with 20c in coin or stamps and we will send you The American Woman 6 months and a copy of St. Elmo, postpaid. Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, 291 Court St., Augusta, Maine.



FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 562, Augusta, Maine**, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once to—**Dr.**

Offer No. 716 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to **COMFORT** for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the **Wizard Water Pistol** free and prepaid. **Premium No. 716.** Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

European War Stops Importation Of Dolls

No
More
Dolls
After
This
Lot
Is
Gone
!!!!



And Our Stock Is Nearly Exhausted!

Send For YOUR Doll NOW

It Is Your Last
Chance To Get
A Dressed Doll **FREE!**

WE feel that it is our duty to inform all COMFORT readers that owing to the great European conflict there is going to be a doll famine in this country within the next few weeks. No dolls have been imported into the United States since the European War began and no dolls can be imported until the war is over and no one knows when that will be. What few dolls there are in the stores in this country today will be sold for high prices that are beyond the reach of the ordinary wage earner. It is going to be a doll-less Christmas for thousands of little tots this year and realizing this fact we think it best to admit that we have on hand but a limited quantity of the big, beautiful talking and sleeping dolls which we imported from Germany before the war broke out and only those of our readers who send in their club orders at once will make sure of getting one of these dolls before our stock is completely exhausted. This is the same doll which has delighted thousands of little girls in homes where COMFORT goes—a handsome, fully dressed, life size, talking and sleeping doll, nearly a foot and a half tall with a beautiful picture hat of latest style, handsome lace-and-ribbon trimmed gown and complete wardrobe of pretty lace-trimmed underwear, elegant openwork stockings and dainty low shoes with bright, shiny buckles. She says "Papa" and "Mamma" just as plain as can be, closes her blue eyes and goes to sleep when you lay her down and is wide awake again the minute you pick her up. Her cheeks are like red roses, her beautiful golden hair hangs in long clustering curls and she shows her pearly white teeth in one of the prettiest smiles you ever saw. She can be dressed and undressed as often as you wish and is so well made with fine bisque head and strong body that she cannot possibly become broken if you take good care of her. Remember we have only a limited quantity of these dolls on hand—less than three thousand in fact—and that while they last it is going to be a case of first come, first served. If you put this off you may have to buy a doll and pay a war price for it; indeed, the stock in the stores may be completely sold out before you get around to it, so to be on the safe side you had better send in your club right away. Following is our free offer. Read it and start getting up your club today.

Club Offer.

For a club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you free by Parcel Post prepaid this beautiful fully dressed, talking and sleeping doll, carefully packed in a strong box so that she positively will not get broken. Premium No. 621.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Tapestry Table Cover

NEARLY ONE
YARD SQUARE



This beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one yard square which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in different handsome colors on an interwoven background which is of a color that harmonizes with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room in your house and it will enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home. They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this large handsome Table Cover, exactly as described if you will accept the following

Club Offer.

For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this beautiful Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 664.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

31-Piece Princess Violet Dinner Set



Free And Express Prepaid For A Club Of 12

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple violet surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finish with a Haviland glass which gives it that smooth, velvety appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because being burned into the ware and underneath the glass it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of purple, green and gold which is so finely set off by the flawless white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daint-

est dinner set we have ever offered to COMFORT readers and we are positive that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live, we will ship you this set direct from the pottery in Ohio by express, all charges prepaid and guaranteed against breakage. If you find any piece or pieces cracked or broken when you receive your set, we will send you free and prepaid new pieces in their place so you may feel sure of owning the set complete and best of all without a cent of expense.

OUR FREE OFFER For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome 31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, by express all charges prepaid. Premium No. 461.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold-Filled Ladies' Rings!

WE show here six of the latest styles in ladies' and girls' rings. They are not solid gold rings but they are genuine gold filled so that they are just as handsome and will wear just as well as if they were solid gold. They are beautifully made and finished and set with lmt. stones so exquisitely cut and mounted that only an expert can distinguish them from the real gems which would cost from \$5.00 to \$25.00. Remember that these are not cheap "electro-plated" rings which always look brassy

after you wear them a little while. They are filled with enough real gold to give them genuine wearing qualities, and being fashioned in style and design to exactly correspond with the latest styles of expensive solid gold rings not one person in a thousand will realize that you are wearing anything but the solid gold article. Please read the following descriptions then you can easily tell which one of these beautiful rings you prefer to have us send you as a gift.



No. 52005



No. 51429



No. 52028

No. 52005. A very elaborate genuine gold-filled chased design set with one beautiful lmt. Sapphire and two sparkling Brilliants.

No. 51429. Genuine gold filled, set with beautiful lmt. Amethyst

No. 52028. Genuine gold filled, set with finest cut lmt. Ruby.

No. 52137. The new popular Cameo ring, genuine gold filled with handsome chased design on either side of mounting.

No. 51726. Genuine gold filled, set with a single brilliant Rhinestone with beautiful scroll design on either side of mounting.

No. 51723. A Round Signet ring, gold filled, chased and beautifully engraved.



No. 52137



No. 51726



No. 51723

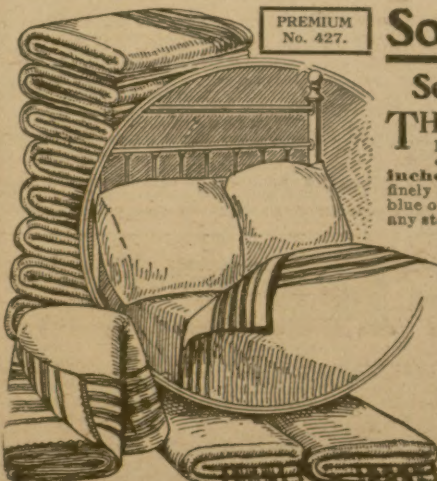
BE SURE TO SEND YOUR RING SIZE!

RING MEASURE

By using the above diagram you can tell exactly what size ring you wear if you will follow these directions: Put a stiff piece of paper around the second joint on your ring finger. Cut the paper off so that when drawn tight around your finger the ends exactly meet. Then lay the paper flat on the diagram, one end at the line G and the other end will indicate correct size. By following these instructions your ring will be a perfect fit.

Free Offer!

By buying a large quantity of these rings direct from the manufacturers we did not have to pay two or three middlemen's profits but secured them at the factory price and this enables us to make a great offer that none of our readers can afford to overlook. Send us only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents and we will send you FREE AND POSTPAID your choice of any one ring illustrated and described above. Remember our guarantee that these rings are genuine gold filled and that they will wear indefinitely and give splendid satisfaction. Do not forget to specify by number the ring or rings you want. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Six

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need without a cent of expense. These fine double blankets are 72 inches long and 55 inches wide, extremely well made and finely finished. They are pure white in color and come with either blue or pink borders. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered on account of the fact that we have bought a large quantity of these blankets direct from the mill at a special low price and therefore are enabled to offer them to our readers for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these large, double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. You may have your choice of either blue or pink border. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EBONIZED BRUSH, COMB AND MIRROR SET



THREE ARTICLES IN BOX

Latest Pattern Silverine Shields for Monogram. Beveled Mirror and Fitted Case

Delivered Free by Parcel Post Paid for only Five Subs. to COMFORT.

There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this well built black finished set. A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The brush is nine inches long, 2 1/2 wide, firmly set white bristles, with shield of Silverine Mirror, is eight and one half inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide on back with a four-inch clear, finely beveled glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. Comb is seven inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real \$12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. This is a really excellent Premium No. 260.

New Offer: For only five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free as a premium by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Package Silk and Satin REMNANTS FREE!

Large Piece of Plush and 5 Skeins Embroidery Silk

Remnants of real silk, stamped satin and beautiful plush in all shapes and all colors of the rainbow. For years COMFORT has made this offer to its thousands of friends and subscribers and this year we can do more for you than ever before because the factories have on hand an enormous accumulation of these rich goods and in order to get rid of them are willing to sell them to us for little or nothing. We now have a whole



room full of these beautiful pieces of silk and satin which are of good size and carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "cray patchwork." Remember these remnants are not the small, insignificant, worthless pieces that are advertised as "a rare bargain" by irresponsible firms, but large, well-shaped pieces of fresh, new silk and satin in all the beautiful colors which were in style this season and we send you a big package containing from one hundred to two hundred pieces besides a large, elegant piece of plush and 5 skeins handsome embroidery silk of different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else, an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch also directions for Kensington painting. Remember you get one big lot of these Silk and Satin Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins handsome Embroidery Silk of different colors, one big piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept the following special Club Offer: For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one big package of Silk and Satin Remnants, Plush, Embroidery Silk and Instruction Book, as described above, free by Parcel post prepaid. For a club of three we will send you two packages, or five packages for a club of four. SPECIAL: If you wish you may send in your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for 12 months at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and receive one package of these Remnants free. Premium No. 556. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS



Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style, Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following FREE OFFER. Send us only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive by Parcel Post prepaid this fine Stereoscope complete with the 100 Views exactly as described above. Premium No. 646. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TWOYARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF



A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink. For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats. In the cities the stores all show these scarfs and everyone is wearing them. Hereafter retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. Premium No. 331. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Chatelaine Watch Given for a Club of Eight



THIS beautiful little Chatelaine Watch with Fleur-de-Lis Pin is one of the finest premiums we have to offer. For any woman or girl it is the queen of all gifts. The watch is about the size of illustration, a thin model with a handsome silver finished dust proof case and pure white dial with Arabic numerals. It is a guaranteed timekeeper being fitted with one of the best American movements, stem wind and set. With this dainty little timepiece we also give you the always popular "Fleur-de-Lis" pin with which to fasten the watch to the dress in true chatelaine style and both Watch and pin will come to you in a handsome black leatherette case, satin lined case. You can have this chatelaine watch with pin and case complete free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or 100 cents for four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome chatelaine watch with pin and case free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 359). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

French Pearl Pendant With Chain



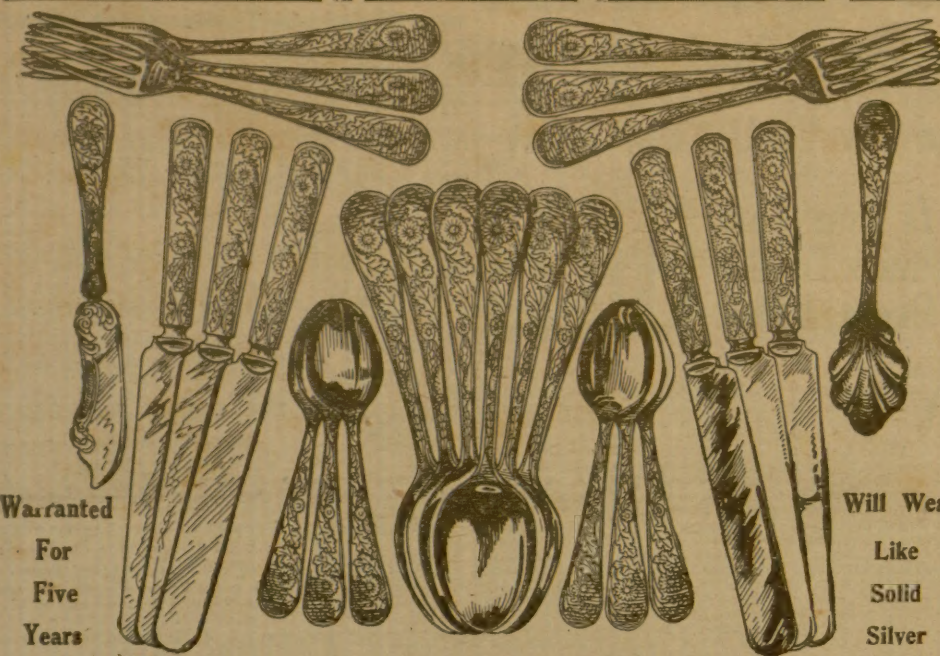
Prem. No. 7202

Given For A Club Of Two

FRENCH Pearl Pendants and Chains (also called "Lavalieres") are always in style and many now hand-some designs are being worn this season. One of the prettiest designs we have yet seen is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pendant is made up entirely of a large number of tiny French pearls and set with either four Emeralds or four Rubies whichever you prefer. The gold-plated chain is 15 inches long and fastens with a reliable safety catch. We will give you this handsome Lavalier free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this stylish French Pearl Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. When ordering be sure to say whether you want emerald or ruby setting. Premium No. 7202. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



Warranted
For
Five
Years

Will Wear
Like
Solid
Silver

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a complete silver set in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we are giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a white metal base therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and forks of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are so sure that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE Four Beautiful Ferns EVERY ONE GUARANTEED TO GROW

THERE is nothing that will make your home more bright and cheerful especially through the long winter months to come than beautiful charming ferns and the superb collection we offer you here comprises four of the handsomest, most popular varieties ever grown for house culture. They will thrive beautifully in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. The same growers who have in the past furnished COMFORT's famous rose collections are to supply us with these ferns each one of which is guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. Owing to lack of space we are able to illustrate here only one variety. "The Roosevelt" but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer each one of which we will briefly describe to you as follows although no description can convey to you any real idea of their rare beauty.

The "Roosevelt"

This is a new variety recently introduced and one of the finest ferns for house decoration. Its purpose is ever growing, of compact vigorous growing habit producing in great numbers wide massive fronds of good length beautifully tapered from base to tip and drooping gracefully over the pot hiding it completely from view. The pinnae, or leaves, of this magnificent fern are distinctively undulated giving the whole plant a most beautiful wavy appearance. The "Roosevelt" has without exception proved to be the strongest growing fern ever produced and seems to withstand better than any other variety the most unfavorable conditions, while if it is given ordinary care it quickly develops into a specimen of rare beauty.

The "Asparagus Plumosus"

There is always a place in every home for this magnificent fern for it is one which really adapts itself to all conditions making the most rapid and vigorous growth with the least care and attention. Its bright, rich green fronds are as fine and delicate as the most beautiful lace by reason of which it is sometimes given the name "lace fern." The rapid sturdy growth of this fern combined with its exquisite lacy foliage makes a plant of such airy grace and value as to be desired by everyone.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns each one of them strong, healthy, well rooted plant, ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. Premium No. 611. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Free For 4 Subscriptions!

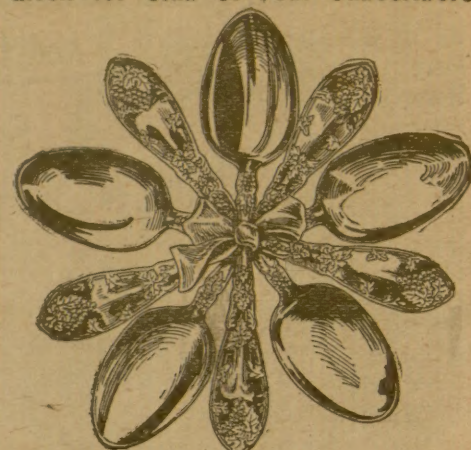
Genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains

Full Width And Nine Feet Long

This is a brand new offer and much more liberal than our previous offers of Lace Curtains because we are now enabled to buy the genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains direct from the mills cheaper than ever before in the history of our business. The curtains we now offer you are full width and three yards long which is large enough for the largest window, and are designed after the latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge. These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chamber and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any room in your house no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pairs for a club of seven 15-month subscriptions, or three pairs for a club of ten. Premium No. 409. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Spoons Warranted to Wear Ten Years Given for Club of Four Subscribers



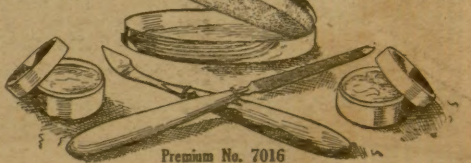
Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure A1 Brand made by the famous Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back. This silverware comes in the popular Grape or Vintage Pattern, which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of Ripe Grapes or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These A1 Rogers' teaspoons are guaranteed to be full standard extra plate upon the finest quality of 18% nickel silver base, and with ordinary care will last ten years. Some families are using Rogers' ware twice this time. Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of Wm. A. Rogers' manufacture, as the expense has always and is now, too high, but COMFORT's plan for sub premium workers make it possible to not only own these six Rogers' teaspoons free but the entire set of table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and butter knife, all in the same delightful grape or vintage pattern to match, without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to COMFORT at 25 cents each and receive this set of six Rogers' teaspoons by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire set of Rogers' Silverware to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more COMFORT subscriptions as your new plan we will tell you after you get the 6 spoons. Prem. No. 389. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FIVE-PIECE MANICURE SET

French
Ivory
Finish

For A
Club
Of Six

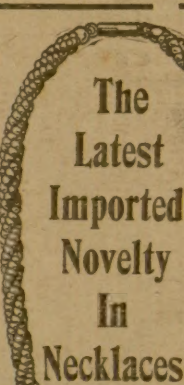


Premium No. 7016

THIS complete manicure set comes in a handsome white box which does not show in illustration. It consists of cuticle knife, nail file, cream jar, powder jar and buffer. Each piece is full size and has the popular Parisian Ivory finish. While this set is not as large as some manicure sets yet it contains all the necessary articles for the proper treatment and care of the finger nails. We know that every woman or girl who receives one of these sets will be highly pleased with it. We are giving it away as a premium on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome 5-piece Manicure Set in a dainty white box free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7016. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Austrian Bead Necklace



Hand Made From Strings Of Beautiful White Austrian Beads Woven Together And Finished With Handsome Imit. Amethyst And Gold Bead Decorated Pendant.

Bead necklaces are more fashionable than ever this season. For the last two or three years the handsomest, inexpensive neck ornaments have been steadily growing in popular favor and now the style has become so firmly established that no lady or girl can really call herself "up-to-date" in dress unless she is wearing one of them. The most beautiful necklaces come from Austria where they are hand-made by skilled workmen who first string the beads in single strand then cleverly weave the strands together in different ways producing many varied handsome effects. The style shown here was the prettiest one we found among a dozen different samples submitted for our approval so we have purchased a large quantity of them and are going to distribute them free among our readers. It consists of three strands of pure white Austrian beads woven together so as to form a single strand which fastens with gold-plated clasp and in the center there is attached as a pendant a smaller double strand of beads decorated with a beautiful large Imit. Amethyst, an Imit. gold bead and a large pear-shaped bead at the extreme end. This necklace when unclipped is 15 inches in length while the lower part, or pendant, is 2 1/2 inches in length. The real beauty of this handsome new necklace does not appear in our illustration but we hereby guarantee that every lady or girl who receives one from us on this offer will be more than delighted with it. Be sure to read the following free offer then send in your order today.

For One Subscription! Send us only one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents or your own subscription, renewal or extension of present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and we will mail you free and postpaid this beautiful and stylish Austrian Bead Necklace exactly as above illustrated and described. Premium No. 679. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ostrich Plumes

16 Inches
Long
And
6 Inches
Wide



Positively
Guaranteed
as to Work-
manship,
Quality
and Color.

THESE beautiful Ostrich Plumes are of the highest quality and are guaranteed for brilliancy and permanence of color. They are just what every lady wants for the upright trimmings now in vogue as they have thick, strong stems and a large, graceful, French head with the latest fashionable flat curl. Each plume is a full 16 inches in length and over 6 inches in width and made of the best African male stock, will last for years and always look well. We can furnish these plumes in colors of either Black or White and be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome Ostrich Plumes free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 698.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN

Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering, better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up cliffs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a sensible premium as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer:

For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 522.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Latest Vanity Case

Premium No. 711



Given for a Club of Three

EVERY lady and girl should have one of these handsome German Silver Vanity Cases because it is the latest style and design having a thin Model case like that of a thin model watch. As shown in illustration the outside of the case is beautifully embossed and if you want to you can have your jeweller engrave your Monogram initials in the little round panel which is perfectly plain and bright polished. This case is very light, weighing a little over 3 ounces but it is of good size being 4 1/2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide with a 12-inch chain. On the inside of the case on one side is a place for visiting cards, bills, postage stamps, etc., and on the other side is a powder puff in a little compartment which closes with a hinged cover, a good sized mirror, a compartment for nickels and another one for dimes. This new case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have bought a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one of them if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Vanity Case free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 711.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMFORT

Whose Little Girl

ME? I Am The C
Sweetest Bab

In Toyland
And You Can F
Have Me

Look
At
Me!

I
Have
Real
Eye-
Lashes!

I Go To
Sleep
Like a
Real
BABY!

MY
ARMS
and LEGS
are
JOINTED!

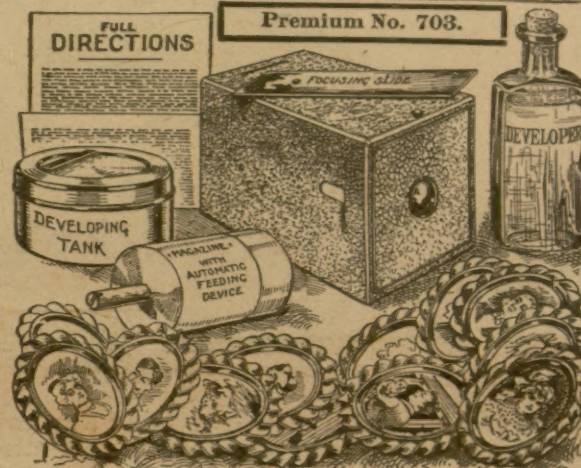
NOTICE!

This is the same doll which we formerly offered for a club of four. Owing to the scarcity and high prices of dolls brought about by the European War, we are obliged to raise the offer to a club of six. Please bear this fact in mind when ordering the above doll and remember that our former offer has been withdrawn and that from now on we cannot give this doll for a club of less than six 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each.

Photo-Button Camera

Will Produce A Finished
Picture In Two Minutes

JUST think of it! A camera with which you can take, develop and finish a picture in just two minutes. To you this may seem impossible, but it is true nevertheless. Think of the amusement and pleasure to be had taking photographs of your friends and neighbors with this camera and deliver them the finished pictures while they wait. And the beauty of it all is, this wonderful camera does all the work itself. You don't have to know anything about photography in order to take pictures with this camera—you don't need to spend money fitting up a dark room and buying ruby lights and chemicals and the dozens of other conveniences which are absolutely necessary to have with the ordinary camera. This new Photo-Button camera does away with all that trouble and expense because you can take, develop and finish the pictures in broad daylight. You can commence to take pictures just as soon as you receive it, for we also give you a complete outfit consisting of One Dozen Plates, One Dozen Brooch Frames, a Bottle of developing fluid, a developing tank and complete instructions how to go ahead and be successful from the very start. You can then take pictures of any of your folks or your friends, and you can mount the pictures in the pretty Brooch Button frames like those illustrated above. The pictures are perfectly round and of good size measuring 1 1/4 inches in diameter. And after you have used up what plates, brooch frames and developer we give you, you can send to us for another supply as we have the extra plates and everything else in stock and can let you have them free in return for one, two or three new 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, according to what you



You Don't Have To Know Photography—You Don't Need A Dark Room Or Ruby Light—Or Other Accessories—The Camera does it all!

order and how much. Or, if you prefer, we will sell you the plates, developer, etc., at a low price. You may have this Camera and Complete Outfit without paying a cent, if you will accept the following

CLUB OFFER. For only four 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Photo-Button Camera and Complete Outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 703.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Look Boys!

You Can Get This
DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

If you want a real rifle—not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a Stevens Rifle and best of all it won't cost you one cent of money. Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, case-hardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2 1/2 pounds. This rifle is absolutely safe because it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on hunting and camping trips this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it very easy for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 692.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Real Typewriter For Real Work!

Small In Size But

Perfect In

Operation.

Adapted To

Either Per-

sonal Or

Business Cor-

respondence

Within the

Purse of

All

THIS is not a toy, but a practical, satisfactory machine that writes very distinctly and almost as fast as some typewriters costing \$10.00 and more. It is a great deal larger than it appears to be in the above illustration, has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from one to ten, and the punctuation marks. You can use any size letter paper on this machine up to 5 inches in width and any length desired. For personal or business correspondence, making out statements, bills, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine answers every purpose. It is very easy to understand and operate, in fact a child can write on it after a few hours' practice. It is practically indestructible as it is made all of metal and positively cannot get out of order. We are sure that this typewriter will give the best of satisfaction because it is a real machine that will do real work. We will send you this practical typewriter guaranteed to be exactly as above illustrated and described with full directions for operating and a good supply of the best quality copying ink, carefully packed in a strong compact box upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this typewriter and complete outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 548.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE FOR

EVERY little boy who here is an opportunity to read COMFORT "Teddy" looks exactly like a real bear. He is a big fellow, made of rich, hands with felt, carefully stitched arms and legs are jointed in place him in almost any position, stand on his head, go on a make him assume all kinds of comical and lifelike poses. He is so well made that he will look like a real bear, cannot become broken and with ordinary use, for years. Teddy Bears like this one are a good round sum in the stores, but as we have a large quantity of them from Germany at a price we can well afford to give them away on the liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 694.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silk Wrist Bag

Given For Two
Subscriptions

Premium No. 7002



ONE of the latest styles in this handsome black moire silk wrist bag with nickel plated frame, patent snap fastener and fancy lining. As shown in illustration it is carried suspended from the wrist by means of a sixteen-inch strap which is made of the same material as the bag. This bag is of good size being over 5 inches wide at the widest part and 7 1/2 inches long. It is well made of fine material and will certainly please the most fastidious. We will make any lady or girl a present of this bag upon the terms of the following

Club Offer

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this handsome moire silk wrist bag free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7002.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Drawnwork Scarf

67
Inches
Long
16
Inches
Wide



Made of
PURE
FLAX
woven into a silver damask of superior quality, finished with heavily fringed ends

EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarves, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and thanks to the new tariff law secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for less money in subscriptions than you would have to pay outright for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive zigzag drawnwork design and both ends of the scarf are finished with a handsome wide combed and knotted fringe. Being made by skilled workmen of pure flax, the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 332.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Rupture Cure On Trial To Prove It For A Truss Any Longer.

I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women
Children That Actually Cures Rupture.



The above is C. E. Brooks of Marshall, Mich., the Inventor,
who has been curing rupture for over 30 years.
If ruptured write him today.

APPLIANCE is
other Men, Wo-
sufferers from this
able. That truss
one of many you
itated you and was
ad springs and pads
and fixings galore
etting out of shape—
orking up and always
then, there were salves
ntments to make the case
er to bear. I want to say that
a none of these annoyances and
in the BROOKS APPLIANCE.
ast they are reduced to a minimum.
his APPLIANCE was made with a view to
eliminate, to do away with, just such trouble.
I would have been foolish to work half a life-
time, thinking out and perfecting a thing that
had no advantage or was not better than scores
of other inventions upon the market. In my
APPLIANCE you will find the old objection-
able features LEFT OUT. You will find it
easy to wear. You will scarcely realize you
are wearing it. There is no binding, drawing
and slipping out of place. It does its work
effectively and with comfort to the wearer.
I want you to read my book, in which I have
taken pains to give full particulars about it.
Then, there are a few letters printed in it—
selected at random from among hundreds
written by men and women who have been
cured. You can write these folks and see
what they say. If I were you I would see to
this matter without waiting. You can put
off some things without running much risk,
but a rupture is a dangerous proposition to
neglect. A rupture is not only bad and serious
of itself, but it leads to things infinitely worse.
Fill out coupon and mail TODAY. To-
morrow will do, but today is better.

Don't Make The Child Wear a Truss Through Life

I Want to Reach the Parents of Every
Ruptured Child in the Country.

The Truss Is a Flesh Torturing Invention Fit
Only As a Relic of Barbarity.

I want them to know about the Automatic
Air Cushion Rupture Appliance that I make
for children who are afflicted in this way.



The Brooks Appliance Cured His Rupture.
Now He Is As Sound And Whole As If
He Had Never Been Ruptured.

My appliance can be put on any child with
perfect safety to the little one. For growing
children there is nothing better to be had—
no matter how much you pay—than my Appliance.
I want the parents or others who may
have children in their care to understand that
there should be no delay in getting proper
help for ruptured children.

Every day that the rupture is allowed to go
on without the right means of correcting it—
just so much harder will it be for the child to
get rid of it.

No ruptured child can ever be free from the
thought of the rupture and it is not fair to any
child not to have an equal chance with other
children. No matter what we may wish to
think—ruptured children do not have an equal
chance.

Common trusses do not help.

Thousands of men and women know that
from their own experience with such trusses.

But it is not necessary for children to wear
harsh, cumbersome, steel trusses any more.

You may have had to wear something like
this but don't make your child do it. Give the
child something better.

My Appliance is better and I want to prove
it to you.

I will make an Appliance to the child's measure,
send it on TRIAL—put it into your hands
to see and use and then you can say whether
it is what I claim or not.

The Automatic Air Cushion conforms with
every movement of the child; there is an even,
gentle pressure which gradually binds the
broken parts together—as you would bind a
broken limb—and then no matter how much
the child jumps, runs, rolls over or falls down
—the pressure is kept up just the same—always
drawing the parts together.

Write me today and get all the information
—send the coupon.

Others Failed But The Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the
little boy and more, for it cured him sound and
well. We let him wear it for about a year in all,
although it cured him 3 months after he had
begun to wear it. We had tried several other
remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly
recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it
to you. Yours respectfully,

W. M. PATTERSON,
No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I
have been ruptured six years and have always
had trouble with it till I got your Appliance.
It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and
is not in the way at any time, day or night.
In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it
just adapted itself to the shape of the body and
seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to
the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the un-
fortunates who suffer from rupture if all could
procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and
wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing
ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the
opportunity presents itself I will say a good
word for your Appliance, and also the honor-
able way in which you deal with ruptured peo-
ple. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing
among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.

80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I
say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out
free coupon below and mail today.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send For Brooks'
Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the
kind on the market today, and in it are embod-
ied the principles that inventors have sought
after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture
cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it
clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or
causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used
in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or
ungainly.

5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively
cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance
do not give one the unpleasant sensation
of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and
when it becomes soiled it can be washed with-
out injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance
to torture one by cutting and bruising
the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances
are made is of the very best that money can
buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance
to wear.

10. My reputation for honesty and fair deal-
ing is so thoroughly established by an experi-
ence of over thirty years of dealing with the
public, and my prices are so reasonable, my
terms so fair, that there certainly should be no
hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Cured at the Age of 76

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of
rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in
May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using
it. Since that time I have not needed or used
it. I am well of rupture and rank myself
among those cured by the Brooks Discovery,
which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard
as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,

SAM A. HOOVER.

High Point, N. C.

Child Cured In Four Months.

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether
cured, thanks to your appliance and we are so
thankful to you. If we could only have known
of it sooner, our little boy would not have had
to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your
brace a little over four months and has not
worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,

ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.

Confederate Veteran Cured

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am
now sound and well and can plough or do any
heavy work. I can say your Appliance has
effected a permanent cure. Before getting your
Appliance I was in a terrible condition and had
given up all hope of ever being any better. If
it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never
have been cured. I am sixty-eight years old
and served three years in Eckle's Artillery,
Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for
the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,

H. D. BANKS.

FREE Information Coupon

C. E. BROOKS, 1702 C State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full in-
formation about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name
City
R. F. D. State